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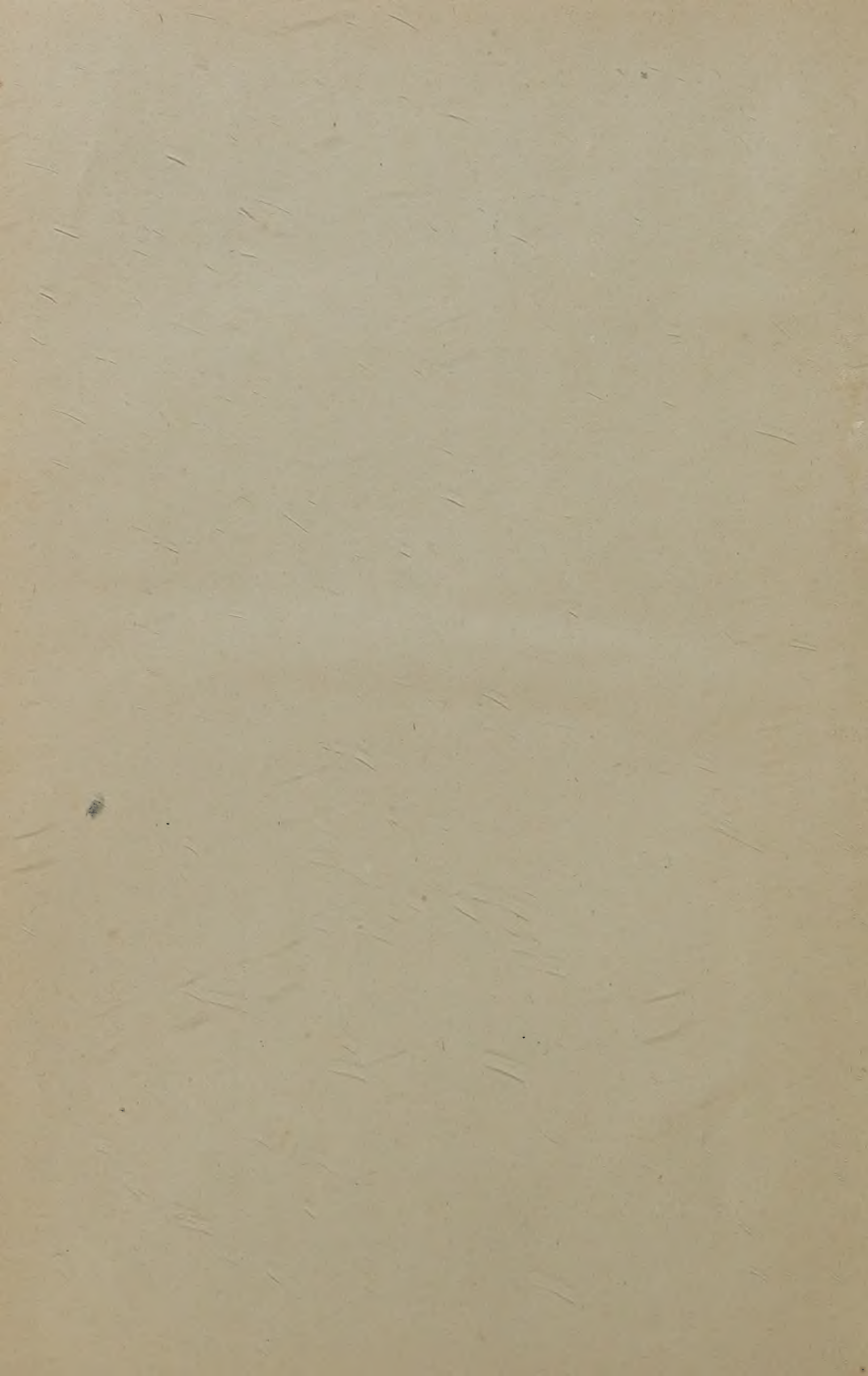
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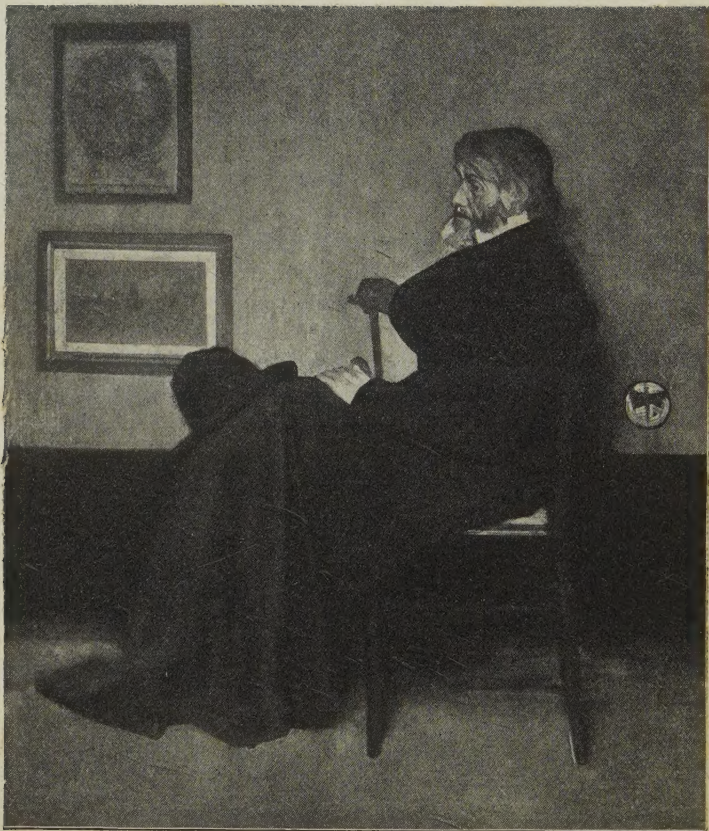


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Thomas Carlyle

After the portrait by James McNeill Whistler



THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS CARLYLE

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SARTOR RESARTUS—PAST AND PRESENT—THE  
DIAMOND NECKLACE—MIRABEAU

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NEW YORK  
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER  
1885





# SARTOR RESARTUS:

*THE LIFE AND OPINIONS*

OF

HERR TEUFELSDRÖCKH

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

Mein Vermächtniß, wie herrlich weit und breit!  
Die Zeit ist mein Vermächtniß, mein Acker ist die Zeit

NEW YORK:

JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER,

1885.

TROW'S  
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,  
NEW YORK.



4422  
1885

## TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS.

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### I. HIGHEST CLASS, BOOKSELLER'S TASTER.

*Taster to Bookseller.*—"The Author of *Teufelsdröckh* is a person of talent; his work displays here and there some felicity of thought and expression, considerable fancy and knowledge: but whether or not it would take with the public seems doubtful. For a *jeu d'esprit* of that kind, it is too long; it would have suited better as an essay or article than as a volume. The Author has no great tact: his wit is frequently heavy; and reminds one of the German Baron who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively. Is the work a translation?"

*Bookseller to Editor.*—"Allow me to say that such a writer requires only a little more tact to produce a popular as well as an able work. Directly on receiving your permission, I sent your *MS.* to a gentleman in the highest class of men of letters, and an accomplished German scholar; I now enclose you his opinion, which, you may rely upon it, is a just one; and I have too high an opinion of your good sense to" &c. &c.—*MS. (penes nos), London, 17th September, 1831.*

### II. CRITIC OF THE SUN.

"Fraser's Magazine exhibits the usual brilliancy, and also the" &c. "*Sartor Resartus* is what old Dennis used to call 'a heap of clotted nonsense,' mixed, however, here and there, with passages marked by thought and striking poetic vigour. But what does the writer mean by 'Baphometic fire-baptism?' Why cannot he lay aside his pedantry, and write so as to make himself generally intelligible? We quote by way of curiosity a sentence from the *Sartor Resartus*; which may be read either backwards or forwards, for it is equally intelligible either way. Indeed, by beginning at the tail, and so working up to the head, we think the reader will stand the fairest chance of getting at its meaning: 'The fire-baptised soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own freedom; which feeling is its Baphometic baptism: the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battering, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacified.' Here is a"—. . . —*Sun Newspaper 1st April, 1834.*

## III. NORTH AMERICAN REVIEWER.

“After a careful survey of the whole ground, our belief is that no such persons as Professor Teufelsdröckh or Counsellor Heuschrecke ever existed; that the six Paper-bags, with their China-ink inscriptions and multifarious contents, are a mere figment of the brain; that the ‘present Editor’ is the only person who has ever written upon the Philosophy of Clothes; and that the *Sartor Resartus* is the only taeatise that has yet appeared upon that subject;—in short, that the whole account of the origin of the work before us, which the supposed Editor relates with so much gravity, and of which we have given a brief abstract, is, in plain English, a *hum*.

“Without troubling our readers at any great length with our reasons for entertaining these suspicions, we may remark, that the absence of all other information on the subject, except what is contained in the work, is itself a fact of a most significant character. The whole German press, as well as the particular one where the work purports to have been printed, seems to be under the control of *Stillschweigen and Co.*,—Silence and Company. If the Clothes-Philosophy and its Author are making so great a sensation throughout Germany as is pretended, how happens it that the only notice we have of the fact is contained in a few numbers of a monthly Magazine, published at London? How happens it that no intelligence about the matter has come out directly to this country? We pique ourselves here in New England upon knowing at least as much of what is going on in the literary way in the old Dutch Mother-land as our brethren of the fast-anchored Isle; but thus far we have no tidings whatever of the ‘extensive close-printed close-meditated volume,’ which forms the subject of this pretended commentary. Again, we would respectfully inquire of the ‘present Editor’ upon what part of the map of Germany are we to look for the city of *Weissnichtwo*,—‘Know-not-where,’ at which place the work is supposed to have been printed and the Author to have resided. It has been our fortune to visit several portions of the German territory, and to examine pretty carefully, at different times and for various purposes, maps of the whole; but we have no recollection of any such place. We suspect that the city of *Know-not-where* might be called, with at least as much propriety, *Nobody-knows-where*, and is to be found in the kingdom of *Nowhere*. Again, the village of *Entepfuhl*,—‘Duck-pond,’ where the supposed Author of the work is said to have passed his youth, and that of *Hinterschlag*, where he had his education, are equally foreign to our geography. Duck-ponds enough there undoubtedly are in almost every village in Germany, as the traveller in that country knows too well to his cost, but any particular village denominated Duck-pond is to us altogether *terra incognita*. The names of the personages are not less singu-

far than those of the places. Who can refrain from a smile at the yoking together of such a pair of appellatives as Diogenes Teufelsdröckh? The supposed bearer of this strange title is represented as admitting in his pretended autobiography, that 'he had searched to no purpose through all the Heralds' books in and without the German empire, and through all manner of Subscribers'-lists, Militia-rolls, and other Name-catalogues,' but had nowhere been able to find 'the name Teufelsdröckh, except as appended to his own person.' We can readily believe this, and we doubt very much whether any Christian parent would think of condemning a son to carry through life the burden of so unpleasant a title. That of Counsellor Heuschrecke,—Grasshopper, though not offensive, looks much more like a piece of fancy-work than a 'fair business transaction.' The same may be said of *Blumine*,—Flower Goddess, the heroine of the fable, and so of the rest.

"In short, our private opinion is, as we have remarked, that the whole story of a correspondence with Germany, a university of Nobody-knows-where, a Professor of Things in General, a Counsellor Grasshopper, a Flower-Goddess Blumine, and so forth, has about as much foundation in truth, as the late entertaining account of Sir John Herschel's discoveries in the moon. Fictions of this kind are, however, not uncommon, and ought not, perhaps, to be condemned with too much severity; but we are not sure that we can exercise the same indulgence in regard to the attempt which seems to be made to mislead the public as to the substance of the work before us, and its pretended German original. Both purport, as we have seen, to be upon the subject of Clothes, or dress. *Clothes, their Origin and Influence*, is the title of the supposed German treatise of Professor Teufelsdröckh, and the rather odd name of *Sartor Resartus*,—the Tailor Patched,—which the present Editor has affixed to his pretended commentary, seems to look the same way. But though there is a good deal of remark throughout the work in a half-serious, half-comic style upon dress, it seems to be in reality a treatise upon the great science of Things in General, which Teufelsdröckh is supposed to have professed at the university of Nobody-knows-where. Now, without intending to adopt a too rigid standard of morals, we own that we doubt a little the propriety of offering to the public a treatise on Things in General, under the name and in the form of an Essay on Dress. For ourselves, advanced as we unfortunately are in the journey of life, far beyond the period when dress is practically a matter of interest, we have no hesitation in saying that the real subject of the work is to us more attractive than the ostensible one. But this is probably not the case with the mass of readers. To the younger portion of the community, which constitutes every where the very great majority, the subject of dress is one of intense and paramount importance. An author who treats it appeals like the poet, to the young men and maidens—*virginibus puerisque*,—and calls upon them by all the



motives which habitually operate most strongly upon their feelings to buy his book. When, after opening their purses for this purpose, they have carried home the work in triumph, expecting to find in it some particular instruction in regard to the tying of their neckcloths, or the cut of their corsets, and meet with nothing better than a dissertation on Things in General, they will,—to use the mildest term,—not be in very good humour. If the last improvements in legislation, which we have made in this country, should have found their way to England, the author we think would stand some chance of being *Lynched*. Whether his object in this piece of *supercherie* be merely pecuniary profit, or whether he takes a malicious pleasure in quizzing the Dandies, we shall not undertake to say. In the latter part of the work, he devotes a separate chapter to this class of persons, from the tenour of which we should be disposed to conclude that he would consider any mode of divesting them of their property very much in the nature of a spoiling of the Egyptians.

“The only thing about the work, tending to prove that it is what it purports to be, a commentary on a real German treatise, is the style, which is a sort of Babylonish dialect, not destitute, it is true, of richness, vigour, and at times a sort of singular felicity of expression, but very strongly tinged throughout with the peculiar idiom of the German language. This quality in the style, however, may be a mere result of a great familiarity with German literature, and we cannot, therefore, look upon it as in itself decisive, still less as outweighing so much evidence of an opposite character.”—*North American Review*, No. 89, October, 1835.

#### IV. NEW-ENGLAND EDITORS.

“The Editors have been induced, by the expressed desire of many persons, to collect the following sheets out of the ephemeral pamphlets \* in which they first appeared, under the conviction that they contain in themselves the assurance of a longer date.

“The Editors have no expectation that this little Work will have a sudden and general popularity. They will not undertake, as there is no need, to justify the gay costume in which the Author delights to dress his thoughts, or the German idioms with which he has sportively sprinkled his pages. It is his humour to advance the gravest speculations upon the gravest topics in a quaint and burlesque style. If his masquerade offend any of his audience, to that degree that they will not hear what he has to say, it may chance to draw others to listen to his wisdom; and what work of imagination can hope to please all? But we will venture to remark that the distaste excited by these peculiarities in some readers is greatest at first, and is soon forgotten; and that

\* “*Fraser's (London) Magazine*, 1833-4.”

the foreign dress and aspect of the Work are quite superficial, and cover a genuine Saxon heart. We believe, no book has been published for many years, written in a more sincere style of idiomatic English, or which discovers an equal mastery over all the riches of the language. The Author makes ample amends for the occasional eccentricity of his genius, not only by frequent bursts of pure splendour, but by the wit and sense which never fail him.

“But what will chiefly commend the Book to the discerning reader is the manifest design of the work, which is, a Criticism upon the Spirit of the Age,—we had almost said, of the hour, in which we live ; exhibiting in the most just and novel light the present aspects of Religion, Politics, Literature, Arts, and Social Life. Under all his gaiety the Writer has an earnest meaning, and discovers an insight into the manifold wants and tendencies of human nature, which is very rare among our popular authors. The philanthropy and the purity of moral sentiment which inspire the work, will find their way to the heart of every lover of virtue.”—*Preface to Sartor Resartus : Boston, 1836, 1837.*

SUNT, FUERUNT VEL FUERE.

*London, 30th June, 1838.*





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# SARTOR RESARTUS.

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## BOOK I.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### PRELIMINARY.

Considering our present advanced state of culture, and how the Torch of Science has now been brandished and borne about, with more or less effect, for five thousand years and upwards ; how, in these times especially, not only the Torch still burns, and perhaps more fiercely than ever, but innumerable Rust-lights, and Sulphur-matches, kindled thereat, are also glancing in every direction, so that not the smallest cranny or doghole in Nature or Art can remain unilluminated, —it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that hitherto little or nothing of a fundamental character, whether in the way of Philosophy or History, has been written on the subject of Clothes.

Our Theory of Gravitation is as good as perfect : Lagrange, it is well known, has proved that the Planetary System, on this scheme, will endure for ever ; Laplace, still more cunningly, even guesses that it could not have been made on any other scheme. Whereby, at least, our nautical Logbooks can be better kept ; and water-transport of all kinds has grown more commodious. Of Geology and Geognosy we know enough : what with the labours of our Werners and Huttons, what with the ardent genius of their disciples, it has come about that now, to many a Royal Society, the Creation of a World is little more mysterious than the cooking of a Dumpling ; concerning which last, indeed, there have been minds to whom the question, *How the Apples were got in* presented



difficulties. Why mention our disquisitions on the Social Contract, on the Standard of Taste, on the Migrations of the Herring? Then, have we not a Doctrine of Rent, a Theory of Value; Philosophies of Language, of History, of Pottery, of Apparitions, of Intoxicating Liquors? Man's whole life and environment have been laid open and elucidated; scarcely a fragment or fibre of his Soul, Body, and Possessions, but has been probed, dissected, distilled, desiccated, and scientifically decomposed: our spiritual Faculties, of which it appears there are not a few, have their Stewarts, Cousins, Royer Collards: every cellular, vascular, muscular Tissue glories in its Lawrences, Majendies, Bichâts.

How, then, comes it, may the reflective mind repeat, that the grand Tissue of all Tissues, the only real Tissue, should have been quite overlooked by Science,—the vestural Tissue, namely, of woollen or other cloth; which Man's Soul wears as its outmost wrappage and overall; wherein his whole other Tissues are included and screened, his whole Faculties work, his whole Self lives, moves, and has its being? For if, now and then, some straggling broken-winged thinker has cast an owl's glance into this obscure region, the most have soared over it altogether heedless; regarding Clothes as a property, not an accident, as quite natural and spontaneous, like the leaves of trees, like the plumage of birds. In all speculations they have tacitly figured man as a *Clothed Animal*; whereas he is by nature a *Naked Animal*; and only in certain circumstances, by purpose and device, masks himself in Clothes. Shakspeare says, we are creatures that look before and after: the more surprising that we do not look round a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes.

But here, as in so many other cases, Germany, learned, indefatigable, deep-thinking Germany comes to our aid. It is, after all, a blessing that, in these revolutionary times there should be one country where abstract Thought can still take shelter; that while the din and frenzy of Catholic Emancipations, and Rotten Boroughs, and Revolts of Paris, deafen every French and every English ear, the German can stand peaceful on his scientific watch-tower; and, to the raging,

struggling multitude here and elsewhere, solemnly, from hour to hour, with preparatory blast of cowhorn, emit his *Höret ihr Herren und lasset's Euch sagen* ; in other words, tell the Universe, which so often forgets that fact, what o'clock it really is. Not unfrequently the Germans have been blamed for an unprofitable diligence ; as if they struck into devious courses, where nothing was to be had but the toil of a rough journey ; as if, forsaking the gold-mines of Finance, and that political slaughter of fat oxen whereby a man himself grows fat, they were apt to run goose-hunting into regions of bilberries and crowberries, and be swallowed up at last in remote peat-bogs. Of that unwise science, which, as our Humorist expresses it,

‘ By geometric scale  
Doth take the size of pots of ale ; ’

still more, of that altogether misdirected industry, which is seen vigorously enough thrashing mere straw, there can nothing defensive be said. In so far as the Germans are chargeable with such, let them take the consequence. Nevertheless be it remarked, that even a Russian steppe has tumuli and gold ornaments ; also many a scene that looks desert and rock-bound from the distance, will unfold itself, when visited, into rare valleys. Nay, in any case, would Criticism erect not only finger-posts and turnpikes, but spiked gates and impassible barriers, for the mind of man ? It is written, ‘ Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.’ Surely the plain rule is, Let each considerate person have his way, and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind. How often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much-censured wanderer light on some outlying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province ; the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither, and the conquest was completed ;—thereby, in these his seemingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies, in the immeasurable circumambient realm of Nothingness and Night ? Wise man

was he who counselled that Speculation should have free course, and look fearlessly towards all the thirty-two points of the compass, whithersoever and howsoever it listed.

Perhaps it is proof of the stunted condition in which pure Science, especially pure moral Science, languishes among us English ; and how our mercantile greatness, and invaluable Constitution, impressing a political or other immediately practical tendency on all English culture and endeavour, cramps the free flight of Thought,—that this, not Philosophy of Clothes, but recognition even that we have no such Philosophy, stands here for the first time published in our language. What English intellect could have chosen such a topic, or by chance stumbled on it? But for that same unshackled, and even sequestered condition of the German Learned, which permits and induces them to fish in all manner of waters, with all manner of nets, it seems probable enough, this abstruse Inquiry might, in spite of the results it leads to, have continued dormant for indefinite periods. The Editor of these sheets, though otherwise boasting himself a man of confirmed speculative habits, and perhaps discursive enough, is free to confess, that never, till these last months, did the above very plain considerations, on our total want of a Philosophy of Clothes, occur to him ; and then, by quite foreign suggestion. By the arrival, namely, of a new Book from Professor Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo ; treating expressly of this subject ; and in a style which, whether understood or not, could not even by the blindest be overlooked. In the present Editor's way of thought, this remarkable Treatise, with its Doctrines, whether as judicially acceded to, or judicially denied, has not remained without effect.

‘*Die Kleider, ihr Werden und Wirken* (Clothes, their Origin and Influence) : von *Diog. Teufelsdröckh, J. U. D. etc.* *Stillschweigen und Co<sup>mie</sup>.* Weissnichtwo, 1831.

‘Here,’ says the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*, ‘comes a Volume of that extensive, close-printed, close-meditated sort, which be it spoken with pride, is seen only in Germany, perhaps only in Weissnichtwo. Issuing from the hitherto irreproachable Firm of Stillschweigen and Company, with



‘every external furtherance, it is of such internal quality as ‘to set Neglect at defiance.’ \* \* \* \* ‘A work,’ concludes the well nigh enthusiastic Reviewer, ‘interesting alike to the ‘antiquary, the historian, and the philosophic thinker ; a masterpiece of boldness, lynx-eyed acuteness, and rugged independent Germanism and Philanthropy (*derben Kerndeutscheheit und Menschenliebe*) ; which will not, assuredly, pass ‘current without opposition in high places ; but must and ‘will exalt the almost new name of Teufelsdröckh to the first ‘rank of Philosophy, in our German Temple of Honour.’

Mindful of old friendship, the distinguished Professor, in this the first blaze of his fame, which however does not dazzle him, sends hither a Presentation-copy of his Book ; with compliments and encomiums which modesty forbids the present Editor to rehearse ; yet without indicated wish or hope of any kind, except what may be implied in the concluding phrase : *Möchte es* (this remarkable Treatise) *auch im Brittischen Boden gedeihen !*

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## CHAPTER II.

### EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES.

If for a speculative man, ‘whose seedfield,’ in the sublime words of the Poet, ‘is Time,’ no conquest is important but that of new ideas, then might the arrival of Professor Teufelsdröckh’s Book be marked with chalk in the Editor’s calendar. It is indeed an ‘extensive Volume,’ of boundless, almost formless contents, a very Sea of thought ; neither calm nor clear, if you will ; yet wherein the toughest pearl-diver may dive to his utmost depth, and return not only with sea-wreck but with true orients.

Directly on the first perusal, almost on the first deliberate inspection, it became apparent that here a quite new Branch of Philosophy, leading to as yet undescried ulterior results, was disclosed ; farther, what seemed scarcely less interesting, a quite new human Individuality, an almost unexampled personal character, that, namely, of Professor Teufelsdröckh the Discloser. Of both which novelties, as far as might be pos-

sible, we resolved to master the significance. But as man is emphatically a Proselytising creature, no sooner was such mastery even fairly attempted, than the new question arose : How might this acquired good be imparted to others, perhaps in equal need thereof ; how could the Philosophy of Clothes, and the Author of such Philosophy, be brought home, in any measure, to the business and bosoms of our own English nation ? For if new-got gold is said to burn the pockets till it be cast forth into circulation, much more may new Truth.

Here, however, difficulties occurred. The first thought naturally was to publish Article after Article on this remarkable Volume, in such widely-circulating Critical Journals as the Editor might stand connected with, or by money or love procure access to. But, on the other hand, was it not clear that such matter as must here be revealed and treated of might endanger the Circulation of any Journal extant ? If, indeed, the whole parties of the State could have been abolished, Whig, Tory, and Radical, embracing in discrepant union ; and the whole Journals of the Nation could have been jumbled into one Journal, and the Philosophy of Clothes poured forth in incessant torrents therefrom, the attempt had seemed possible. But, alas, what vehicle of that sort have we, except *Fraser's Magazine* ? A vehicle all strewed (figuratively speaking) with the maddest Waterloo-Crackers, exploding distractively and destructively, wheresoever the mystified passenger stands or sits ; nay, in any case, understood to be, of late years, a vehicle full to overflowing, and inexorably shut ! Besides, to state the Philosophy of Clothes without the Philosopher, the ideas of Teufelsdröckh without something of his personality, was it not to insure both of entire misapprehension ? Now for Biography, had it been otherwise admissible, there were no adequate documents, no hope of obtaining such, but rather, owing to circumstances, a special despair. Thus did the Editor see himself, for the while, shut out from all public utterance of these extraordinary Doctrines, and constrained to revolve them, not without disquietude, in the dark depths of his own mind.

So had it lasted for some months ; and now the Volume on Clothes, read and again read, was in several points becoming lucid and lucent ; the personality of its Author more and more surprising, but, in spite of all that memory and conjecture could do, more and more enigmatic ; whereby the old disquietude seemed fast settling into fixed discontent,—when altogether unexpectedly arrives a Letter from Herr Hofrath Heuschrecke, our Professor's chief friend and associate in Weissnichtwo, with whom we had not previously corresponded. The Hofrath, after much quite extraneous matter, began dilating largely on the ' agitation and attention ' which the Philosophy of Clothes was exciting in its own German Republic of Letters ; on the deep significance and tendency of his Friend's Volume ; and then, at length, with great circumlocution, hinted at the practicability of conveying ' some knowledge of it, and of him, to England, and through England to the distant West : ' a Work on Professor Teufelsdröckh ' were undoubtedly welcome to the *Family*, the *National*, or any other of those patriotic *Libraries*, at present ' the glory of British Literature ; ' might work revolutions in Thought ; and so forth ;—in conclusion, intimating not obscurely, that should the present Editor feel disposed to undertake a Biography of Teufelsdröckh, he, Hofrath Heuschrecke, had it in his power to furnish the requisite Documents.

As in some chemical mixture, that has stood long evaporating, but would not crystallise, instantly when the wire or other fixed substance is introduced, crystallisation commences, and rapidly proceeds till the whole is finished, so was it with the Editor's mind and this offer of Heuschrecke's. Form rose out of void solution and discontinuity ; like united itself with like in definite arrangement : and soon either in actual vision and possession, or in fixed reasonable hope, the image of the whole Enterprise had shaped itself, so to speak, into a solid mass. Cautiously yet courageously, through the twopenny post, application to the famed redoubtable OLIVER YORKE was now made : an interview, interviews with that singular man have taken place ; with more of assurance on our side, with less of satire (at least of open satire) on his, than we antici-

pated ;—for the rest, with such issue as is now visible. As to these same ‘patriotic *Libraries*,’ the Hofrath’s counsel could only be viewed with silent amazement ; but with his offer of Documents we joyfully and almost instantaneously closed. Thus, too, in the sure expectation of these, we already see our task begun ; and this our *Sartor Resartus*, which is properly a ‘Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh,’ hourly advancing.

Of our fitness for the Enterprise, to which we have such title and vocation, it were perhaps uninteresting to say more. Let the British reader study and enjoy, in simplicity of heart, what is here presented him, and with whatever metaphysical acumen, and talent for Meditation he is possessed of. Let him strive to keep a free, open sense ; cleared from the mists of Prejudice, above all from the paralysis of Cant ; and directed rather to the Book itself than to the Editor of the Book. Who or what such Editor may be, must remain conjectural, and even insignificant : \* it is a voice publishing tidings of the Philosophy of Clothes ; undoubtedly a Spirit addressing Spirits : whoso hath ears let him hear.

On one other point the Editor thinks it needful to give warning : namely, that he is animated with a true though perhaps a feeble attachment to the Institutions of our Ancestors ; and minded to defend these, according to ability, at all hazards ; nay, it was partly with a view to such defence that he engaged in this undertaking. To stem, or if that be impossible, profitably to divert the current of Innovation, such a Volume as Teufelsdröckh’s, if cunningly planted down, were no despicable pile, or floodgate, in the Logical wear.

For the rest, be it no wise apprehended, that any personal connexion of ours with Teufelsdröckh, Heuschrecke, or this Philosophy of Clothes, can pervert our judgment, or sway us to extenuate or exaggerate. Powerless, we venture to promise, are those private Compliments themselves. Grateful they may well be ; as generous illusions of friendship ; as fair me-

\* With us even he still communicates in some sort of mask, or muffler, and, we have reason to think, under a feigned name !—O. Y.



mentos of bygone unions, of those nights and suppers of the Gods, when lapped in the symphonies and harmonies of Philosophic Eloquence, though with baser accompaniments, the present Editor revelled in that feast of reason, never since vouchsafed him in so full measure ! But what then ? *Amicus Plato, magis amica veritas* ; Teufelsdröckh is our friend, Truth is our divinity. In our historical and critical capacity, we hope we are strangers to all the world ; have feud or favour with no one,—save indeed the Devil, with whom, as with the Prince of Lies and Darkness, we do at all times wage internecine war. This assurance, at an epoch when Puffery and Quackery have reached a height unexampled in the annals of mankind, and even English Editors, like Chinese Shopkeepers, must write on their door-lintels, *No cheating here*,—we thought it good to premise.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### REMINISCENCES.

To the Author's private circle the appearance of this singular Work on Clothes must have occasioned little less surprise than it has to the rest of the world. For ourselves, at least, few things have been more unexpected. Professor Teufelsdröckh, at the period of our acquaintance with him, seemed to lead a quite still and self-contained life : a man devoted to the higher Philosophies, indeed ; yet more likely, if he published at all, to publish a Refutation of Hegel and Bardili, both of whom, strangely enough, he included under a common ban ; than to descend, as he has here done, into the angry noisy Forum, with an Argument that cannot but exasperate and divide. Not, that we can remember, was the Philosophy of Clothes once touched upon between us. If through the high, silent, meditative Transcendentalism of our Friend we detected any practical tendency whatever, it was at most Political, and towards a certain prospective, and for the present quite speculative, Radicalism ; as indeed some correspondence, on his part, with Herr Oken of Jena was now and then sus-

pected ; though his special contributions to the *Isis* could never be more than surmised at. But, at all events, nothing Moral, still less any thing Didactico-Religious, was looked for from him.

Well do we recollect the last words he spoke in our hearing ; which indeed, with the Night they were uttered in, are to be for ever remembered. Lifting his huge tumbler of *Gukguk*,\* and for a moment lowering his tobacco-pipe, he stood up in full coffee-house (it was *Zum Grünen Ganse*, the largest in Weissnichtwo, where all the Virtuosity, and nearly all the Intellect, of the place assembled of an evening) ; and there, with low, soul-stirring tone, and the look truly of an angel, though whether of a white or of a black one might be dubious, proposed this toast : *Die Sache der Armen in Gottes und Teufels Namen* (The Cause of the Poor in Heaven's name and ——'s) ! One full shout, breaking the leaden silence ; then a gurgle of innumerable emptying bumpers, again followed by universal cheering, returned him loud acclaim. It was the finale of the night : resuming their pipes ; in the highest enthusiasm, amid volumes of tobacco-smoke ; triumphant, cloud-capt without and within, the assembly broke up, each to his thoughtful pillow. *Bleibt doch ein echter Spass-und Galgenvogel*, said several ; meaning thereby that, one day, he would probably be hanged for his democratic sentiments. *Wo steckt der Schalk ?* added they, looking round : but *Teufelsdröckh* had retired by private alleys, and the Compiler of these pages beheld him no more.

In such scenes has it been our lot to live with this Philosopher, such estimate to form of his purposes and powers. And yet, thou brave *Teufelsdröckh*, who could tell what lurked in thee ? Under those thick locks of thine, so long and lank, overlapping roof-wise the gravest face we ever in this world saw, there dwelt a most busy brain. In thy eyes too, deep under their shaggy brows, and looking out so still and dreamy, have we not noticed gleams of an ethereal or else a diabolic fire, and half fancied that their stillness was but the rest of infinite motion, the *sleep* of a spinning top ? Thy

\* *Gukguk* is unhappily only an academical—beer.

little figure, there as, in loose, ill-brushed, threadbare habiliments, thou satest, amid litter and lumber, whole days, to 'think and smoke tobacco,' held in it a mighty heart. The secrets of man's Life were laid open to thee ; thou sawest into the mystery of the Universe, farther than another ; thou hadst *in petto* thy remarkable Volume on Clothes. Nay, was there not in that clear logically-founded Transcendentalism of thine ; still more, in thy meek, silent, deepseated Sansculotism, combined with a true princely Courtesy of inward nature, the visible rudiments of such speculation ? But great men are too often unknown, or what is worse, misknown. Already, when we dreamed not of it, the warp of thy remarkable Volume lay on the loom ; and silently, mysterious shuttles were putting in the woof !

How the Hofrath Heuschrecke is to furnish biographical data in this case, may be a curious question ; the answer of which, however, is happily not our concern, but his. To us it appeared, after repeated trial, that in Weissnichtwo, from the archives or memories of the best-informed classes, no Biography of Teufelsdröckh was to be gathered ; not so much as a false one. He was a Stranger there, wafted thither by what is called the course of circumstances ; concerning whose parentage, birth-place, prospects, or pursuits, Curiosity had indeed made inquiries, but satisfied herself with the most indistinct replies. For himself, he was a man so still and altogether unparticipating, that to question him even afar off on such particulars was a thing of more than usual delicacy : besides, in his sly way, he had ever some quaint turn, not without its satirical edge, wherewith to divert such intrusions, and deter you from the like. Wits spoke of him secretly as if he were a kind of Melchizedek, without father or mother of any kind ; sometimes, with reference to his great historic and statistic knowledge, and the vivid way he had of expressing himself like an eye-witness of distant transactions and scenes, they called him the *Ewige Jude*, Everlasting, or as we say, Wandering Jew.

To the most, indeed, he had become not so much a Man as a Thing ; which Thing doubtless they were accustomed to

see, and with satisfaction ; but no more thought of accounting for than for the fabrication of their daily *Allgemeine Zeitung*, or the domestic habits of the Sun. Both were there and welcome ; the world enjoyed what good was in them, and thought no more of the matter. The man Teufelsdröckh passed and repassed, in his little circle, as one of those originals and non-descripts, more frequent in German Universities than elsewhere ; of whom, though you see them alive, and feel certain enough that they must have a History, no History seems to be discoverable ; or only such as men give of mountain rocks and antediluvian ruins : That they have been created by unknown agencies, are in a state of gradual decay, and for the present reflect light and resist pressure ; that is, are visible and tangible objects in this phantasm world, where so much other mystery is.

It was to be remarked that though, by title and diploma, *Professor der Allerley-Wissenschaft*, or as we should say in English, ‘Professor of Things in General,’ he had never delivered any Course ; perhaps never been incited thereto by any public furtherance or requisition. To all appearance, the enlightened Government of Weissnichtwo, in founding their New University, imagined they had done enough, if ‘in times like ours,’ as the half-official Program expressed it, ‘when all ‘things are, rapidly or slowly, resolving themselves into ‘Chaos, a Professorship of this kind had been established ; ‘whereby, as occasion called, the task of bodying somewhat ‘forth again from such Chaos might be, even slightly, facilitated.’ That actual Lectures should be held, and Public Classes for the ‘Science of Things in General,’ they doubtless considered premature ; on which ground too they had only established the Professorship, nowise endowed it ; so that Teufelsdröckh, ‘recommended by the highest Names,’ had been promoted thereby to a Name merely.

Great, among the more enlightened classes, was the admiration of this new Professorship : how an enlightened Government had seen into the Want of the Age (*Zeitbedürfniss*) ; how at length, instead of Denial and Destruction, we were to have a science of Affirmation and Reconstruction ; and Germany



and Weissnichtwo were where they should be, in the vanguard of the world. Considerable also was the wonder at the new Professor, dropt opportunely enough into the nascent University ; so able to lecture, should occasion call ; so ready to hold his peace for indefinite periods, should an enlightened Government consider that occasion did not call. But such admiration and such wonder, being followed by no act to keep them living, could last only nine days ; and long before our visit to that scene, had quite died away. The more cunning heads thought it was all an expiring clutch at popularity, on the part of a Minister, whom domestic embarrassments, court intrigues, old age, and dropsy soon afterwards finally drove from the helm.

As for Teufelsdröckh, except by his nightly appearances at the *Grünen Gans*, Weissnichtwo saw little of him, felt little of him. Here, over his tumbler of Gukguk, he sat reading Journals ; sometimes contemplatively looking into the clouds of his tobacco-pipe, without other visible employment : always, from his mild ways, an agreeable phenomenon there ; more especially when he opened his lips for speech ; on which occasions the whole Coffee-house would hush itself into silence, as if sure to hear something noteworthy. Nay, perhaps to hear a whole series and river of the most memorable utterances ; such as, when once thawed, he would for hours indulge in, with fit audience : and the more memorable, as issuing from a head apparently not more interested in them, not more conscious of them, than is the sculptured stone head of some public Fountain, which through its brass mouth-tube emits water to the worthy and the unworthy ; careless whether it be for cooking victuals or quenching conflagrations ; indeed maintains the same earnest assiduous look, whether any water be flowing or not.

To the Editor of these sheets, as to a young enthusiastic Englishman, however unworthy, Teufelsdröckh opened himself perhaps more than to the most. Pity only that we could not then half guess his importance, and scrutinise him with due power of vision ! We enjoyed, what not three men in Weissnichtwo could boast of, a certain degree of access to the

Professor's private domicile. It was the attic floor of the highest house in the Wahngasse ; and might truly be called the pinnacle of Weissnichtwo, for it rose sheer up above the contiguous roofs, themselves rising from elevated ground. Moreover, with its windows, it looked towards all the four *Orte*, or as the Scotch say, and we ought to say, *Airts* : the Sitting-room itself commanded three ; another came to view in the *Schlafgemach* (Bed-room) at the opposite end ; to say nothing of the Kitchen, which offered two, as it were *duplicates*, and shewing nothing new. So that it was in fact the speculum or watch-tower of Teufelsdröckh ; wherefrom, sitting at ease, he might see the whole life-circulation of that considerable City ; the streets and lanes of which, with all their doing and driving (*Thun und Treiben*), were for the most part visible there.

"I look down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive," have we heard him say, "and witness their wax-laying and honey-making, and poison-brewing, and choking by sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, where music plays while Serene Highness is pleased to eat his victuals, down the low lane, where in her door-sill the aged widow, knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all ; for, except the Schlosskirche weathercock, no biped stands so high. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing Joy and Sorrow bagged up in pouches of leather ; there, topladen, and with four swift horses, rolls in the country Baron and his household ; here, on timber leg, the lamed Soldier hops painfully along, begging alms : a thousand carriages, and wains, and cars, come tumbling in with Food, with young Rusticity, and other Raw Produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling out again with Produce manufactured. That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going ? *Aus der Ewigkeit, zu der Ewigkeit hin* : From Eternity, onwards to Eternity ! These are Apparitions : what else ? Are they not Souls rendered visible ; in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it, melting into air ? Their solid pavement is a Picture of the Sense ; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them.

“Or fanciest thou, the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels, and feather in its crown, is but of To-day, without a Yesterday or a To-morrow ; and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy Island ? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being : watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more.”

“*Ach, mein Lieber !*” said he once, at midnight, when he had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, “it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamp-light, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting Dogs over the Zenith, in their leash of sidereal fire ? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest ; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed in, and lighted to the due pitch for her ; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad ; that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven ! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid ! The joyful and the sorrowful are there ; men are dying there, men are being born, men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing ; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains ; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw : in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-distant tiny to haggard hungry Villains ; while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready ; and she, full of hope and fear glides down, to fly with him over the borders : the Thief, still more silently, sets to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms, and dancing-rooms, are full of light and

“music and high-swelling hearts ; but in the Condemned  
 “Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and blood-  
 “shot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and  
 “within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are  
 “to be hanged on the morrow : comes no hammering from  
 “the *Rabenstein*?—their gallows must even now be o’building.  
 “Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals  
 “without feathers lie round us, in horizontal position ; their  
 “heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishhest dreams.  
 “Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens  
 “of shame ; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over  
 “her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now  
 “moisten.—All these heaped and huddled together, with  
 “nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them ;  
 “—crammed in, like salted fish, in their barrel ;—or welter  
 “ing, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed Vipers,  
 “each struggling to get its *head above* the other : *such* work  
 “goes on under that smoke-counterpane !—But I, *mein Wer-*  
 “*ther*, sit above it all ; I am alone with the Stars.”

We looked in his face to see whether, in the utterance of such extraordinary Night-thoughts, no feeling might be traced there ; but with the light we had, which indeed was only a single tallow-light, and far enough from the window, nothing save that old calmness and fixedness was visible.

These were the Professor’s talking seasons : most commonly he spoke in mere monosyllables, or sat altogether silent and smoked : while the visitor had liberty either to say what he listed, receiving for answer an occasional grunt ; or to look round for a space, and then take himself away. It was a strange apartment ; full of books and tattered papers, and miscellaneous shreds of all conceivable substances, ‘united in a common element of dust.’ Books lay on tables, and below tables ; here fluttered a sheet of manuscript, there a torn handkerchief, or nightcap hastily thrown aside ; ink-bottles alternated with bread-crusts, coffee pots, tobacco-boxes, Periodical Literature, and Blücher Boots. Old Leischen (Lisekin, ‘Liza), who was his bed-maker and stove-lighter, his washer and wringer, cook, errand-maid, and general lion’s-provider, and



for the rest a very orderly creature, had no sovereign authority in this last citadel of Teufelsdröckh ; only some once in the month, she half-forcibly made her way thither, with broom and duster, and (Teufelsdröckh hastily saving his manuscripts) effected a partial clearance, a jail-delivery of such lumber as was not Literary. These were her *Erdbebungen* (Earthquakes), which Teufelsdröckh dreaded worse than the pestilence ; nevertheless, to such length he had been forced to comply. Glad would he have been to sit here philosophising for ever, or till the litter, by accumulation, drove him out of doors : but Leischen was his right-arm, and spoon, and necessary of life, and would not be flatly gainsayed. We can still remember the ancient woman : so silent that some thought her dumb ; deaf also you would often have supposed her ; for Teufelsdröckh and Teufelsdröckh only would she serve or give heed to ; and with him she seemed to communicate chiefly by signs ; if it were not rather by some secret divination that she guessed all his wants, and supplied them. Assiduous old dame ! she scoured, and sorted, and swept, in her kitchen, with the least possible violence to the ear ; yet all was tight and right there : hot and black came the coffee ever at the due moment ; and the speechless Leischen herself looked out on you, from under her clean white coif with its lappets, through her clean withered face and wrinkles, with a look of helpful intelligence, almost of benevolence.

Few strangers, as above hinted, had admittance hither : the only one we ever saw there, ourselves excepted, was the Hof-rath Heuschrecke, already known, by name and expectation, to the readers of these pages. To us, at that period, Herr Heuschrecke seemed one of those purse-mouthed, crane-necked, clean-brushed pacific individuals, perhaps sufficiently distinguished in society by this fact, that, in dry weather or in wet, 'they never appear without their umbrella.' Had we not known with what 'little wisdom' the world is governed ; and how, in Germany as elsewhere, the ninety and nine Public Men can for most part be but mute train-bearers to the hundredth, perhaps but stalking-horses and willing or unwilling dupes,—it might have seemed wonderful how Herr

Heuschrecke should be named a *Rath*, or Councillor, and Counsellor, even in Weissnichtwo. What counsel to any man, or to any woman, could this particular Hofrath give; in whose loose, zigzag figure; in whose thin visage, as it went jerking to and fro, in minute incessant fluctuation,—you traced rather confusion worse confounded; at most, Timidity and physical Cold? Some indeed said withal, he was ‘the very Spirit of Love embodied;’ blue earnest eyes, full of sadness and kindness; purse ever open, and so forth; the whole of which, we shall now hope for many reasons, was not quite groundless. Nevertheless friend Teufelsdröckh’s outline, who indeed handled the burin like few in these cases, was probably the best: *Er hat Gemüth und Geist, hat wenigstens gehabt, doch ohne Organ, ohne Schicksals-gunst; ist gegenwärtig aber halb-zerrüttet, halb-erstarrt*, “He has heart and talent, “at least has had such, yet without fit mode of utterance, or “favour of Fortune; and so is now half-cracked, half-congealed.”—What the Hofrath shall think of this when he sees it, readers may wonder: we, safe in the stronghold of Historical Fidelity, are careless.

The main point, doubtless, for us all, is his love of Teufelsdröckh, which indeed was also by far the most decisive feature of Heuschrecke himself. We are enabled to assert that he hung on the Professor with the fondness of a Boswell for his Johnson. And perhaps with the like return; for Teufelsdröckh treated his gaunt admirer with little outward regard, as some half-rational or altogether irrational friend, and at best loved him out of gratitude and by habit. On the other hand, it was curious to observe with what reverent kindness, and a sort of fatherly protection, our Hofrath, being the elder, richer, and as he fondly imagined far more practically influential of the two, looked and tended on his little Sage, whom he seemed to consider as a living oracle. Let but Teufelsdröckh open his mouth, Heuschrecke’s also unpuckered itself into a free doorway, besides his being all eye and all ear, so that nothing might be lost: and then, at every pause in the harangue, he gurgled out his pursy chuckle of a cough-laugh (for the machinery of laughter took some time

to get in motion, and seemed crank and slack), or else his twanging nasal *Bravo! Das glaub' ich*; in either case, by way of heartiest approval. In short, if Teufelsdröckh was Dalai-Lama, of which, except perhaps in his self-seclusion, and god-like Indifference, there was no symptom, then might Heuschrecke pass for his chief Talapoin, to whom no dough-pill he could knead and publish was other than medicinal and sacred.

In such environment, social, domestic, and physical, did Teufelsdröckh, at the time of our acquaintance, and most likely does he still, live and meditate. Here, perched up in his high Wahngasse watch-tower, and often, in solitude, outwatching the Bear, it was that the indomitable Inquirer fought all his battles with Dulness and Darkness; here, in all probability, that he wrote this surprising Volume on *Clothes*. Additional particulars: of his age, which was of that standing middle sort you could only guess at; of his wide surtout; the colour of his trousers, fashion of his broad-brimmed steeple-hat, and so forth, we might report, but do not. The Wisest truly is, in these times, the Greatest; so that an enlightened curiosity, leaving Kings and such like to rest very much on their own basis, turns more and more to the Philosophic Class: nevertheless, what reader expects that, with all our writing and reporting Teufelsdröckh could be brought home to him, till once the Documents arrive? His Life, Fortunes, and Bodily Presence, are as yet hidden from us, or matter only of faint conjecture. But, on the other hand, does not his Soul lie enclosed in this remarkable Volume, much more truly than Pedro Garcia's did in the buried Bag of Doubloons? To the soul of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, to his opinions, namely, on the 'Origin and Influence of Clothes,' we for the present gladly return.

## CHAPTER IV.

## CHARACTERISTICS.

It were a piece of vain flattery to pretend that this Work on Clothes entirely contents us ; that it is not, like all works of Genius, like the very Sun, which, though the highest published Creation, or work of Genius, has nevertheless black spots and troubled nebulosities amid its effulgence,—a mixture of insight, inspiration, with dulness, double-vision, and even utter blindness.

Without committing ourselves to those enthusiastic praises and prophesying of the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*, we admitted that the Book had in a high degree excited us to self-activity, which is the best effect of any book ; that it had even operated changes in our way of thought ; nay, that it promised to prove, as it were, the opening of a new mine-shaft, wherein the whole world of Speculation might henceforth dig to unknown depths. More specially it may now be declared that Professor Teufelsdröckh's acquirements, patience of research, philosophic and even poetic vigour, are here made indisputably manifest ; and unhappily no less his prolixity and tortuosity and manifold ineptitude ; that, on the whole, as in opening new mine-shafts is not unreasonable, there is much rubbish in his Book, though likewise specimens of almost invaluable ore. A paramount popularity in England we cannot promise him. Apart from the choice of such a topic as Clothes, too often the manner of treating it betokens in the Author a rusticity and academic seclusion, unblamable, indeed inevitable in a German, but fatal to his success with our public.

Of good society Teufelsdröckh appears to have seen little, or has mostly forgotten what he saw. He speaks out with a strange plainness ; calls many things by their mere dictionary-names. To him the Upholsterer is no Pontiff, neither is any Drawing room a Temple, were it never so begilt and overhung : ' a whole immensity of Brussels carpets, and pier-

'glasses, and or-moulu,' as he himself expresses it, 'cannot hide from me that such Drawing room is simply a section of Infinite Space, where so many God-created Souls do for the time meet together.' To Teufelsdröckh the highest Duchess is respectable, is venerable ; but nowise for her pearl bracelets, and Malines laces : in his eyes, the star of a Lord is little less and little more than the broad button of Birmingham spelter in a Clown's smock ; 'each is an implement,' he says, 'in its kind ; a tag for *hooking-together* ; and, for the rest, was dug from the earth, and hammered on a stithy before smith's fingers.' Thus does the Professor look in men's faces with a strange impartiality, a strange scientific freedom ; like a man unversed in the higher circles, like a man dropped thither from the Moon. Rightly considered, it is in this peculiarity, running through his whole system of thought, that all these short-comings, over-shootings, and multiform perversities, take rise : if indeed they have not a second source, also natural enough, in his Transcendental Philosophies, and humour of looking at all Matter and Material things as Spirit ; whereby truly his case were but the more hopeless, the more lamentable.

To the Thinkers of this nation, however, of which class it is firmly believed there are individuals yet extant, we can safely recommend the Work : nay, who knows but among the fashionable ranks too, if it be true, as Teufelsdröckh maintains, that 'within the most starched cravat there passes a windpipe and weasand, and under the thickest embroidered waistcoat beats a heart,'—the force of that rapt earnestness may be felt, and here and there an arrow of the soul pierce through. In our wild Seer, shaggy, unkempt, like a Baptist living on locusts and wild honey, there is an untutored energy, a silent, as it were unconscious, strength, which, except in the higher walks of Literature, must be rare. Many a deep glance, and often with unspeakable precision, has he cast into mysterious Nature, and the still more mysterious Life of Man. Wonderful it is with what cutting words, now and then, he severs asunder the confusion ; sheers down, were it furlongs deep, into the true centre of the matter ; and there



not only hits the nail on the head, but with crushing force smites it home, and buries it.—On the other hand, let us be free to admit, he is the most unequal writer breathing. Often after some such feat, he will play truant for long pages, and go dawdling and dreaming, and mumbling and maundering the merest commonplaces, as if he were asleep with eyes open, which indeed he is.

Of his boundless Learning, and how all reading and literature in most known tongues, from *Sanchoniathon* to *Dr. Lingard*, from your *Oriental Shasters*, and *Talmuds*, and *Korans*, with *Cassini's Siamese Tables*, and *Laplace's Mécanique Céleste* down to *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Belfast Town and Country Almanack*, are familiar to him,—we shall say nothing: for unexampled as it is with us, to the Germans such universality of study passes without wonder, as a thing commendable, indeed, but natural, indispensable, and there of course. A man that devotes his life to learning, shall he not be learned?

In respect of style our Author manifests the same genial capability, marred too often by the same rudeness, inequality, and apparent want of intercourse with the higher classes. Occasionally, as above hinted, we find consummate vigor, a true inspiration; his burning Thoughts step forth in fit burning Words, like so many full formed Minervas, issuing amid flame and splendor from Jove's head; a rich, idiomatic diction, picturesque allusions, fiery poetic emphasis, or quaint tricky turns; all the graces and terrors of a wild Imagination, wedded to the clearest Intellect, alternate in beautiful vicissitude. Were it not that sheer sleeping and soporific passages; circumlocutions, repetitions, touches even of pure doting jargon, so often intervene! On the whole, Professor Teufelsdröckh is not a cultivated writer. Of his sentences perhaps not more than nine-tenths stand straight on their legs; the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed up by props (of parentheses and dashes), and ever with this or the other tagrag hanging from them; a few even sprawl out helplessly on all sides, quite broken-back and dismembered. Nevertheless, in almost his very worst moods, there lies in him a singular attraction. A wild tone pervades the

whole utterance of the man, like his keynote and regulator ; now screwing itself aloft as into the Song of Spirits, or else the shrill mockery of Fiends ; now sinking in cadences, not without melodious heartiness, though sometimes abrupt enough, into the common pitch, when we hear it only as a monotonous hum ; of which hum the true character is extremely difficult to fix. Up to this hour we have never fully satisfied ourselves whether it is a tone and hum of real Humour, which we reckon among the very highest qualities of genius, or some echo of mere Insanity and Inanity, which doubtless ranks below the very lowest.

Under a like difficulty, in spite even of our personal intercourse, do we still lie with regard to the Professor's moral feeling. Gleams of an ethereal Love burst forth from him, soft wailings of infinite Pity ; he could clasp the whole Universe into his bosom, and keep it warm ; it seems as if under that rude exterior there dwelt a very seraph. Then again he is so sly and still, so imperturbably saturnine ; shews such indifference, malign coolness towards all that men strive after ; and ever with some half-visible wrinkle of a bitter sardonic humour, if indeed it be not mere stolid callousness,—that you look on him almost with a shudder, as on some incarnate Mephistopheles, to whom this great terrestrial and celestial Round, after all, were but some huge foolish Whirligig, where kings and beggars, and angels and demons, and stars and street sweepings, were chaotically whirled, in which only children could take interest. His look, as we mentioned, is probably the gravest ever seen : yet it is not of that cast-iron gravity frequent enough among our own Chancery suitors ; but rather the gravity of as some silent, high-encircled mountain pool, perhaps the crater of an extinct volcano ; into whose black deeps you fear to gaze : those eyes, those lights that sparkle in it, may indeed be reflexes of the heavenly Stars, but perhaps also glances from the region of Nether Fire !

Certainly a most involved, self-secluded, altogether enigmatic nature, this of Teufelsdröckh ! Here, however, we gladly recall to mind that once we saw him *laugh* ; once only, perhaps it was the first and last time in his life ; but then

such a peal of laughter, enough to have awakened the Seven Sleepers! It was of Jean Paul's doing: some single billow in that vast World-Mahlstrom of Humour, with its heaven-kissing coruscations, which is now, alas, all congealed in the frost of Death! The large-bodied Poet and the small, both large enough in soul, sat talking miscellaneously together, the present Editor being privileged to listen; and now Paul, in his serious way, was giving one of those inimitable 'Extra-harangues;' and, as it chanced, On the Proposal for a *Cast-metal King*: gradually a light kindled in our Professor's eyes and face, a beaming, mantling, loveliest light; through those murky features, a radiant ever-young Apollo looked; and he burst forth like the neighing of all Tattersall's,—tears streaming down his cheeks, pipe held aloft, foot clutched into the air,—loud, long-continuing, uncontrollable; a laugh not of the face and diaphragm only, but of the whole man from head to heel. The present Editor, who laughed indeed, yet with measure, began to fear all was not right: however, Teufelsdröckh composed himself, and sank into his old stillness; on his inscrutable countenance there was, if anything, a slight look of shame; and Richter himself could not rouse him again. Readers who have any tincture of Psychology know how much is to be inferred from this; and that no man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad. How much lies in Laughter: the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice: the fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outward; or at best, produce some whiffling husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool: of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.

Considered as an author, Herr Teufelsdröckh has one scarcely pardonable fault, doubtless his worst: an almost total want of arrangement. In this remarkable Volume, it is true, his adherence to the mere course of Time produces, through

the Narrative portions, a certain shew of outward method ; but of true logical method and sequence there is too little. Apart from its multifarious sections and subdivisions, the Work naturally falls into two Parts ; a Historical-Descriptive, and a Philosophical-Speculative : but falls, unhappily, by no firm line of demarcation ; in that labyrinthic combination, each Part overlaps, and indents, and indeed runs quite through the other. Many sections are of a debatable rubric, or even quite nondescript and unnameable ; whereby the Book not only loses in accessibility, but too often distresses us like some mad banquet, wherein all courses had been confounded, and fish and flesh, soup and solid, oyster-sauce, lettuces, Rhine-wine and French mustard, were hurled into one huge tureen or trough, and the hungry Public invited to help itself. To bring what order we can out of this Chaos shall be part of our endeavour.

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE WORLD IN CLOTHES.

‘ As Montesquieu wrote a *Spirit of Laws*,’ observes our Professor, ‘ so could I write a *Spirit of Clothes* ; thus, with an *Esprit des Loix*, properly an *Esprit de Coutumes*, we should have an *Esprit de Costumes*. For neither in tailoring nor in legislating does man proceed by mere Accident, but the hand is ever guided on by mysterious operations of the mind. In all his Modes, and habilitary endeavours, an Architectural Idea will be found lurking ; his Body and the Cloth are the site and materials whereon and whereby his beautified edifice, of a Person, is to be built. Whether he flows gracefully out in folded mantles, based on light sandals ; tower up in high headgear, from amid peaks, spangles and bell-girdles ; swell out in starch ruffs, buckram stuffings and monstrous tuberosities ; or girth himself into separate sections, and front the world an Agglomeration of four limbs,—will depend on the nature of such Architectural Idea : whether Grecian, Gothic, Later-Gothic, or altogether Modern, and Parisian

‘or Anglo-Dandical. Again, what meaning lies in Colour! From the soberest drab to the high-flaming scarlet, spiritual idiosyncrasies unfold themselves in choice of Colour: if the Cut betoken Intellect and Talent, so does the Colour betoken Temper and Heart. In all which, among nations as among individuals, there is an incessant, indubitable, though infinitely complex working of Cause and Effect: every snip of the Scissors has been regulated and prescribed by ever-active Influences, which doubtless to Intelligences of a superior order are neither invisible nor illegible.

‘For such superior Intelligences a Cause-and-Effect Philosophy of Clothes, as of Laws, were probably a comfortable winter-evening entertainment: nevertheless, for inferior Intelligences, like men, such Philosophies have always seemed to me uninstructional enough. Nay, what is your Montesquieu himself but a clever infant spelling Letters from a hieroglyphical prophetic Book, the lexicon of which lies in Eternity, in Heaven?—Let any Cause-and-Effect Philosopher explain, not why I wear such and such a Garment, obey such and such a Law; but even why *I am here*, to wear and obey any thing!—Much, therefore, if not the whole, of that same *Spirit of Clothes* I shall suppress, as hypothetical, ineffectual, and even impertinent: naked Facts, and Deductions drawn therefrom in quite another than that omniscient style, are my humbler and proper province.’

Acting on which prudent restriction, Teufelsdröckh has nevertheless contrived to take in a well-nigh boundless extent of field; at least, the boundaries too often lie quite beyond our horizon. Selection being indispensable, we shall here glance over his First Part only in the most cursory manner. This First Part is, no doubt, distinguished by omnivorous learning, and utmost patience and fairness: at the same time, in its results and delineations, it is much more likely to interest the Compilers of some *Library* of General, Entertaining, Useful, or even Useless Knowledge than the miscellaneous readers of these pages. Was it this Part of the Book which Heuschrecke had in view, when he recommended us to that joint-stock vehicle of publication, ‘at present the glory of



‘British Literature?’ If so, the Library Editors are welcome to dig in it for their own behoof.

To the First Chapter, which turns on Paradise and Fig-leaves, and leads us into interminable disquisitions of a mythological, metaphorical, cabalistico-sartorial and quite antediluvian cast, we shall content ourselves with giving an unconcerned approval. Still less have we to do with ‘Lilis, ‘Adam’s first wife, whom, according to the Talmudists, he ‘had before Eve, and who bore him, in that wedlock, the ‘whole progeny of aerial, aquatic, and terrestrial Devils,’—very needlessly, we think. On this portion of the Work, with its profound glances into the *Adam-Kadmon*, or Primeval Element, here strangely brought into relation with the *Nifl* and *Muspel* (Darkness and Light) of the antique North, it may be enough to say that its correctness of deduction, and depth of Talmudic and Rabbinical lore have filled perhaps not the worst Hebraist in Britain with something like astonishment.

But quitting this twilight region, Teufelsdröckh hastens from the Tower of Babel, to follow the dispersion of Mankind over the whole habitable and habitable globe. Walking by the light of Oriental, Pelasgic, Scandinavian, Egyptian, Otaheitean, Ancient and Modern researches of every conceivable kind, he strives to give us in compressed shape (as the Nürnbergers give an *Orbis Pictus*) an *Orbis Vestitus*; or view of the costumes of all mankind, in all countries, in all times. It is here that to the Antiquarian, to the Historian, we can triumphantly say: Fall to! Here is Learning: an irregular Treasury, if you will; but inexhaustible as the Hoard of King Nibelung, which twelve wagons in twelve days, at the rate of three journeys a day, could not carry off. Sheepskin cloaks and wampum belts; phylacteries, stoles, albs; chlamides, togas, Chinese silks, Afghaun shawls, trunk-hose, leather breeches, Celtic philibegs (though breeches, as the name *Gal-lia Braccata* indicates, are the more ancient), Hussar cloaks, Vandyke tippets, ruffs, fardingales, are brought vividly before us,—even the Kilmarnock nightcap is not forgotten. For most part too we must admit that the Learning, heterogeneous as it is, and tumbled down quite pell-mell, is true concen-

trated and purified Learning, the drossy parts smelted out and thrown aside.

Philosophical reflections intervene, and sometimes touching pictures of human life. Of this sort the following has surprised us. The first purpose of clothes, as our Professor imagines, was not warmth or decency, but ornament. ‘Miserable indeed,’ says he, ‘was the condition of the Aboriginal Savage, glaring fiercely from under his fleece of hair, which with the beard reached down to his loins, and hung round him like a matted cloak; the rest of his body sheeted in its thick natural fell. He loitered in the sunny glades of the forest, living on wild fruits; or, as the ancient Caledonian, squatted himself in morasses, lurking for his bestial or human prey; without implements, without arms, save the ball of heavy Flint, to which, that his sole possession and defence might not be lost, he had attached a long cord of plaited thongs; thereby recovering as well as hurling it with deadly unerring skill. Nevertheless, the pains of Hunger and Revenge once satisfied, his next care was not Comfort but Decoration (*Putz*). Warmth he found in the toils of the chase; or amid dry leaves in his hollow tree, in his bark shed, or natural grotto: but for Decoration he must have Clothes. Nay, among wild people, we find tattooing and painting even prior to Clothes. The first spiritual want of a barbarous man is Decoration, as indeed we still see among the barbarous classes in civilized countries.

‘Reader, the heaven-inspired melodious Singer; loftiest Serene Highness: nay thy own amber-locked, snow-and-rose-bloom Maiden, worthy to glide sylphlike almost on air, whom thou lovest, worshippest as a divine Presence, which, indeed, symbolically taken, she is—has descended, like thyself, from that same hair-mantled, flint-hurling Aboriginal Anthropophagus! Out of the eater cometh forth meat; out of the strong cometh forth sweetness. What changes are wrought, not by Time, yet in Time! For not Mankind only, but all that Mankind does or beholds, is in continual growth, regeneration and self-perfecting vitality. Cast forth thy Act, thy Word, into the ever-living, ever-working Universe: it is a

‘seed-grain that cannot die ; unnoticed to-day (says one), it will be found flourishing as a Banyan-grove (perhaps, alas, as a Hemlock-forest !) after a thousand years.

‘He who first shortened the labour of Copyists by device of *Movable Types* was disbanding hired Armies, and cashiering most Kings and Senates, and creating a whole new Democratic world ; he had invented the Art of Printing. The first ground handful of Nitre, Sulphur, and Charcoal drove Monk Schwartz’s pestel through the ceiling ; what will the last do ? Achieve the final undisputed prostration of Force under Thought, of Animal courage under Spiritual. A simple invention it was in the old-world Grazier,—sick of lugging his slow Ox about the country till he got it bartered for corn or oil,—to take a piece of Leather, and thereon scratch or stamp the mere Figure of an Ox (or *Pecus*) ; put it in his pocket, and call it *Pecunia*, Money. Yet hereby did Barter grow Sale, the Leather Money is now Golden and Paper, and all miracles have been out-miracled : for there are Rothschilds and English National Debts ; and whoso has sixpence is Sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men ; commands Cooks to feed him, Philosophers to teach him, Kings to mount guard over him,—to the length of sixpence.—Clothes too, which began in foolishlest love of Ornament, what have they not become ! Increased Security, and pleasurable Heat soon followed : but what of these ? Shame, divine Shame (*Schaam*, Modesty), as yet a stranger to the Anthropophagous bosom, arose there mysteriously under Clothes ; a mystic grove-encircled shrine for the Holy in man. Clothes gave us individuality, distinctions, social polity ; Clothes have made Men of us ; they are threatening to make Clothes-screens of us.

‘But on the whole,’ continues our eloquent Professor, ‘Man is a Tool-using Animal (*Hanthierendes Thier*). Weak in himself, and of small stature, he stands on a basis, at most for the flattest-soled, of some half square-foot, insecurely enough ; has to straddle out his legs, lest the very wind supplant him. Feeblest of bipeds ! Three quintals are a crushing load for him ; the Steer of the meadow tosses him aloft, like a waste

‘rag. Nevertheless he can use Tools, can devise Tools : with these the granite mountain melts into light dust before him ; he kneads glowing iron, as if it were soft paste ; seas are his smooth high-way, winds and fire his unwearying steeds. No-where do you find him without Tools ; without Tools he is ‘nothing, with Tools he is all.’

Here may we not, for a moment, interrupt the stream of Oratory with a remark that this Definition of the Tool-using Animal, appears to us, of all that Animal-sort, considerably the precisest and best? Man is called a Laughing Animal : but do not the apes also laugh, or attempt to do it ; and is the manliest man the greatest and oftenest laughter? Teufelsdröckh himself, as we said, laughed only once. Still less do we make of that other French Definition of the Cooking Animal ; which, indeed, for rigorous scientific purposes, is as good as useless. Can a Tartar be said to cook, when he only readies his steak by riding on it? Again, what Cookery does the Greenlander use, beyond stowing up his whale-blubber, as a marmot in the like case, might do? Or how would Monsieur Ude prosper among those Orinocco Indians who, according to Humboldt, lodge in crow-nests, on the branches of trees ; and, for half the year, have no victuals but pipe-clay, the whole country being under water? But on the other hand, shew us the human being, of any period or climate, without his Tools : those very Caledonians, as we saw, had their Flint-ball, and Thong to it, such as no brute has or can have.

‘Man is a Tool-using animal,’ concludes Teufelsdröckh in his abrupt way ; ‘of which truth Clothes are but one example : and surely if we consider the interval between the first wooden Dibble fashioned by man, and those Liverpool Steam-carriages, or the British House of Commons, we shall note what progress he has made. He digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the Earth, and says to them, *Transport me and this luggage, at the rate of five-and-thirty miles an hour* ; and they do it : he collects, apparently by lot, six hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous individuals, and says to them, *Make this nation toil for us, bleed for us, hunger, and sorrow, and sin for us* ; and they do it.’

## CHAPTER VI.

### APRONS.

One of the most unsatisfactory Sections in the whole Volume is that on *Aprons*. What though stout old Gao, the Persian Blacksmith, 'whose apron, now indeed hidden under jewels, 'because raised in revolt which proved successful, is still the 'royal standard of that country;' what though John Knox's Daughter, 'who threatened Sovereign Majesty that she would 'catch her husband's head in her Apron, rather than he 'should lie and be a bishop;' what though the Landgravine Elizabeth, with many other Apron worthies,—figure here? An idle wire-drawing spirit, sometimes even a tone of levity, approaching to conventional satire, is too clearly discernible. What, for example, are we to make of such sentences as the following?

'Aprons are Defences; against injury to cleanliness, to 'safety, to modesty, sometimes to roguery. From the thin 'slip of notched silk (as it were, the Emblem and beatified 'Ghost of an Apron), which some highest-bred housewife, 'sitting at Nürnberg Workboxes and Toyboxes, has gracefully 'fastened on; to the thick-tanned hide, girt round him with 'thongs, wherein the Builder builds, and at evening sticks 'his trowel; or to those jingling sheet-iron Aprons, wherein 'your otherwise half-naked Vulcans hammer and smelt in 'their smelt-furnace,—is there not range enough in the fashion 'and uses of this Vestment? How much has been concealed, 'how much has been defended in Aprons! Nay, rightly considered, what is your whole Military and Police Establishment, charged at uncalculated millions, but a huge scarlet-coloured, iron-fastened Apron, wherein Society works '(uneasily enough); guarding itself from some soil and 'stithy-sparks, in this Devil's-smithy (*Teufels-schmiede*) of a 'world? But of all Aprons the most puzzling to me hitherto 'has been the Episcopal or Cassock. Wherein consists the 'usefulness of this Apron? The Overseer (*Episcopus*) of Souls,



‘ I notice, has tucked-in the corner of it, as if his day’s work was done : what does he shadow forth thereby ? ’ &c. &c.

Or again, has it often been the lot of our readers to read such stuff as we shall now quote ?

‘ I consider those printed Paper Aprons, worn by the Parisian Cooks, as a new vent, though a slight one, for Typography ; therefore as an encouragement to modern Literature, and deserving of approval : nor is it without satisfaction that I hear of a celebrated London Firm having in view to introduce the same fashion, with important extensions, in England.’—We who are on the spot hear of no such thing ; and indeed have reason to be thankful that hitherto there are other vents for our Literature, exuberant as it is.—Teufelsdröckh continues : ‘ If such supply of printed Paper should rise so far as to choke up the highways and public thoroughfares, new means must of necessity be had recourse to. In a world existing by Industry, we grudge to employ fire as a destroying element, and not as a creating one. However, Heaven is omnipotent, and will find us an outlet. In the meanwhile, is it not beautiful to see five million quintals of Rags picked annually from the Laystall ; and annually, after being macerated, hot-pressed, printed on, and sold,—returned thither ; filling so many hungry mouths by the way ? Thus is the Laystall, especially with its Rags or Clothes-rubbish, the grand Electric Battery, and Fountain-of-motion, from which and to which the Social Activities (like vitreous and resinous Electricities) circulate, in larger or smaller circles, through the mighty, billowy, stormtost Chaos of Life, which they keep alive ! ’—Such passages fill us, who love the man, and partly esteem him, with a very mixed feeling.

Farther down we meet with this : ‘ The Journalists are now the true Kings and Clergy : henceforth Historians, unless they are fools, must write not of Bourbon Dynasties, and Tudors and Hapsburgs ; but of Stamped Broad-sheet Dynasties, and quite new successive Names, according as this or the other Able Editor, or Combination of Able Editors, gains the world’s ear. Of the British Newspaper Press, perhaps the most important of all, and wonderful enough in

‘its secret constitution and procedure, a valuable descriptive History already exists, in that language, under the title of *Satan’s Invisible World Displayed* ; which, however, by search in all the Weissnichtwo Libraries, I have not yet succeeded in procuring (*vermöchte nicht aufzutreiben*).’

Thus does the good Homer not only nod, but snore. Thus does Teufelsdröckh, wandering in regions where he had little business, confound the old authentic Presbyterian Witchfinder, with a new, spurious, imaginary Historian of the *Britische Journalistik* ; and so stumble on perhaps the most egregious blunder in modern Literature !

## CHAPTER VII.

## MISCELLANEOUS-HISTORICAL.

Happier is our Professor, and more purely scientific and historic, when he reaches the Middle Ages in Europe, and down to the end of the Seventeenth Century ; the true era of extravagance in costume. It is here that the Antiquary and Student of Modes comes upon his richest harvest. Fantastic garbs, beggaring all fancy of a Teniers or a Callot, succeed each other, like monster devouring monster in a Dream. The whole too in brief authentic strokes, and touched not seldom with that breath of genius which makes even old raiment live. Indeed, so learned, precise, graphical, and every way interesting have we found these Chapters, that it may be thrown out as a pertinent question for parties concerned, Whether or not a good English Translation thereof might henceforth be profitably incorporated with Mr. Merrick’s valuable Work *On Ancient Armour* ? Take, by way of example, the following sketch ; as authority for which Paulinus’s *Zeitkurzende Lust* (ii. 678) is, with seeming confidence, referred to :

‘ Did we behold the German fashionable dress of the Fifteenth Century, we might smile ; as perhaps those bygone Germans, were they to rise again, and see our haberdashery, would cross themselves, and invoke the Virgin. But happily no bygone German, or man, rises again ; thus the Present

‘ is not needlessly trammelled with the Past ; and only grows  
 ‘ out of it, like a Tree, whose roots are not intertangled with  
 ‘ its branches, but lie peaceably under ground. Nay it is very  
 ‘ mournful, yet not useless, to see and know, how the Great-  
 ‘ est and Dearest, in a short while, would find his place quite  
 ‘ filled up here, and no room for him ; the very Napoleon, the  
 ‘ very Byron, in some seven years, has become obsolete, and  
 ‘ were now a foreigner to his Europe. Thus is the Law of  
 ‘ Progress secured ; and in Clothes, as in all other external  
 ‘ things whatsoever, no fashion will continue.

‘ Of the military classes in those old times, whose buff belts,  
 ‘ complicated chains and gorgets, huge churn-boots, and other  
 ‘ riding and fighting gear have been bepainted in modern Ro-  
 ‘ mance, till the whole has acquired somewhat of a sign-post  
 ‘ character,—I shall here say nothing : the civil and pacific  
 ‘ classes, less touched upon, are wonderful enough for us.

‘ Rich men, I find, have *Teusinke*’ (a perhaps untranslatable  
 article) ; ‘ also a silver girdle, whereat hang little bells ; so that  
 ‘ when a man walks it is with continual jingling. Some few,  
 ‘ of musical turn, have a whole chime of bells (*Glockenspiel*)  
 ‘ fastened there ; which especially, in sudden whirls, and the  
 ‘ other accidents of walking, has a grateful effect. Observe  
 ‘ too how fond they are of peaks, and Gothic-arch intersec-  
 ‘ tions. The male world wears peaked caps, an ell long, which  
 ‘ hang bobbing over the side (*schief*) : their shoes are peaked  
 ‘ in front, also to the length of an ell, and laced on the side  
 ‘ with tags ; even the wooden shoes have their ell-long noses ;  
 ‘ some also clap bells on the peak. Further, according to my  
 ‘ authority, the men have breeches without seat (*ohne Gesäss*) :  
 ‘ these they fasten peakwise to their shirts ; and the long  
 ‘ round doublet must overlap them.

‘ Rich maidens, again, flit abroad in gowns scolloped out be-  
 ‘ hind and before, so that back and breast are almost bare.  
 ‘ Wives of quality, on the other hand, have train-gowns four  
 ‘ or five ells in length ; which trains there are boys to carry.  
 ‘ Brave Cleopatras, sailing in their silk-cloth Galley, with a  
 ‘ Cupid for steersman ! Consider their welts, a handbreadth  
 ‘ thick, which waver round them by way of hem ; the long

‘flood of silver buttons, or rather silver shells, from throat to shoe, wherewith these same welt-gowns are buttoned. The maidens have bound silver snoods about their hair, with gold spangles, and pendent flames (*Flammen*), that is, sparkling hair-drops : but of their mother’s headgear who shall speak? Neither in love of grace is comfort forgotten. In winter weather you behold the whole fair creation (that can afford it) in long mantles, with skirts wide below, and, for hem, not one but two sufficient handbroad welts ; all ending atop in a thick well-starched Ruff, some twenty inches broad : these are their Ruff-mantles (*Kragenmäntel*).

‘As yet among the womankind hoop-petticoats are not ; but the men have doublets of fustian, under which lie multiple ruffs of cloth, pasted together with batter (*mit Teig zusammengekleistert*), which create protuberance enough. Thus do the two sexes vie with each other in the art of Decoration ; and as usual the stronger carries it.’

Our Professor, whether he have Humour himself or not, manifests a certain feeling of the Ludicrous, a sly observance of it, which, could emotion of any kind be confidently predicated of so still a man, we might call a real love. None of those bell-girdles, bushel-breeches, cornuted shoes or other the like phenomena, of which the History of Dress offers so many, escape him ; more especially the mischances, or striking adventures, incident to the wearers of such, are noticed with due fidelity. Sir Walter Raleigh’s fine mantle, which he spread in the mud under Queen Elizabeth’s feet, appears to provoke little enthusiasm in him ; he merely asks, Whether at that period the Maiden Queen ‘was red-painted on the nose, and white-painted on the cheeks, as her tirewomen, when from spleen and wrinkles she would no longer look in any glass, were wont to serve her?’ We can answer that Sir Walter knew well what he was doing, and had the Maiden Queen been stuffed parchment died in verdigris, would have done the same.

Thus too, treating of those enormous habiliments, that were not only slashed and galooned, but artificially swollen out on the broader parts of the body, by introduction of Bran,—our

Professor fails not to comment on that luckless Courtier, who having seated himself on a chair with some projecting nail on it, and therefrom rising, to pay his *devoir* on the entrance of Majesty, instantaneously emitted several pecks of dry wheat-dust: and stood there diminished to a spindle, his galoons and slashes dangling sorrowful and flabby round him. Whereupon the Professor publishes this reflection:

‘By what strange chances do we live in History! Erostratus by a torch; Milo by a bullock; Henry Darnley, an unfledged booby and bustard, by his limbs; most Kings and Queens by being born under such and such a bed-tester; Boileau Despreaux (according to Helvetius) by the peck of a turkey; and this ill-starred individual by a rent in his breeches,—for no Memoirist of Kaiser Otto’s Court omits him. Vain was the prayer of Themistocles for a talent of Forgetting: my Friends, yield cheerfully to Destiny, and read since it is written.’—Has Teufelsdröckh to be put in mind that, nearly related to the impossible talent of Forgetting, stands that talent of Silence, which even travelling Englishmen manifest?

‘The simplest costume,’ observes our Professor, ‘which I anywhere find alluded to in History, is that used as regimental, by Bolivar’s Cavalry, in the late Columbian wars. A square Blanket, twelve feet in diagonal, is provided (some were wont to cut off the corners, and make it circular): in the centre a slit is effected eighteen inches long: through this the mother-naked Trooper introduces his head and neck; and so rides shielded from all weather, and in battle from many strokes (for he rolls it about his left arm); and not only dressed, but harnessed and draperied.’

With which picture of a State of Nature, affecting by its singularity, and Old-Roman contempt of the superfluous, we shall quit this part of our subject.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE WORLD OUT OF CLOTHES.

If in the Descriptive-Historical Portion of this Volume, Teufelsdröckh, discussing merely the *Werden* (Origin and successive Improvement) of Clothes, has astonished many a reader, much more will he in the Speculative-Philosophical Portion, which treats of their *Wirken* or Influences. It is here that the present Editor first feels the pressure of his task ; for here properly the higher and new Philosophy of Clothes commences : an untried, almost inconceivable region, or chaos ; in venturing upon which, how difficult, yet how unspeakably important is it to know what course, of survey and conquest, is the true one ; where the footing is firm substance and will bear us, where it is hollow, or mere cloud, and may engulf us ! Teufelsdröckh undertakes no less than to expound the moral, political, even religious Influences of Clothes ; he undertakes to make manifest, in its thousandfold bearings, this grand Proposition, that Man's earthly interests 'are all hooked and buttoned together, and held up, by Clothes.' He says in so many words, 'Society is founded upon Cloth ;' and again, 'Society sails through the Infinitude 'on Cloth, as on a Faust's Mantle, or rather like the Sheet of 'clean and unclean beasts in the Apostle's Dream ; and without such Sheet or Mantle, would sink to endless depths, or 'mount to inane limboes, and in either case be no more.'

By what chains, or indeed infinitely complected tissues, of Meditation this grand Theorem is here unfolded, and innumerable practical Corollaries are drawn therefrom, it were perhaps a mad ambition to attempt exhibiting. Our Professor's method is not, in any case, that of common school Logic, where the truths all stand in a row, each holding by the skirts of the other ; but at best that of practical Reason, proceeding by large Intuition over whole systematic groups and kingdoms ; whereby, we might say, a noble complexity, almost like that of Nature, reigns in his Philosophy, or spir-

itual Picture of Nature: a mighty maze, yet as faith whispers, not without a plan. Nay we complained above, that a certain ignoble complexity, what we must call mere confusion, was also discernible. Often, also, we have to exclaim: Would to Heaven those same Biographical Documents were come! For it seems as if the demonstration lay much in the Author's individuality; as if it were not Argument that had taught him, but Experience. At present it is only in local glimpses, and by significant fragments, picked often at wide enough intervals from the original Volume, and carefully collated, that we can hope to impart some outline or foreshadow of this Doctrine. Readers of any intelligence are once more invited to favour us with their most concentrated attention: let these, after intense consideration, and not till then, pronounce, Whether on the utmost verge of our actual horizon there is not a looming as of Land; a promise of new Fortunate Islands, perhaps whole undiscovered Americas, for such as have canvass to sail thither?—As exordium to the whole, stand here the following long citation:

'With men of a speculative turn,' writes Teufelsdröckh, 'there come seasons, meditative, sweet, yet awful hours, when 'in wonder and fear you ask yourself that unanswerable question: Who am *I*; the thing that can say "*I*" (*das Wesen 'das sich Ich nennt*)? The world, with its loud trafficking, 'retires into the distance; and through the paper-hangings, 'and stone-walls, and thick-plied tissues of Commerce and 'Polity, and all the living and lifeless integuments (of Society 'and a Body), wherewith your Existence sits surrounded,— 'the sight reaches forth into the void Deep, and you are alone 'with the Universe, and silently commune with it as one 'mysterious Presence with another.

'Who am *I*; what is this *ME*? A voice, a Motion, an Appearance;—some embodied, visualised Idea in the Eternal 'Mind? *Cogito, ergo sum*. Alas, poor Cogitator, this takes 'us but a little way. Sure enough *I* am; and lately was not: 'but Whence? How? Whereto? The answer lies around, 'written in all colours and motions, uttered in all tones of 'jubilee and wail, in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, har-

'monious Nature: but where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written Apocalypse will yield articulate meaning? We sit as in a boundless Phantasmagoria and Dream-grotto; boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not even nearer the verge thereof: sounds and many-coloured visions flit around our sense; but Him, the Unslumbering, whose work both Dream and Dreamer are, we see not; except in rare half-waking moments, suspect not. Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow; but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake! Which of your Philosophical Systems is other than a dream-theorem; a net quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown? What are all your national Wars, with their Moscow Retreats, and sanguinary hate-filled Revolutions, but the Somnambulism of uneasy Sleepers? This Dreaming, this Somnambulism is what we on Earth call Life; wherein the most indeed undoubtedly wander, as if they knew right hand from left; yet they only are wise who know that they know nothing.

'Pity that all Metaphysics had hitherto proved so inexpressibly unproductive! The secret of Man's Being is still like the Sphinx's secret: a riddle that he cannot rede; and for ignorance of which he suffers death, the worst death, a spiritual. What are your Axioms, and Categories, and Systems, and Aphorisms? Words, words. High Air-castles are cunningly built of Words, the Words well bedded also in good Logic-mortar; wherein, however, no Knowledge will come to lodge. *The whole is greater than the part*: how exceedingly true! *Nature abhors a vacuum*: how exceedingly false and calumnious! Again, *Nothing can act but where it is*: with all my heart; only WHERE is it? Be not the slave of Words: is not the Distant, the Dead, while I love it, and long for it, and mourn for it, Here, in the genuine sense, as truly as the floor I stand on? But that same WHERE, with its brother, WHEN, are from the first the master-colours of

‘our Dream-grotto ; say rather, the Canvass (the warp and  
‘woof thereof) whereon all our Dreams and Life-visions are  
‘painted. Nevertheless, has not a deeper meditation taught  
‘certain of every climate and age, that the WHERE and WHEN,  
‘so mysteriously inseparable from all our thoughts, are but  
‘superficial terrestrial adhesions to thought ; that the Seer  
‘may discern them where they mount up out of the celestial  
‘EVERYWHERE and FOREVER : have not all nations conceived  
‘their God as Omnipresent and Eternal ; as existing in a  
‘universal HERE, an everlasting NOW ? Think well, thou too  
‘wilt find that Space is but a mode of our human Sense, so  
‘likewise Time ; there *is* no Space and no Time : WE are—  
‘we know not what ;—light-sparkles floating in the æther of  
‘Deity !

‘So that this so solid-seeming World, after all, were but an  
‘air-image, our ME the only reality : and Nature, with its  
‘thousand-fold production and destruction, but the reflex of  
‘our own inward Force, the “phantasy of our Dream ;” or  
‘what the Earth-Spirit in *Faust* names it, *the living visible*  
‘*Garment of God.*

“ ‘In Being’s floods, in Action’s storm,  
I walk and work, above, beneath,  
Work and weave in endless motion !  
Birth and Death,  
An infinite ocean ;  
A seizing and giving  
The fire of the Living :  
’Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,  
And weave for God the Garment thou seest Him by.”

‘Of twenty millions that have read and spouted this thunder-  
‘speech of the *Erdegeist*, are there yet twenty units of us that  
‘have learned the meaning thereof ?

‘It was in some such mood, when wearied and foredone  
‘with these high speculations, that I first came upon the  
‘question of Clothes. Strange enough, it strikes me, is this  
‘same fact of there being Tailors and Tailored. The Horse I  
‘ride has his own whole fell : strip him of the girths and flaps  
‘and extraneous tags I have fastened round him, and the

‘noble creature is his own sempster and weaver and spinner :  
 ‘nay his own bootmaker, jeweller, and man-milliner ; he  
 ‘bounds free through the valleys, with a perennial rainproof  
 ‘court suit on his body ; wherein warmth and easiness of fit  
 ‘have reached perfection ; nay, the graces also have been con-  
 ‘sidered, and frills and fringes, with gay variety of colour,  
 ‘featly appended, and ever in the right place, are not want-  
 ‘ing. While I—good Heaven !—have thatched myself over  
 ‘with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the  
 ‘entrails of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the felt of  
 ‘furred beasts ; and walk abroad a moving Rag-screen, over-  
 ‘heaped with shreds and tatters raked from the Charnel-house  
 ‘of Nature, where they would have rotted, to rot on me more  
 ‘slowly ! Day after day, I must thatch myself anew ; day  
 ‘after day, this despicable thatch must lose some film of its  
 ‘thickness ; some film of it, frayed away by tear and wear,  
 ‘must be brushed off into the Ashpit, into the Laystall ; till  
 ‘by degrees the whole has been brushed thither, and I, the  
 ‘dust-making, patent Rag-grinder, get new material to grind  
 ‘down. O subter-brutish ! vile ! most vile ! For have not I  
 ‘too a compact all-enclosing Skin, whiter or dingier ? Am I  
 ‘a botched mass of tailors’ and cobblers’ shreds, then ; or a  
 ‘tightly-articulated, homogeneous little Figure, automatic,  
 ‘nay alive ?

‘Strange enough how creatures of the human-kind shut  
 ‘their eyes to plainest facts ; and by the mere inertia of Ob-  
 ‘livion and Stupidity, live at ease in the midst of Wonders  
 ‘and Terrors. But indeed man is, and was always, a block-  
 ‘head and dullard ; much readier to feel and digest, than to  
 ‘think and consider. Prejudice, which he pretends to hate,  
 ‘is his absolute lawgiver ; mere use-and-wont everywhere  
 ‘leads him by the nose : thus let but a Rising of the Sun,  
 ‘let but a Creation of the World happen *twice*, and it ceases  
 ‘to be marvellous, to be noteworthy, or noticeable. Perhaps  
 ‘not once in a lifetime does it occur to your ordinary biped,  
 ‘of any country or generation, be he gold-mantled Prince or  
 ‘russet-jerkined Peasant, that his Vestments and his Self are  
 ‘not one and indivisible ; that *he* is naked, without vestments,



‘till he buy or steal such, and by forethought sew and button ‘them.

‘For my own part, these considerations, of our Clothes-  
‘thatch, and how, reaching inwards even to our heart of  
‘hearts, it tailorises and demoralises us, fill me with a certain  
‘horror at myself, and mankind ; almost as one feels at those  
‘Dutch Cows, which, during the wet season, you see grazing  
‘deliberately with jackets and petticoats (of striped sacking),  
‘in the meadows of Gouda. Nevertheless there is something  
‘great in the moment when a man first strips himself of ad-  
‘ventitious wrappages ; and sees indeed that he is naked,  
‘and, as Swift has it, “a forked straddling animal with bandy  
‘legs ;” yet also a Spirit, and unutterable Mystery of Mys-  
‘teries.’

## CHAPTER IX.

### ADAMITISM.

Let no courteous reader take offence at the opinions broached in the conclusion of the last Chapter. The Editor himself, on first glancing over that singular passage, was inclined to exclaim : What, have we got not only a Sansculotist, but an enemy to Clothes in the abstract ? A new Adamite, in this century, which flatters itself that it is the Nineteenth, and destructive both to Superstition and Enthusiasm ?

Consider, thou foolish Teufelsdröckh, what benefits unspeakable all ages and sexes derive from Clothes. For example, when thou thyself, a watery, pulpy, slobbery freshman and new-comer in this Planet, sattest muling and puking in thy nurse’s arms ; sucking thy coral, and looking forth into the world in the blankest manner, what hadst thou been, without thy blankets, and bibs, and other nameless hulls ? A terror to thyself and mankind ! Or hast thou forgotten the day when thou first receivedst breeches, and thy long clothes became short ? The village where thou livedst was all apprized of the fact ; and neighbour after neighbour kissed thy pudding-cheek, and gave thee, as hanel, silver or copper

coins, on that the first gala-day of thy existence. Again, wert not thou, at one period of life, a Buck, or Blood, or Macaroni, or Incroyable, or Dandy, or by whatever name, according to year and place, such phenomenon is distinguished? In that one word lie included mysterious volumes. Nay, now when the reign of folly is over, or altered, and thy clothes are not for triumph but for defence, hast thou always worn them perforce, and as a consequence of Man's Fall; never rejoiced in them as in a warm movable House, a Body round thy Body, wherein that strange *THEE* of thine sat snug, defying all variations of Climate? Girt with thick double-milled kerseys; half buried under shawls and broadbrims, and overalls and mudboots, thy very fingers cased in doeskin and mittens, thou hast bestrode that 'Horse I ride;' and, though it were in wild winter, dashed through the world, glorying in it as if thou wert its lord. In vain did the sleet beat round thy temples; it lighted only on thy impenetrable, felted or woven, case of wool. In vain did the winds howl,—forests sounding and creaking, deep calling unto deep,—and the storms heap themselves together into one huge Arctic whirlpool; thou flewest through the middle thereof, striking fire from the highway; wild music hummed in thy ears, thou too wert as a 'sailor of the air;' the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds was thy element and propitiously wafting tide. Without Clothes, without bit or saddle, what hadst thou been; what had thy fleet quadruped been?—Nature is good, but she is not the best; here truly was the victory of Art over Nature. A thunderbolt indeed might have pierced thee; all short of this thou couldst defy.

Or, cries the courteous reader, has your *Teufelsdröckh* forgotten what he said lately about 'Aboriginal Savages,' and their 'condition miserable indeed?' Would he have all this unsaid; and us betake ourselves again to the 'matted cloak,' and go sheeted in a 'thick natural fell?'

Nowise, courteous reader! The Professor knows full well what he is saying; and both thou and we, in our haste, do him wrong. If Clothes, in these times, 'so tailorise and demoralise us,' have they no redeeming value; can they not be

altered to serve better ; must they of necessity be thrown to the dogs ? The truth is, Teufelsdröckh, though a Sansculottist, is no Adamite : and much perhaps as he might wish to go forth before this degenerate age, ‘as a Sign,’ would nowise wish to do it, as those old Adamites did, in a state of Nakedness. The utility of Clothes is altogether apparent to him : nay perhaps he has an insight into their more recondite, and almost mystic qualities, what we might call the omnipotent virtue of Clothes, such as was never before vouchsafed to any man. For example :

‘You see two individuals,’ he writes, ‘one dressed in fine Red, the other in coarse threadbare Blue : Red says to Blue, “Be hanged and anatomised ;” Blue hears with a shudder, and (O wonder of wonders !) marches sorrowfully to the gallows ; is there noosed up, vibrates his hour, and the surgeons dissect him, and fit his bones into a skeleton for medical purposes. How is this ; or what make ye of your *Nothing can act but where it is* ? Red has no physical hold of Blue, no *clutch* of him, is nowise in *contact* with him : neither are those ministering Sheriffs and Lord Lieutenants and Hangmen and Tipstaves so related to commanding Red, that he can tug them hither and thither ; but each stands distinct within his own skin. Nevertheless, as it is spoken, so it is done : the articulated Word sets all hands in Action ; and Rope and Improved-drop perform their work.

‘Thinking reader, the reason seems to me twofold : First, that *Man is a Spirit*, and bound by invisible bonds to *All Men* : Secondly, that *he wears Clothes*, which are the visible emblems of that fact. Has not your Red hanging-individual a horsehair wig, squirrel-skins, and a plush gown ; whereby all mortals know that he is a JUDGE ?—Society, which the more I think of it astonishes me the more, is founded upon Cloth.

‘Often in my atrabiliar moods, when I read of pompous ceremonials, Frankfort Coronations, Royal Drawing-rooms, Levees, Couchees ; and how the ushers and macers and pursuivants are all in waiting ; how Duke this is presented by Archduke that, and Colonel A by General B, and innumera-

‘ble Bishops, Admirals, and miscellaneous Functionaries, are  
 ‘advancing gallantly to the Anointed Presence ; and I strive,  
 ‘in my remote privacy, to form a clear picture of that solemnity,—on a sudden, as by some enchanter’s wand, the—shall  
 ‘I speak it?—the Clothes fly off the whole dramatic corps ;  
 ‘and Dukes, Grandees, Bishops, Generals, Anointed Presence  
 ‘itself, every mother’s son of them, stand straddling there,  
 ‘not a shirt on them ; and I know not whether to laugh or  
 ‘weep. This physical or psychical infirmity, in which perhaps  
 ‘I am not singular, I have, after hesitation, thought right to  
 ‘publish, for the solace of those afflicted with the like.’

Would to Heaven, say we, thou hadst thought right to keep it secret ! Who is there now that can read the five columns of Presentations in his Morning Newspaper without a shudder ? Hypochondriac men, and all men are to a certain extent hypochondriac, should be more gently treated. With what readiness our fancy, in this shattered state of the nerves, follows out the consequences which Teufelsdröckh, with a devilish coolness, goes on to draw :

‘What would Majesty do, could such an accident befall in  
 ‘reality ; should the buttons all simultaneously start, and the  
 ‘solid wool evaporate, in very Deed, as here in Dream ? *Ach Gott !* How each skulks into the nearest hiding-place ; their  
 ‘high State Tragedy (*Haupt-und Staats-Action*) becomes a  
 ‘Pickleherring Farce to weep at, which is the worst kind of  
 ‘Farce ; *the tables* (according to Horace), and with them, the  
 ‘whole fabric of Government, Legislation, Property, Police,  
 ‘and Civilized Society, *are dissolved*, in wails, and howls.’

Lives the man that can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords ? Imagination, choked as in mephitic air, recoils on itself, and will not forward with the picture. The Woolsack, the Ministerial, the Opposition Benches—*infandum ! infandum !* And yet why is the thing impossible ? Was not every soul, or rather everybody, of these Guardians of our Liberties, naked, or nearly so, last night ; ‘a forked Radish with a head fantastically carved ? And why might he not, did our stern Fate so order it, walk out to St. Stephen’s, as well as into bed, in that no-fashion ; and there,

with other similar Radishes, hold a Bed of Justice? ‘Solace of those afflicted with the like!’ Unhappy Teufelsdröckh, had man ever such a ‘physical or psychical infirmity’ before? And now how many, perhaps, may thy unparalleled confession (which we, even to the sounder British world, and goaded on by Critical and Biographical duty, grudge to re-impart) incurably infect therewith! Art thou the malignest of Sausculottists, or only the maddest?

‘It will remain to be examined,’ adds the inexorable Teufelsdröckh, ‘in how far the SCARECROW, as a Clothed Person, is not ‘also entitled to benefit of clergy, and English trial by jury: ‘nay perhaps, considering his high function (for is not he too ‘a defender of Property, and Sovereign armed with the *terrors* ‘of the Law?), to a certain royal Immunity and Inviolability; ‘which, however, misers and the meaner class of persons are ‘not always voluntarily disposed to grant him.’ \* \*

\* \* ‘O my friends, we are (in Yorick Sterne’s words) but ‘as “turkeys driven, with a stick and red clout, to the market;” ‘or if some drivers, as they do in Norfolk, take a dried bladder ‘and put peas in it, the rattle thereof terrifies the boldest!’

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## CHAPTER X.

### PURE REASON.

It must now be apparent enough that our Professor, as above hinted, is a speculative Radical, and of the very darkest tinge; acknowledging, for most part, in the solemnities and paraphernalia of civilised Life, which we make so much of, nothing but so many Cloth-rags, turkey-poles, and ‘bladders with dried peas.’ To linger among such speculations, longer than mere Science requires, a discerning public can have no wish. For our purposes the simple fact that such a *Naked World* is possible, nay actually exists (under the Clothed one), will be sufficient. Much, therefore, we omit about ‘Kings wrestling naked on the green with Carmen,’ and the Kings being thrown: ‘dissect them with scalpels,’ says Teufelsdröckh; ‘the same viscera, tissues, livers, lights, and other



‘Life-tackle are there : examine their spiritual mechanism ; the same great Need, great Greed, and little Faculty ; nay ten to one but the Carman, who understands draught-cattle, the rimming of wheels, something of the laws of unstable and stable equilibrium, with other branches of wagon-science, and has actually put forth his hand and operated on Nature, is the more cunningly gifted of the two. Whence, then, their so unspeakable difference ? From Clothes.’ Much also we shall omit about confusion of Ranks, and Joan and My Lady, and how it would be every where ‘Hail fellow well met,’ and Chaos were come again : all which to any one that has once fairly pictured out the grand mother-idea, *Society in a state of Nakedness*, will spontaneously suggest itself. Should some sceptical individual still entertain doubts whether in a world without Clothes, the smallest Politeness, Polity, or even Police, could exist, let him turn to the original Volume, and view there the boundless Serbonian Bogs of Sansculotism, stretching sour and pestilential : over which we have lightly flown ; where not only whole armies but whole nations might sink ! If indeed the following argument, in its brief riveting emphasis, be not of itself incontrovertible and final :

‘Are we Opossums ; have we natural Pouches, like the Kangaroo ? Or how, without Clothes, could we possess the master-organ, soul’s-seat, and true pineal gland of the Body Social : I mean, a PURSE ?’

Nevertheless it is impossible to hate Professor Teufelsdröckh ; at worst, one knows not whether to hate or to love him. For though in looking at the fair tapestry of human Life, with its royal and even sacred figures, he dwells not on the obverse alone, but here chiefly on the reverse ; and indeed turns out the rough seams, tatters, and manifold thrums of that unsightly wrong-side, with an almost diabolic patience and indifference, which must have sunk him in the estimation of most readers,—there is that within which unspeakably distinguishes him from all other past and present Sansculotists. The grand unparalleled peculiarity of Teufelsdröckh is, that with all this Descendentalism, he combines a Transcendentalism, no less superlative ; whereby if on the one hand

he degrade man below most animals, except those jacketed Gouda Cows, he, on the other, exalts him beyond the visible Heavens, almost to an equality with the gods.

‘To the eye of vulgar Logic,’ says he, ‘what is man? An ‘omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches. To the eye of Pure Reason what is he? A soul, a Spirit, and divine Apparition. Round his mysterious ME, there lies, under all those wool-rags, a Garment of Flesh (or of Senses), contextured in the Loom of Heaven; whereby he is revealed to his like, and dwells with them in UNION and DIVISION; and sees and fashions for himself a Universe, with azure Starry Spaces, and long Thousands of Years. Deep-hidden is he under that strange Garment; amid Sounds and Colours and Forms, as it were, swathed in, and inextricably overshrouded: yet it is skywoven, and worthy of a God. Stands he not thereby in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities? He feels; power has been given him to know, to believe; nay does not the spirit of Love, free in its celestial primeval brightness, even here, though but for moments look through? Well said Saint Chrysostom, with his lips of gold, “the true SHEKINAH is Man:” where else is the God’s-PRESENCE manifested not to our eyes only, but to our hearts, as in our fellow man?’

In such passages, unhappily too rare, the high Platonic Mysticism of our Author, which is perhaps the fundamental element of his nature, bursts forth, as it were, in full flood; and, through all the vapour and tarnish of what is often so perverse, so mean in his exterior and environment, we seem to look into a whole inward Sea of Light and Love;—though, alas, the grim coppery clouds soon roll together again, and hide it from view.

Such tendency to Mysticism is everywhere traceable in this man; and indeed, to attentive readers, must have been long ago apparent. Nothing that he sees but has more than a common meaning, but has two meanings: thus, if in the highest Imperial Sceptre and Charlemagne-Mantle, as well as in the poorest Ox-goad and Gipsy-Blanket, he finds Prose, Decay, Contemptibility; there is in each sort Poetry also,

and a reverend Worth. For Matter, were it never so despicable, is Spirit, the manifestation of Spirit: were it never so honourable, can it be more? The thing Visible, nay the thing Imagined, the thing in any way conceived as Visible, what is it but a Garment, a Clothing of the higher, celestial Invisible, 'unimaginable, formless, dark with excess of bright?' Under which point of view the following passage, so strange in purport, so strange in phrase, seems characteristic enough:

'The beginning of all Wisdom is to look fixedly on Clothes, 'or even with armed eyesight, till they become *transparent*. "The Philosopher," says the wisest of this age, "must station himself in the middle:" how true! The Philosopher 'is he to whom the Highest has descended, and the Lowest 'has mounted up; who is the equal and kindly brother of 'all.

'Shall we tremble before clothwebs and cobwebs, whether 'woven in Arkwright looms, or by the silent Arachnes that 'weave unrestingly in our Imagination? Or, on the other 'hand, what is there that we cannot love; since all was created by God?

'Happy he who can look through the Clothes of a Man ' (the woollen, and fleshly, and official Bank-paper, and State-paper Clothes), into the Man himself; and discern, it may 'be, in this or the other Dread Potentate, a more or less incompetent Digestive-apparatus; yet also an inscrutable venerable Mystery, in the meanest Tinker that sees with eyes!'

For the rest, as is natural to a man of this kind, he deals much in the feeling of Wonder; insists on the necessity and high worth of universal Wonder; which he holds to be the only reasonable temper for the denizen of so singular a Planet as ours. 'Wonder,' says he, 'is the basis of Worship: the 'reign of wonder is perennial, indestructible in Man; only at 'certain stages (as the present), it is, for some short season, 'a reign in *partibus infidelium*.' That progress of Science, which is to destroy Wonder, and in its stead substitute Mensuration and Numeration, finds small favour with Teufelsdröckh, much as he otherwise venerates these two latter processes.

‘Shall your Science,’ exclaims he, ‘proceed in the small  
 ‘chink lighted, or even oil-lighted, underground workshop of  
 ‘Logic alone ; and man’s mind become an Arithmetical Mill,  
 ‘whereof Memory is the Hopper, and mere Tables of Sines  
 ‘and Tangents, Codification, and Treatises of what you call  
 ‘Political Economy, are the Meal? And what is that Science,  
 ‘which the scientific head alone, were it screwed off, and (like  
 ‘the Doctor’s in the Arabian Tale) set in a basin, to keep it  
 ‘alive, could persecute without shadow of a heart,—but one  
 ‘other of the mechanical and menial handicrafts, for which  
 ‘the Scientific Head (having a Soul in it) is too noble an or-  
 ‘gan? I mean that Thought without Reverence is barren,  
 ‘perhaps poisonous ; at best, dies like cookery with the day  
 ‘that called it forth ; does not live, like sowing, in successive  
 ‘tilths and wider-spreading harvests, bringing food and plen-  
 ‘teous increase to all Time.’

In such wise does Teufelsdröckh deal hits, harder or softer,  
 according to ability ; yet ever, as we would fain persuade  
 ourselves, with charitable intent. Above all, that class of  
 ‘Logic-choppers, and treble-pipe Scoffers, and professed Ene-  
 ‘mies to Wonder ; who, in these days, so numerous patrol  
 ‘as night-constables about the Mechanics’ Institute of Science,  
 ‘and cackle, like true Old-Roman geese and goslings round  
 ‘their Capitol, on any alarm, or on none ; nay who often, as  
 ‘illuminated Sceptics walk abroad into peaceable society, in  
 ‘full daylight, with rattle and lantern, and insist on guiding  
 ‘you and guarding you therewith, though the Sun is shining,  
 ‘and the street populous with mere justice-loving men :’ that  
 whole class is inexpressibly wearisome to him. Hear with  
 what uncommon animation he perorates :

‘The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually  
 ‘wonder (and worship), were he President of innumerable  
 ‘Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mécanique Céleste* and  
 ‘*Hegel’s Philosophy*, and the epitome of all Laboratories and  
 ‘Observatories with their results, in his single head,—is but  
 ‘a Pair of Spectacles behind which there is no Eye. Let  
 ‘those who have Eyes look through him, then he may be  
 ‘useful.

‘Thou wilt have no Mystery and Mysticism ; wilt walk through thy world by the sunshine of what thou callest Truth, or even by the hand-lamp of what I call Attorney-Logic ; and “explain” all, “account” for all, or believe nothing of it ? Nay, thou wilt attempt laughter ; whoso recognizes the unfathomable, all-pervading domain of Mystery, which is everywhere under our feet and among our hands ; to whom the Universe is an Oracle and Temple, as well as a Kitchen and Cattle-stall,—he shall be a delirious Mystic ; to him thou, with sniffing charity, wilt protrusively proffer thy hand-lamp, and shriek, as one injured, when he kicks his foot through it?—*Armer Teufel!* Doth not thy cow calve, doth not thy bull gender ? Thou thyself, wert thou not born, wilt thou not die ? “Explain” me all this, or do one of two things : Retire into private places with thy foolish cackle ; or, what were better, give it up, and weep, not that the reign of wonder is done, and God’s world all disembellished and prosaic, but that thou hitherto art a Dilettante and sandblind Pedant.’

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## CHAPTER XI.

### PROSPECTIVE.

The Philosophy of Clothes is now to all readers, as we predicted it would do, unfolding itself into new boundless expansions, of a cloudcapt, almost chimerical aspect, yet not without azure loomings in the far distance, and streaks as of an Elysian brightness ; the highly questionable purport and promise of which it is becoming more and more important for us to ascertain. Is that a real Elysian brightness, cries many a timid wayfarer, or the reflex of Pandemonian lava ? Is it of a truth leading us into beatific Asphodel meadows, or the yellow-burning marl of a Hell-on-Earth ?

Our Professor, like other Mystics, whether delirious or inspired, gives an Editor enough to do. Ever higher and dizzier are the heights he leads us to ; more piercing, all-comprehending, all-confounding are his views and glances. For example, this of Nature being not an Aggregate but a Whole :



‘ Well sang the Hebrew Psalmist : “ If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the universe, God is there.” Thou too, O cultivated reader, who too probably art no Psalmist, but a Prosaist, knowing God only by tradition, knowest thou any corner of the world where at least FORCE is not ? The drop which thou shakest from thy wet hand, rests not where it falls, but to-morrow thou findest it swept away ; already, on the wings of the Northwind, it is nearing the Tropic of Cancer. How came it to evaporate, and not lie motionless ? Thinkest thou there is aught motionless ; without Force and utterly dead ?

‘ As I rode through the Schwarzwald, I said to myself : That little fire which glows star-like across the dark-growing (*nachtende*) moor, where the sooty smith bends over his anvil, and thou hopest to replace thy lost horse-shoe,—is it a detached, separated speck, cut off from the whole Universe ; or indissolubly joined to the whole ? Thou fool, that smithy-fire was (primarily) kindled at the Sun ; is fed by air that circulates from before Noah’s Deluge, from beyond the Dog-star ; therein, with Iron Force, and Coal Force, and the far stranger Force of Man, are cunning affinities and battles and victories of Force brought about : it is a little ganglion, or nervous centre, in the great vital system of Immensity. Call it, if thou wilt, an unconscious Altar, kindled on the bosom of the All ; whose iron sacrifice, whose iron smoke and influence reach quite through the All ; whose Dingy Priest, not by word, yet by brain and sinew, preaches forth the mystery of Force ; nay preaches forth (exoterically enough) one little textlet from the Gospel of Freedom, the Gospel of Man’s Force, commanding, and one day to be all-commanding.

‘ Detached, separated ! I say there is no such separation : nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside ; but all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with all ; is borne forward on the bottomless, shoreless flood of Action, and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf is not dead and lost, there are Forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order ; else how could it rot ? Despise not the rag from which man makes Paper, or the

‘litter from which the Earth makes Corn. Rightly viewed  
 ‘no meanest object is insignificant ; all objects are as windows,  
 ‘through which the philosophic eye looks into Infinitude  
 ‘itself.’

Again, leaving that wondrous Schwarzwald Smithy-Altar,  
 what vacant, high-sailing air-ships are these, and whither will  
 they sail with us?

‘All visible things are Emblems ; what thou seest is not  
 ‘there on its own account ; strictly taken, is not there at all :  
 ‘Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea,  
 ‘and *body* it forth. Hence Clothes, as despicable as we think  
 ‘them, are so unspeakably significant. Clothes, from the  
 ‘King’s mantle downwards, are Emblematic, not of want only,  
 ‘but of a manifold cunning Victory over Want. On the other  
 ‘hand, all Emblematic things are properly Clothes, thought-  
 ‘woven or hand-woven : must not the Imagination weave Gar-  
 ‘ments, visible Bodies, wherein the else invisible creations  
 ‘and inspirations of our Reason are, like Spirits, revealed, and  
 ‘first become all-powerful ;—the rather if, as we often see,  
 ‘the Hand too aid her, and (by wool Clothes or otherwise) re-  
 ‘veal such even to the outward eye ?

‘Men are properly said to be clothed with Authority,  
 ‘clothed with Beauty, with Curses, and the like. Nay, if  
 ‘you consider it, what is Man himself, and his whole ter-  
 ‘restrial Life, but an Emblem ; a Clothing or visible Gar-  
 ‘ment for that divine Me of his, cast hither, like a light-  
 ‘particle, down from Heaven ? Thus is he said also to be  
 ‘clothed with a Body.

‘Language is called the Garment of Thought : however,  
 ‘it should rather be, Language is the Flesh-Garment, the  
 ‘Body, of Thought. I said that Imagination wove this  
 ‘Flesh-Garment ; and does she not ? Metaphors are her  
 ‘stuff : examine Language ; what, if you except some few  
 ‘primitive elements (of natural sound), what is it all but  
 ‘Metaphors, recognised as such, or no longer recognised :  
 ‘still fluid and florid, or now solid-grown and colourless ?  
 ‘If those same primitive elements are the osseous fixtures  
 ‘in the Flesh-Garment, Language,—then are Metaphors its

‘ muscles and tissues and living integuments. An unmetaphorical style you shall in vain seek for : is not your very *Attention a Stretching-to?* The difference lies here : some styles are lean, adust, wiry, the muscle itself seems osseous ; some are even quite pallid, hunger-bitten, and dead-looking ; while others again glow in the flush of health and vigorous self-growth, sometimes (as in my own case) not without an apoplectic tendency. Moreover, there are sham Metaphors, which overhanging that same Thought’s-Body (best naked), and deceptively bedizening, or bolstering it out, may be called its false stuffings, superfluous show-cloaks (*Putz-Müntel*), and tawdry woolen rags ; whereof he that runs and reads may gather whole hampers,—and burn them.’

Than which paragraph on Metaphors did the reader ever chance to see a more surprisingly metaphorical ? However, that is not our chief grievance ; the Professor continues :

‘ Why multiply instances ? It is written, the Heavens and the Earth shall fade away like a Vesture ; which indeed they are : the Time-vesture of the External. Whatsoever sensibly exists, whatsoever represents Spirit to Spirit, is properly a Clothing, a suit of Raiment, put on for a season, and to be laid off. Thus in this one pregnant subject of CLOTHES, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done and been : the whole External Universe and what it holds is but Clothing ; and the essence of all Science lies in the PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.’

Towards these dim infinitely-expanded regions, close-bordering on the impalpable Inane, it is not without apprehension, and perpetual difficulties, that the Editor sees himself journeying and struggling. Till lately a cheerful daystar of hope hung before him, in the expected Aid of Hofrath Heuschrecke ; which daystar, however, melts now, not into the red of morning, but into a vague, gray half-light, uncertain whether dawn of day or dusk of utter darkness. For the last week, these so-called Biographical Documents are in his hand. By the kindness of a Scottish Hamburg Merchant, whose name, known to the whole mercantile world,

he must not mention ; but whose honourable courtesy, now and often before spontaneously manifested to him, a mere literary stranger, he cannot soon forget,—the bulky Weissnichtwo Packet, with all its Customhouse seals, foreign hieroglyphs, and miscellaneous tokens of Travel, arrived here, in perfect safety, and free of cost. The reader shall now fancy with what hot haste it was broken up, with what breathless expectation glanced over ; and, alas, with what unquiet disappointment it has, since then, been often thrown down, and again taken up.

Hofrath Heuschrecke, in a too long-winded Letter, full of compliments, Weissnichtwo politics, dinners, dining repartees, and other ephemeral trivialities, proceeds to remind us of what we knew well already : that however it may be with Metaphysics, and other abstract Science originating in the Head (*Verstand*) alone, no Life Philosophy (*Lebensphilosophie*), such as this of Clothes pretends to be, which originates equally in the Character (*Gemüth*), and equally speaks thereto, can attain its significance till the Character itself is known and seen ; ‘till the Author’s View of the ‘ World (*Weltansicht*), and how he actively and passively came ‘ by such view, are clear : in short till a Biography of him ‘ has been philosophico-poetically written, and philosophico-poetically read.’ ‘Nay,’ adds he, ‘were the speculative ‘ scientific Truth even known, you still, in this inquiring age, ‘ ask yourself, Whence came it, and Why, and How?—and ‘ rest not, till, if no better may be, Fancy have shaped out ‘ an answer ; and either in the authentic lineaments of Fact, ‘ or the forged ones of Fiction, a complete picture and Genetical History of the Man and his spiritual Endeavour lies ‘ before you. But why,’ says the Hofrath, and indeed say we, ‘do I dilate on the uses of our Teufelsdrückh’s Biography? The great Herr Minister von Goethe has pene- ‘ tratingly remarked that “Man is properly the *only* object ‘ that interests man :” thus I too have noted, that in Weissnichtwo our whole conversation is little or nothing else ‘ but Biography or Autobiography ; ever humano-anecdotal ‘ (*menschlich-anecdotesch*). Biography is by nature the most

‘universally profitable, universally pleasant of all things :  
‘especially Biography of distinguished individuals.

‘By this time, *mein Verehrtester* (my Most Esteemed),’ continues he, with an eloquence which, unless the words be purloined from Teufelsdröckh, or some trick of his, as we suspect, is well nigh unaccountable, ‘by this time you are fairly ‘plunged (*vertieft*) in that mighty forest of Clothes-Philosophy; ‘and looking round, as all readers do, with astonishment ‘enough. Such portions and passages as you have already ‘mastered, and brought to paper, could not but awaken a ‘strange curiosity touching the mind they issued from; the ‘perhaps unparalleled psychical mechanism, which manufactured such matter, and emitted it to the light of day. Had ‘Teufelsdröckh also a father and mother; did he, at one ‘time, wear drivel-bibs, and live on spoon-meat? Did he ‘ever, in rapture and tears, clasp a friend’s bosom to his; ‘looks he also wistfully into the long burial-aisle of the Past, ‘where only winds, and their low harsh moan, give inarticulate answer? Has he fought duels;—good Heaven! how ‘did he comport himself when in Love? By what singular ‘stair-steps, in short, and subterranean passages, and sloughs ‘of Despair, and steep Pisgah hills, has he reached this wonderful prophetic Hebron (a true Old-Clothes Jewry) where ‘he now dwells?

‘To all these natural questions the voice of Public History ‘is as yet silent. Certain only that he has been, and is, a ‘Pilgrim, and Traveller from a far Country; more or less ‘footsore and travel-soiled; has parted with road-companions; ‘fallen among thieves, been poisoned by bad cookery, blistered ‘with bugbites; nevertheless, at every stage (for they have ‘let him pass), has had the Bill to discharge. But the whole ‘particulars of his Route, his Weather-observations, the picturesque Sketches he took, though all regularly jotted down ‘(in indelible sympathetic-ink by an invisible interior Pen-man), are these nowhere forthcoming? Perhaps quite lost: ‘one other leaf of that mighty Volume (of human Memory) ‘left to fly abroad, unprinted, unpublished, unbound up, as ‘waste paper; and rot, the sport of rainy winds?



‘No, *verehrtester Herr Herausgeber*, in no wise! I here, by the unexampled favour you stand in with our Sage, send not a Biography only, but an Autobiography: at least the materials for such; wherefrom, if I misreckon not, your perspicacity will draw fullest insight: and so the whole Philosophy and Philosopher of Clothes will stand clear to the wondering eyes of England, nay thence, through America, through Hindostan, and the antipodal New Holland, finally conquer (*einnehmen*) great part of this terrestrial Planet!’

And now let the sympathising reader judge of our feeling when, in place of this same Autobiography with ‘fullest insight,’ we find—Six considerable PAPER BAGS, carefully sealed, and marked successively, in gilt China-ink, with the symbols of the Six southern Zodiacal Signs, beginning at Libra; in the inside of which sealed Bags lie miscellaneous masses of Sheets, and oftener Shreds and Snips, written in Professor Teufelsdröckh’s scarce legible *cursiv-schrift*; and treating of all imaginable things under the Zodiac and above it, but of his own personal history only at rare intervals and then in the most enigmatic manner!

Whole fascicles there are, wherein the Professor, or, as he here speaking in the third person calls himself, ‘the Wanderer,’ is not once named. Then again, amidst what seems to be a Metaphysico-theological Disquisition, ‘Detached Thoughts on the Steamengine,’ or, ‘The continued Possibility of Prophecy,’ we shall meet with some quite private, not unimportant Biographical fact. On certain sheets stand Dreams, authentic or not, while the circumjacent waking Actions are omitted. Anecdotes, oftenest without date of place or time, fly loosely on separate slips, like Sibylline leaves. Interspersed also are long purely Autobiographical delineations; yet without connexion, without recognisable coherence; so unimportant, so superfluously minute, they almost remind us of ‘P.P. Clerk of this Parish.’ Thus does famine of intelligence alternate with waste. Selection, order appears to be unknown to the Professor. In all Bags the same imbroglio; only perhaps in the Bag *Capricorn*, and those near it, the confusion a little worse confounded. Close by a

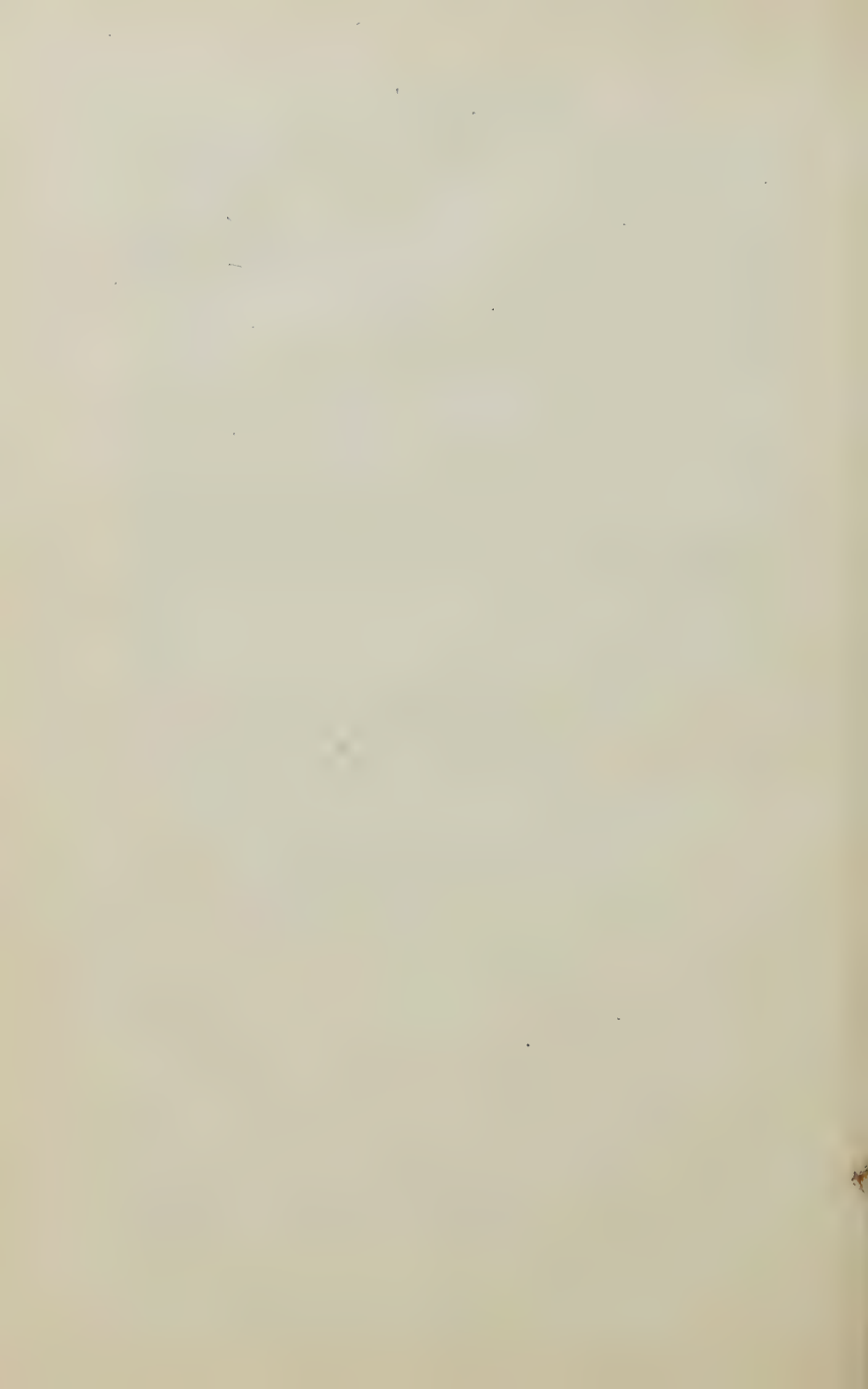
rather eloquent Oration, 'On receiving the Doctor's Hat,' lie wash-bills marked *bezahlt* (settled). His Travels are indicated by the Street-Advertisements of the various cities he has visited; of which Street-Advertisements, in most living tongues, here is perhaps the completest collection extant.

So that if the Clothes-Volume itself was too like a Chaos, we have now instead of the solar Luminary that should still it, the airy Limbo which by intermixture will further volatilise and discompose it! As we shall perhaps see it our duty ultimately to deposit these Six Paper-Bags in the British Museum, farther description, and all vituperation of them, may be spared. Biography or autobiography of Teufelsdröckh there is, clearly enough, none to be gleaned here: at most some sketchy, shadowy fugitive likeness of him may, by unheard-of-efforts, partly of intellect, partly of imagination, on the side of Editor and of Reader, rise up between them. Only as a gaseous-chaotic Appendix to that aqueous-chaotic Volume can the contents of the Six Bags hover round us, and portions thereof be incorporated with our delineation of it.

Daily and nightly does the Editor sit (with green spectacles) deciphering these unimaginable Documents from their perplexed *cursiv-schrift*; collating them with the almost equally unimaginable Volume, which stands in legible print. Over such a universal medley of high and low, of hot, cold, moist and dry, is he here struggling (by union of like with like, which is Method) to build a firm Bridge for British travellers. Never perhaps since our first Bridge-builders, Sin and Death, built that stupendous Arch from Hell-gate to the Earth, did any Pontifex, or Pontiff, undertake such a task as the present Editor. For in this Arch too, leading, as we humbly presume, far otherwards than that grand primeval one, the materials are to be fished up from the weltering deep, and down from the simmering air, here one mass, there another, and cunningly cemented, while the elements boil beneath; nor is there any supernatural force to do it with; but simply the Diligence and feeble thinking Faculty of an English Editor, endeavouring to evolve printed Creation out of a German printed and written Chaos, wherein, as he shoots to

and fro in it, gathering, clutching, piecing the Why to the far-distant Wherefore, his whole Faculty and Self are like to be swallowed up.

Patiently, under these incessant toils and agitations, does the Editor, dismissing all anger, see his otherwise robust health declining ; some fraction of his allotted natural sleep nightly leaving him, and little but an inflamed nervous-system to be looked for. What is the use of health, or of life, if not to do some work therewith ? And what work nobler than transplanting foreign Thought into the barren domestic soil ; except indeed planting Thought of your own, which the fewest are privileged to do ? Wild as it looks, this Philosophy of Clothes, can we ever reach its real meaning, promises to reveal new-coming Eras, the first dim rudiments and already budding germs of a nobler Era, in Universal History. Is not such a prize worth some striving ? Forward with us, courageous reader ; be it towards failure, or towards success ! The latter thou sharest with us, the former also is not all our own.



## BOOK II.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### GENESIS.

In a psychological point of view, it is perhaps questionable whether from birth and genealogy, how closely scrutinised soever, much insight is to be gained. Nevertheless, as in every phenomenon the Beginning remains always the most notable moment; so, with regard to any great man, we rest not till, for our scientific profit or not, the whole circumstances of his first appearance in this planet, and what manner of Public Entry he made, are with utmost completeness rendered manifest. To the Genesis of our Clothes-Philosopher, then, be this First Chapter consecrated. Unhappily, indeed, he seems to be of quite obscure extraction; uncertain, we might almost say, whether of any: so that this Genesis of his can properly be nothing but an Exodus (or transit out of Invisibility into Visibility); whereof the preliminary portion is nowhere forthcoming.

‘In the village of Entepfuhl,’ thus writes he, in the *Bag Libra*, on various Papers, which we arrange with difficulty, ‘dwelt Andreas Futteral and his wife; childless, in still seclusion, and cheerful though now verging towards old age. ‘Andreas had been grenadier Sergeant, and even regimental ‘Schoolmaster under Frederick the Great; but now, quitting ‘the halbert and ferule for the spade and pruning-hook, cultivated a little orchard, on the produce of which, he Cincinnati-like, lived not without dignity. Fruits, the peach, the ‘apple, the grape, with other varieties came in their season; ‘all which Andreas knew how to sell: on evenings he smoked ‘largely, or read (as be seemed a regimental Schoolmaster), ‘and talked to neighbours that would listen about the Vic-



‘tory of Rossbach ; and how Fritz the Only (*der Einzige*) had  
‘once with his own royal lips spoken to him, had been pleased  
‘to say, when Andreas as camp-sentinel demanded the pass-  
‘word, “*Schweig’ Hund* (Peace hound) !” before any of his  
‘staff-adjutants could answer. “*Das nenn’ ich mir einen*  
‘*König*, There is what I call a King,” would Andreas exclaim ;  
‘“but the smoke of Kunersdorf was still smarting his eyes.”

‘Gretchen, the housewife, won like Desdemona by the  
‘deeds rather than the looks of her now veteran Othello,  
‘lived not in altogether military subordination ; for, as An-  
‘dreas said, “the womankind will not drill (*wer kann die*  
‘*Weiberchen dressiren*) :” nevertheless she at heart loved him  
‘both for valour and wisdom ; to her a Prussian grenadier  
‘Sergeant and Regiment’s Schoolmaster was little other than  
‘a Cicero and Cid : what you see, yet cannot see over, is as  
‘good as infinite. Nay, was not Andreas in very deed a man  
‘of order, courage, downrightness (*Geradheit*) ; that under-  
‘stood Büsching’s Geography, had been in the victory of  
‘Rossbach, and left for dead in the camisade of Hochkirch ?  
‘The good Gretchen, for all her fretting, watched over him  
‘and hovered around him, as only a true house-mother can :  
‘assiduously she cooked and sewed and scoured for him ; so  
‘that not only his old regimental sword and grenadier-cap,  
‘but the whole habitation and environment, where on pegs  
‘of honour they hung, looked ever trim and gay ; a roomy  
‘painted Cottage, embowered in fruit-trees and forest-trees,  
‘evergreens and honeysuckles ; rising many-coloured from  
‘amid shaven grass-plots, flowers struggling in through the  
‘very windows ; under its long projecting eaves nothing but  
‘garden-tools in methodic piles (to screen them from rain),  
‘and seats where, especially on summer nights, a King might  
‘have wished to sit and smoke, and call it his. Such a *Bauer-*  
‘*gut* (Copyhold) had Gretchen given her veteran ; whose  
‘sinewy arms, and long-disused gardening talent, had made  
‘it what you saw.

‘Into this unbrageous Man’s-nest, one meek yellow even-  
‘ing or dusk, when the Sun, hidden indeed from terrestrial  
‘Entepfuhl, did nevertheless journey visible and radiant along

' the celestial Balance (*Libra*), it was that a Stranger of reverend aspect entered; and with grave salutation, stood before the two rather astonished housemates. He was close-muffled in a wide mantle; which without farther parley unfolding, he deposited therefrom what seemed some Basket, overhung with green Persian silk; saying only: *Ihr lieben Leute, hier bringe ein unschätzbares Verleihen; nehmt es in aller Acht, sorgfältigst benützt es: mit hohem Lohn, oder wohl mit schweren Zinsen, wird's einst zurückgefordert.* "Good Christian people, here lies for you an invaluable Loan; take all heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it: with high recompense, or else with heavy penalty, will it one day be required back." Uttering which singular words, in a clear, bell-like, forever memorable tone, the Stranger gracefully withdrew; and before Andreas or his wife, gazing in expectant wonder, had time to fashion either question or answer, was clean gone. Neither out of doors could aught of him be seen or heard; he had vanished in the thickets, in the dusk; the Orchard-gate stood quietly closed: the Stranger was gone once and always. So sudden had the whole transaction been, in the autumn stillness and twilight, so gentle, noiseless, that the Futterals could have fancied it all a trick of Imagination, or some visit from an authentic Spirit. Only that the green silk Basket, such as neither Imagination nor authentic Spirits are wont to carry, still stood visible and tangible on their little parlour-table. Towards this the astonished couple, now with lit candle, hastily turned their attention. Lifting the green veil, to see what invaluable it hid, they descried there amid down and rich white wrap-pages, no Pitt Diamond or Hapsburg Regalia, but in the softest sleep, a little red-coloured Infant! Beside it, lay a roll of gold Friedrichs the exact amount of which was never publicly known; also a *Taufschein* (baptismal certificate), wherein unfortunately nothing but the Name was decipherable; other documents or indication none whatever.

' To wonder and conjecture was unavailing, then and always thenceforth. Nowhere in Entepfuhl, on the morrow or next day, did tidings transpire of any such figure as the Stranger;

‘nor could the Traveller, who had passed through the neighbouring Town in coach-and-four, be connected with this Apparition, except in the way of gratuitous surmise. Meanwhile, for Andreas and his wife, the grand practical problem was : What to do with this little sleeping red-coloured Infant? Amid amazements and curiosities, which had to die away without external satisfying, they resolved, as in such circumstances charitable prudent people needs must, on nursing it, though with spoon-meat, into whiteness, and if possible into manhood. The Heavens smiled on their endeavour : thus has that same mysterious Individual ever since had a status for himself in this visible Universe, some modicum of victual and lodging and parade-ground ; and now expanded in bulk, faculty, and knowledge of good and evil, he, as HERR DIOGENES TEUFELSDRÖCKH, professes or is ready to profess, perhaps not altogether without effect, in the new University of Weissnichtwo, the new Science of Things in General.’

Our Philosopher declares here, as indeed we should think he well might, that these facts, first communicated, by the good Gretchen Futteral, in his twelfth year, ‘produced on the boyish heart and fancy a quite indelible impression. ‘Who this reverend Personage,’ he says, ‘that glided into the Orchard Cottage when the Sun was in Libra, and then, as on spirit’s wings, glided out again, might be? An inexpressible desire, full of love and of sadness, has often since struggled within me to shape an answer. Ever, in my distresses and my loneliness, has Fantasy turned, full of longing(*sehnsuchtsvoll*), to that unknown Father, who perhaps far from me, perhaps near, either way invisible, might have taken me to his paternal bosom, there to lie screened from many a woe. Thou beloved Father, dost thou still, shut out from me only by thin penetrable curtains of earthly Space, wend to and fro among the crowd of the living? Or art thou hidden by those far thicker curtains of the Everlasting Night, or rather of the Everlasting Day, through which my mortal eye and outstretched arms need not strive to reach? Alas ! I know not, and in vain vex myself to know. More than once, heart-deluded, have I taken for thee this and the other noble-

‘looking Stranger ; and approached him wistfully, with infinite regard ; but he too had to repel me, he too was not thou.

‘And yet, O Man born of Woman,’ cries the Autobiographer, with one of his sudden whirls, ‘wherein is my case peculiar ? ‘Hadst thou, any more than I, a Father whom thou knowest ? ‘The Andreas and Gretchen, or the Adam and Eve, who led ‘thee into Life, and for a time suckled and pap-fed thee there, ‘whom thou namest Father and Mother ; these were, like ‘mine, but thy nursing-father and nursing-mother : thy true ‘Beginning and Father is in Heaven, whom with the bodily ‘eye thou shalt never behold, but only with the spiritual.’

‘The little green veil,’ adds he, among much similar moralising, and embroiled discoursing, ‘I yet keep ; still more inseparably the Name, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh. From the ‘veil can nothing be inferred : a piece of now quite faded ‘Persian silk, like thousands of others. On the name I have ‘many times meditated and conjectured ; but neither in this ‘lay there any clue. That it was my unknown Father’s name ‘I must hesitate to believe. To no purpose have I searched ‘through all the Herald’s Books, in and without the German ‘Empire, and through all manner of Subscriber-Lists (*Pränumeranten*), Militia-Rolls, and other Name-catalogues ; extraordinary names as we have in Germany, the name Teufelsdröckh, except as appended to my own person, nowhere occurs. ‘Again what may the unchristian rather than Christian “Diogenes” mean ? Did that reverend Basket-bearer intend by ‘such designation, to shadow forth my future destiny, or his ‘own present malign humour ? Perhaps the latter, perhaps ‘both. Thou ill-starred Parent, who like an Ostrich hadst to ‘leave thy ill-starred offspring to be hatched into self-support by the mere sky-influences of Chance, can thy pilgrimage have been a smooth one ? Beset by Misfortune thou ‘doubtless hast been ; or indeed by the worst figure of Misfortune, by Misconduct. Often have I fancied how, in thy ‘hard life-battle, thou wert shot at and slung at, wounded, ‘hand-fettered, hamstrung, browbeaten and bedevilled, by ‘the Time-Spirit (*Zeitgeist*) in thyself and others, till the good ‘soul first given thee was seared into grim rage ; and thou

‘ hadst nothing for it but to leave in me an indignant appeal  
 ‘ to the Future, and living speaking Protest against the Devil,  
 ‘ as that same Spirit not of the Time only, but of Time itself,  
 ‘ is well named! Which Appeal and Protest, may I now  
 ‘ modestly add, was not perhaps quite lost in air.

‘ For indeed as Walter Shandy often insisted, there is much,  
 ‘ nay almost all, in Names. The Name is the earliest Gar-  
 ‘ ment you wrap round the Earth-visiting ME; to which it  
 ‘ thenceforth cleaves, more tenaciously (for there are Names  
 ‘ that have lasted nigh thirty centuries) than the very skin.  
 ‘ And now from without, what mystic influences does it not  
 ‘ send inwards, even to the centre; especially in those plastic  
 ‘ first-times, when the whole soul is yet infantine, soft, and  
 ‘ the invisible seed-grain will grow to be an all-overshadowing  
 ‘ tree! Names? Could I unfold the influence of Names,  
 ‘ which are the most important of all clothings, I were a second  
 ‘ greater Trismegistus. Not only all common Speech, but Sci-  
 ‘ ence, Poetry itself is no other, if thou consider it, than a  
 ‘ right *Naming*. Adam’s first task was giving names to natural  
 ‘ Appearances: what is ours still but a continuation of the  
 ‘ same; be the appearances exotic-vegetable, organic, mechanic,  
 ‘ stars, or starry movements (as in Science), or (as in Poetry)  
 ‘ passions, virtues, calamities, God-attributes, Gods?—In a  
 ‘ very plain sense the Proverb says, *Call one a thief, and he will*  
 ‘ *steal*; in an almost similar sense, may we not perhaps say,  
 ‘ *Call one Diogenes Teufelsdrückh, and he will open the Philos-*  
 ‘ *ophy of Clothes.*’

‘ Meanwhile the incipient Diogenes, like others, all ignorant  
 ‘ of his Why, his How or Whereabout, was opening his eyes  
 ‘ to the kind Light; sprawling out his ten fingers and toes;  
 ‘ listening, tasting, feeling; in a word, by all his Five Senses,  
 ‘ still more by his sixth Sense of Hunger, and a whole infin-  
 ‘ itude of inward, spiritual, half-awakened Senses, endeavour-  
 ‘ ing daily to acquire for himself some knowledge of this  
 ‘ strange Universe where he had arrived, be his task therein  
 ‘ what it might. Infinite was his progress; thus in some  
 ‘ fifteen months, he could perform the miracle of—Speech! To  
 ‘ breed a fresh Soul, is it not like brooding a fresh (celestial)



‘Egg ; wherein as yet all is formless ; powerless ; yet by degrees organic elements and fibres shoot through the watery albumen ; and out of vague Sensation, grows Thought, grows Fantasy and Force, and we have Philosophies, Dynasties, nay Poetries and Religions !

‘Young Diogenes, or rather young Gneschen, for by such diminutive had they in their fondness named him, travelled forward to those high consummations, by quick yet easy stages. The Futterals, to avoid vain talk, and moreover keep the roll of gold Friedrichs safe, gave out that he was a grand-nephew ; the orphan of some sister’s daughter, suddenly deceased, in Andreas’s distant Prussian birth-land ; of whom, as of her indigent sorrowing widower, little enough was known at Entepfuhl. Heedless of all which, the Nurse-ling took to his spoon-meat, and throve. I have heard him noted as a still infant, that kept his mind much to himself ; above all, that seldom or never cried. He already felt that time was precious ; that he had other work cut out for him than whimpering.’

Such, after utmost painful search and collation among these miscellaneous Paper-masses, is all the notice we can gather of Herr Teufelsdröckh’s genealogy. More imperfect, more enigmatic it can seem to few readers than to us. The Professor, in whom truly we more and more discern a certain satirical turn, and deep under-currents of roguish whim, for the present stands pledged in honour, so we will not doubt him : but seems it not conceivable that, by the ‘good Gretchen Futteral,’ or some other perhaps interested party, he has himself been deceived ? Should these sheets, translated or not, ever reach the Entepfuhl Circulating-Library ; some cultivated native of that district might feel called to afford explanation. Nay, since Books, like invisible scouts, permeate the whole habitable globe, and Tombuctoo itself is not safe from British Literature, may not some Copy find out even the mysterious Basket-bearing stranger, who in a state of extreme senility perhaps still exists ; and gently force even him to disclose himself ; to claim openly a son, in whom any father may feel pride ?

## CHAPTER II.

## IDYLIC.

‘Happy season of Childhood!’ exclaims Teufelsdröckh: ‘Kind Nature, that art to all a bountiful mother; that visitest the poor man’s hut with auroral radiance; and for thy Nurseling hast provided a soft swathing of Love and infinite Hope, wherein he waxes and slumbers, danced-round (*umgäukelt*) by sweetest Dreams! If the paternal Cottage still shuts us in, its roof still screens us; with a Father we have as yet a prophet, priest and king, and an Obedience that makes us Free. The young spirit has awakened out of Eternity, and knows not what we mean by Time; as yet Time is no fast hurrying stream, but a sportful sunlit ocean; years to the child are as ages: ah! the secret of Vicissitude, of that slower or quicker decay and ceaseless down-rushing of the universal World-fabric, from the granite mountain to the man or day-moth, is yet unknown; and in a motionless Universe, we taste, what afterwards in this quick-whirling Universe is forever denied us, the balm of Rest. Sleep on, thou fair Child, for thy long rough journey is at hand! A little while, and thou too shalt sleep no more, but thy very dreams shall be mimic battles; thou too, with old Arnault, wilt have to say in stern patience: “Rest? Rest? Shall I not have all Eternity to rest in?” Celestial Nepenthe! though a Pyrrhus conquer empires, and an Alexander sack the world, he finds thee not; and thou hast once fallen gently, of thy own accord, on the eyelids, on the heart of every mother’s child. For as yet, sleep and waking are one: the fair Life-garden rustles infinite around, and everywhere is dewy fragrance, and the budding of Hope; which budding, if in youth, too frostnipt, it grows to flowers, will in manhood yield no fruit, but a prickly, bitter-rinded stone-fruit, of which the fewest can find the kernel.’

In such rose-coloured light does our Professor, as Poets are wont, look back on his childhood; the historical details of

which (to say nothing of much other vague oratorical matter) he accordingly dwells on, with an almost wearisome minuteness. We hear of Entepfuhl standing 'in trustful derangement' among the woody slopes; the paternal Orchard flanking it as extreme outpost from below; the little Kuhbach gushing kindly by, among beech-rows, through river after river, into the Donau, into the Black Sea, into the Atmosphere and Universe; and how 'the brave old Linden,' stretching like a parasol of twenty ells in radius, overtopping all other rows and clumps, towered up from the central *Agora* and *Campus Martius* of the Village, like its Sacred Tree; and how the old man sat talking under its shadow (Gneschen often greedily listening), and the wearied labourers reclined, and the unwearied children sported, and the young men and maidens often danced to flute-music. 'Glorious summer twilight,' cries Teufelsdröckh, 'when the Sun like a proud Conqueror and Imperial Taskmaster turned his back, with his gold purple emblazoury, and all his fire-clad bodyguard (of Prismatic Colours); and the tired brickmakers of this clay Earth might steal a little frolic, and those few meek Stars would not tell of them!'

Then we have long details of the *Weinlesen* (Vintage), the Harvest-Home, Christmas, and so forth; with a whole cycle of the Entepfuhl Children's-games, differing apparently by mere superficial shades from those of other countries. Concerning all which, we shall here, for obvious reasons, say nothing. What cares the world for our as yet miniature Philosopher's achievements under that 'brave old Linden?' Or even where is the use of such practical reflections as the following? 'In all the sports of children, were it only in their wanton breakages and defacements, you shall discern a creative instinct (*schaffeden Trieb*): the Mankin feels that he is a born Man, that his vocation is to Work. The choicest present you can make him is a Tool; be it knife or pen-gun, for construction or for destruction; either way it is for Work, for Change. In gregarious sports of skill or strength, the Boy trains himself to Co-operation, for war or peace, as governor or governed: the little Maid again,

‘ provident of her domestic destiny, takes with preference to ‘ Dolls.’

Perhaps, however, we may give this anecdote, considering who it is that relates it : ‘ My first short-clothes were of yellow serge ; or rather, I should say, my first short cloth, for ‘ the vesture was one and indivisible, reaching from neck to ‘ ankle, a mere body with four limbs : of which fashion how ‘ little could I then divine the architectural, how much less ‘ the moral significance ! ’

More graceful is the following little picture : ‘ On fine evenings I was wont to carry forth my supper (bread-crumbs ‘ boiled in milk), and eat it out of doors. On the coping of ‘ the Orchard wall, which I could reach by climbing, or still ‘ more easily if Father Andreas would set up the pruning-ladder, my porringer was placed : there, many a sunset, ‘ have I, looking at the distant western Mountains, consumed, ‘ not without relish, my evening meal. Those hues of gold ‘ and azure, that hush of World’s expectation as Day died, ‘ were still a Hebrew Speech for me ; nevertheless I was looking at the fair illuminated Letters, and had an eye for their ‘ gilding.’

With ‘ the little one’s friendship for cattle and poultry,’ we shall not much intermeddle. It may be that hereby he acquired a ‘ certain deeper sympathy with animated Nature ; ’ but when, we would ask, saw any man, in a collection of Biographical Documents, such a piece as this : ‘ Impressive ‘ enough (*bedeutungsvoll*) was it to hear, in early morning, the ‘ Swineherd’s horn ; and know that so many hungry happy ‘ quadrupeds were, on all sides, starting in hot haste to join ‘ him, for breakfast on the Heath. Or to see them, at evening, ‘ tide, all marching in again, with short squeak, almost in ‘ military order ; and each, topographically correct, trotting ‘ off in succession to the right or left, through its own lane, to ‘ its own dwelling ; till old Kunz, at the Village-head, now ‘ left alone, blew his last blast, and retired for the night. We ‘ are wont to love the Hog chiefly in the form of Ham ; yet ‘ did not these bristly thick-skinned beings here manifest intelligence, perhaps humour of character ; at any rate, a

‘touching, trustful submissiveness to Man,—who were he but  
 ‘a Swineherd, in darned gabardine, and leather breeches  
 ‘more resembling slate or discoloured tin breeches, is still  
 ‘the Hierarch of this lower world?’

It is maintained, by Helvetius and his set, that an infant of genius is quite the same as any other infant, only that certain surprisingly favourable influences accompany him through life, especially through childhood, and expand him, while others lie close-folded and continue dunces. Herein, say they, consists the whole difference between an inspired Prophet and a double-barrelled Game-preserved: the inner man of the one has been fostered into generous development; that of the other, crushed down perhaps by vigour of animal digestion, and the like, has exuded and evaporated, or at best sleeps now irresuscitably stagnant at the bottom of his stomach. ‘With which opinion,’ cries Teufelsdröckh, ‘I should as soon agree as with this other, ‘that an acorn might, by favourable or unfavourable influences ‘of soil and climate, be nursed into a cabbage, or the cabbage- ‘seed into an oak.

‘Nevertheless,’ continues he, ‘I too acknowledge the all-but ‘omnipotence of early culture and nurture: hereby we have ‘either a doddered dwarf bush, or a high-towering, wide-shad- ‘owing tree; either a sick yellow cabbage, or an edible, lux- ‘uriant green one. Of a truth, it is the duty of all men, espe- ‘cially of all philosophers, to note down with accuracy the char- ‘acteristic circumstances of their Education, what furthered, ‘what hindered, what in any way modified it: to which duty, ‘now-a-days so pressing for many a German Autobiographer, ‘I also zealously address myself.’—Thou rogue! Is it by short clothes of yellow serge, and swineherd horns, that an infant of genius is educated? And yet, as usual, it ever remains doubtful whether he is laughing in his sleeve at these Autobiographi- cal times of ours, or writing from the abundance of his own fond ineptitude. For he continues: ‘If among the ever- ‘streaming currents of Sighs, Hearings, Feelings for Pain or ‘Pleasure, whereby, as in a Magic Hall, young Gneschen went ‘about environed, I might venture to select and specify, per- ‘haps these following were also of the number:



‘Doubtless, as childish sports call forth Intellect, Activity, so the young creature’s Imagination was stirred up, and a Historical tendency given him by the narrative habits of Father Andreas ; who with his battle-reminiscences, and grey austere yet hearty patriarchal aspect, could not but appear another Ulysses and “Much-enduring Man.” Eagerly I hung upon his tales, when listening neighbours enlivened the hearth : from these perils and these travels, wild and far almost as Hades itself, a dim world of Adventure expanded itself within me. Incalculable also was the knowledge I acquired in standing by the Old Men under the Linden-tree : the whole of Immensity was yet new to me ; and had not these reverend seniors, talkative enough, been employed in partial surveys thereof for nigh fourscore years ? With amazement I began to discover that Entepfuhl stood in the middle of a Country, of a World : that there was such a thing as History, as Biography ; to which I also, one day, by hand and tongue, might contribute.

‘In a like sense worked the *Postwagen* (Stage-Coach), which, slow-rolling under its mountains of men and luggage, wended through our Village : northwards, truly in the dead of night ; yet southwards visibly at eventide. Not till my eighth year, did I reflect that this Postwagon could be other than some terrestrial Moon, rising and setting by mere Law of Nature, like the heavenly one ; that it came on made highways, from far cities towards far cities ; weaving them like a monstrous shuttle into closer and closer union. It was then that, independently of Schiller’s *Wilhelm Tell*, I made this not quite insignificant reflection (so true also in spiritual things) : *Any road, this simple Entepfuhl road, will lead you to the end of the World !*

‘Why mention our Swallows, which, out of fair Africa as I learned, threading their way over seas and mountains, incorporate cities and belligerent nations, yearly found themselves, with the month of May, snug-lodged in our Cottage Lobby ? the hospitable Father (for cleanliness’ sake) had fixed a little bracket, plumb under their nest : there they built, and caught flies, and twittered, and bred ; and all, I chiefly, from the

‘heart loved them. Bright, nimble creatures, who taught *you* the mason-craft; nay, stranger still, gave you a masonic incorporation, almost social policy? For if, by ill chance, and when time pressed, your House fell, have I not seen five neighbourly Helpers appear next day; and swashing to and fro, with animated loud, long-drawn chirpings, and activity almost super-hirundine, complete it again before night-fall?

‘But undoubtedly the grand summary of Entepfuhl child’s culture, where as in a funnel its manifold influences were concentrated and simultaneously poured down on us, was the annual Cattle-fair. Here, assembling from all the four winds, came the elements of an unspeakable hurly-burly. Nutbrown maids and nutbrown men, all clear-washed, loud-laughing, bedizened and beribanded; who came for dancing, for treating, and if possible for happiness. Topbooted Graziers from the North; Swiss Brokers, Italian Drovers, also topbooted, from the South; these with their subalterns in leather jerkins, leather skull-caps, and long ox-goads; shouting in half-articulate speech, amid the inarticulate barking and bellowing. Apart stood Potters from far Saxony, with their crockery in fair rows; Nürnberg Pedlars, in booths that to me seemed richer than Ormuz bazaars; Showmen from the Lago Maggiore; detachments of the *Wiener Schub* (Offscourings of Vienna) vociferously superintending games of chance. Ballad-singers brayed, Auctioneers grew hoarse; cheap New Wine (*heuriger*) flowed like water, still worse confounding the confusion; and high over all, vaulted, in ground-and-lofty tumbling, a particoloured Merry Andrew, like the genius of the place and of Life itself.

‘Thus encircled by the mystery of Existence; under the deep heavenly Firmament; waited on by the four golden Seasons with their vicissitudes of contribution, for even grim Winter brought its skating-matches and shooting-matches, its snow-storms and Christmas carols,—did the child sit and learn. These things were the Alphabet, whereby in after-

‘time he was to syllable and partly read the grand Volume of  
‘the World: what matters it whether such Alphabet be in  
‘large gilt letters or in small ungilt ones, so you have an eye  
‘to read it? For Gneschen, eager to learn, the very act of  
‘looking thereon was a blessedness that gilded all: his ex-  
‘istence was a bright, soft element of Joy; out of which, as  
‘in Prospero’s Island, wonder after wonder bodied itself forth,  
‘to teach by charming.

‘Nevertheless, I were but a vain dreamer to say, that even  
‘then my felicity was perfect. I had, once for all, come down  
‘from Heaven into the Earth. Among the rainbow colours  
‘that glowed on my horizon, lay even in childhood a dark ring  
‘of Care, as yet no thicker than a thread, and often quite  
‘overshone; yet always it reappeared, nay ever waxing broad-  
‘er and broader; till in after-years it almost overshadowed  
‘my whole canopy, and threatened to engulf me in final  
‘night. It was the ring of Necessity, whereby we are all be-  
‘girt; happy he for whom a kind heavenly Sun brightens it  
‘into a ring of Duty, and plays round it with beautiful pris-  
‘matic diffractions; yet ever, as basis and as bourne for our  
‘whole being, it is there.

‘For the first few years of our terrestrial Apprenticeship,  
‘we have not much work to do; but, boarded and lodged  
‘gratis, are set down mostly to look about us over the work-  
‘shop, and see others work, till we have understood the tools  
‘a little, and can handle this and that. If good Passivity  
‘alone, and not good Passivity and good Activity together,  
‘were the thing wanted, then was my early position favour-  
‘able beyond the most. In all that respects openness of Sense,  
‘affectionate Temper, ingenuous Curiosity, and the fostering  
‘of these, what more could I have wished? On the other  
‘side, however, things went not so well. My Active Power  
‘(*Thatkraft*) was unfavourably hemmed in; of which mis-  
‘fortune how many traces yet abide with me! In an orderly  
‘house, where the litter of children’s sports is hateful enough,  
‘your training is too stoical; rather to bear and forbear than  
‘to make and do. I was forbid much: wishes in any measure  
‘bold I had to renounce; everywhere a strait bond of Obe-

'dience inflexibly held me down. Thus already Freewill  
'often came in painful collision with Necessity ; so that my  
'tears flowed, and at seasons the Child itself might taste that  
'root of bitterness, wherewith the whole fruitage of our life  
'is mingled and tempered.

'In which habituation to Obedience, truly, it was beyond  
'measure safer to err by excess than by defect. Obedience  
'is our universal duty and destiny ; wherein whoso will not  
'bend must break : too early and too thoroughly we cannot  
'be trained to know that Would, in this world of ours, is as  
'mere zero to Should, and for most part as the smallest of  
'fractions even to Shall. Hereby was laid for me the basis  
'of worldly Discretion, nay, of Morality itself. Let me not  
'quarrel with my upbringing ! It was rigorous, too frugal,  
'compressively secluded, every way unscientific : yet in that  
'very strictness and domestic solitude might there not lie the  
'root of deeper earnestness, of the stem from which all noble  
'fruit must grow ? Above all, how unskilful soever, it was  
'loving, it was well-meant, honest ; whereby every deficiency  
'was helped. My kind Mother, for as such I must ever love  
'the good Gretchen, did me one altogether invaluable service :  
'she taught me, less indeed by word than by act and daily  
'reverent look and habitude, her own simple version of the  
'Christian Faith. Andreas too attended Church ; yet more  
'like a parade duty for which he in the other world expected  
'pay with arrears,—as, I trust, he has received ; but my  
'Mother, with a true woman's heart, and fine though uncul-  
'tivated sense, was in the strictest acceptation Religious.  
'How indestructibly the Good grows, and propagates itself,  
'even among the weedy entanglements of Evil ! The highest  
'whom I knew on Earth I here saw bowed down, with awe  
'unspeakable, before a Higher in Heaven : such things, es-  
'pecially in infancy, reach inwards to the very core of your  
'being ; mysteriously does a Holy of Holies build itself into  
'visibility in the mysterious deeps ; and Reverence, the di-  
'vinest in man, springs forth undying from its mean envelop-  
'ment of Fear. Wouldst thou rather be a peasant's son that  
'knew, were it never so rudely, there was a God in Heaven

‘and in Man ; or a duke’s son that only knew there were two  
‘and thirty quarters on the family-coach?’

To which last question we must answer : Beware, O Teufelsdröckh, of spiritual pride !

### CHAPTER III.

#### PEDAGOGY.

Hitherto we see young Gneschen, in his indivisible case of yellow serge, borne forward mostly on the arms of kind Nature alone ; seated, indeed, and much to his mind, in the terrestrial workshop ; but (except his soft hazel eyes, which we doubt not already gleamed with a still intelligence) called upon for little voluntary movement there. Hitherto accordingly his aspect is rather generic, that of an incipient Philosopher and Poet in the abstract : perhaps it would puzzle Herr Heuschrecke himself to say wherein the Special Doctrine of Clothes is as yet foreshadowed or betokened. For with Gneschen, as with others, the Man may indeed stand pictured in the Boy (at least all the pigments are there) ; yet only some half of the Man stands in the Child, or young Boy, namely, his Passive endowment, not his Active. The more impatient are we to discover what figure he cuts in this latter capacity ; how when, to use his own words, ‘he understands the tools a little, and can handle this or that,’ he will proceed to handle it.

Here, however, may be the place to state that, in much of our Philosopher’s history, there is something of an almost Hindoo character : nay, perhaps in that so well fostered and every-way excellent ‘Passivity’ of his, which, with no free development of the antagonist Activity, distinguished his childhood, we may detect the rudiments of much that, in after-days, and still in these present days, astonishes the world. For the shallow-sighted Teufelsdröckh is oftenest a man without Activity of any kind, a No-man ; for the deep-sighted, again, a man with Activity almost superabundant, yet so spiritual, close-hidden, enigmatic, that no mortal can foresee its explosions, or even when it has exploded, so much as ascertain its signifi-



cance. A dangerous, difficult temper for the modern European ; above all, disadvantageous in the hero of a Biography ! Now as heretofore it will behove the Editor of these pages, were it never so unsuccessfully, to do his endeavour.

Among the earliest tools of any complicity which a man, especially a man of letters, gets to handle, are his Class-books. On this portion of his History, Teufelsdröckh looks down professedly as indifferent. Reading he ‘cannot remember ever to have learned ;’ so perhaps had it by nature. He says generally : ‘Of the insignificant portion of my Education, which ‘depended on Schools, there need almost no notice be taken. ‘I learned what others learnt ; and kept it stored by in a corner of my head, seeing as yet no manner of use in it. My ‘Schoolmaster, a down-bent, brokenhearted, underfoot martyr, as others of that guild are, did little for me, except discover that he could do little : he, good soul, pronounced me ‘a genius, fit for the learned professions ; and that I must be ‘sent to the Gymnasium, and one day to the University. ‘Meanwhile, what printed thing soever I could meet with I ‘read. My very copper pocket-money I laid out on stall literature ; which, as it accumulated, I with my own hands sewed ‘into volumes. By this means was the young head furnished ‘with a considerable miscellany of things and shadows of ‘things : History in authentic fragments lay mingled with ‘Fabulous chimeras, wherein also was reality ; and the whole ‘not as dead stuff, but as living pabulum, tolerably nutritive ‘for a mind not yet so peptic.’

That the Entepfuhl Schoolmaster judged well, we now know. Indeed, already in the youthful Gneschen, with all his outward stillness, there may have been manifest an inward vivacity that promised much ; symptoms of a spirit singularly open, thoughtful, almost poetical. Thus, to say nothing of his Suppers on the Orchard-wall, and other phenomena of that earlier period, have many readers of these pages stumbled, in their twelfth year, on such reflections as the following ? ‘It ‘struck me much, as I sat by the Kuhbach, one silent noon-tide, and watched it flowing, gurgling, to think how this ‘same streamlet had flowed and gurgled, through all changes

‘ of weather and of fortune, from beyond the earliest date of  
 ‘ History. Yes, probably on the morning when Joshua forded  
 ‘ Jordan ; even as at the mid-day when Caesar doubtless with  
 ‘ difficulty, swam the Nile, yet kept his *Commentaries* dry,—  
 ‘ this little Kubbach, assiduous as Tiber, Eurotas or Siloa, was  
 ‘ murmuring on across the wilderness, as yet unnamed, un-  
 ‘ seen ; here, too, as in the Euphrates and the Ganges, is a  
 ‘ vein or veinlet of the grand World-circulation of Waters,  
 ‘ which, with its atmospheric arteries, has lasted and lasts  
 ‘ simply with the World. Thou fool ! Nature alone is an-  
 ‘ tique, and the oldest Art a mushroom ; that idle crag thou  
 ‘ sittest on is six thousand years of age.’ In which little  
 thought, as in a little fountain, may there not lie the begin-  
 ning or those well-nigh unutterable meditations on the gran-  
 deur and mystery of TIME, and its relation to ETERNITY, which  
 play such a part in this Philosophy of Clothes ?

Over his Gymnastic and Academic years the Professor by  
 no means lingers so lyrical and joyful as over his childhood.  
 Green sunny tracts there are still ; but intersected by bitter  
 rivulets of tears, here and there stagnating into sour marshes  
 of discontent. ‘ With my first view of the Hinterschlag Gym-  
 ‘ nasium,’ writes he, ‘ my evil days began. Well do I still re-  
 ‘ member the red sunny Whitsuntide morning, when trotting  
 ‘ full of hope, by the side of Father Andreas, I entered the  
 ‘ main street of the place, and saw its steeple clock (then  
 ‘ striking Eight) and *Schuldthurm* (Jail), and the aproned or  
 ‘ disaproned Burghers moving in to breakfast : a little dog,  
 ‘ in mad terror, was rushing past ; for some human imps had  
 ‘ tied a tin kettle to its tail ; thus did the agonised creature,  
 ‘ loud jingling, career through the whole length of the  
 ‘ Borough, and become notable enough. Fit emblem of many  
 ‘ a Conquering Hero, to whom Fate (wedding Fantasy to  
 ‘ Sense, as it often elsewhere does) has malignantly appended  
 ‘ a tin kettle of Ambition, to chase him on ; which, the faster  
 ‘ he runs, urges him the faster, the more loudly and more  
 ‘ foolishly ! Fit emblem also of much that awaited myself, in  
 ‘ that mischievous Den ; as in the world, whereof it was a  
 ‘ portion and epitome !

‘Alas, the kind beech-rows of Entepfuhl were hidden in the distance : I was among strangers, harshly, at best indifferently, disposed towards me ; the young heart felt, for the first time, quite orphaned and alone.’ His schoolfellows, as is usual, persecuted him : ‘They were Boys,’ he says, ‘mostly rude Boys, and obeyed the impulse of rude Nature, which bids the deerherd fall upon any stricken hart, the duck-flock put to death any broken-winged brother or sister, and on all hands the strong tyrannise over the weak.’ He admits that though ‘perhaps in an unusual degree morally courageous,’ he succeeded ill in battle, and would fain have avoided it ; a result, as it would appear, owing less to his small personal stature (for in passionate seasons, he was ‘incredibly nimble’), than to his ‘virtuous principles :’ ‘if it was disgraceful to be beaten,’ says he, ‘it was only a shade less disgraceful to have so much as fought ; thus was I drawn two ways at once, and in this important element of school-history, the war element, had little but sorrow.’ On the whole, that same excellent ‘Passivity,’ so notable in Teufelsdröckh’s childhood, is here visibly enough again getting nourishment. ‘He wept often ; indeed to such a degree that he was nicknamed *Der Weinende* (the Tearful), which epithet, till towards his thirteenth year, was indeed not quite unmerited. Only at rare intervals did the young soul burst forth into fire-eyed rage, and, with a Stormfulness (*Ungestüm*) under which the boldest quailed, assert that he too had Rights of Man, or at least of Mankind.’ In all which, who does not discern a fine flower-tree and cinnamon-tree (of genius) nigh choked among pumpkins, reedgrass, and ignoble shrubs ; and forced, if it would live, to struggle upwards only, and not outwards ; into a *height* quite sickly, and disproportioned to its *breadth* ?

We find, moreover, that his Greek and Latin were ‘mechanically’ taught ; Hebrew scarce even mechanically ; much else which they call History, Cosmography, Philosophy, and so forth, no better than not at all. So that, except inasmuch as Nature was still busy ; and he himself ‘went about, as was of old his wont, among the Craftsmen’s workshops, there learning many things ;’ and farther lighted on some small store of

curious reading, in Hans Wachtel the Cooper's house, where he lodged,—his time, it would appear, was utterly wasted. Which facts the Professor had not yet learned to look upon with any contentment. Indeed, throughout the whole of this Bag *Scorpio*, where we now are, and often in the following Bag, he shews himself unusually animated on the matter of Education, and not without some touch of what we might presume to be anger.

'My teachers,' says he, 'were hide-bound Pedants, without knowledge of man's nature or of boy's; or of aught save their lexicons and quarterly account-books. Innumerable dead Vocables (no dead Language, for they themselves knew no Language) they crammed into us, and called it fostering the growth of mind. How can an inanimate, mechanical Gerund-grinder, the like of whom will, in a subsequent century, be manufactured at Nürnberg out of wood and leather, foster the growth of anything; much more of Mind, which grows, not like a vegetable (by having its roots littered with etymological compost), but like a Spirit, by mysterious contact of Spirit; Thought kindling itself at the fire of living Thought? How shall *he* give kindling, in whose own inward man there is no live coal, but all is burnt out to a dead grammatical cinder? The Hinterschlag Professors knew Syntax enough; and of the human soul thus much: that it had a faculty called Memory, and could be acted on through the muscular integument by appliance of birch rods.

'Alas, so is it everywhere, so will it ever be; till the Hodman is discharged, or reduced to Hodbearing; and an Architect is hired, and on all hands fitly encouraged; till communities and individuals discover, not without surprise, that fashioning the souls of a generation by Knowledge can rank on a level with blowing their bodies to pieces by Gunpowder; that with Generals and Field-marsals for killing, there should be world-honoured Dignitaries, and were it possible, true God-ordained Priests, for teaching. But as yet, though the soldier wears openly, and even parades, his butchering-tool, nowhere, far as I have travelled, did the Schoolmaster make show of his instructing-tool: nay were he to walk

‘abroad with birch girt on thigh, as if he therefrom expected honour, would there not, among the idler class, perhaps a certain levity be excited?’

In the third year of this Gymnastic period, Father Andreas seems to have died: the young Scholar, otherwise so maltreated, saw himself for the first time clad outwardly in sables, and inwardly in quite inexpressible melancholy. ‘The dark bottomless Abyss, that lies under our feet, had yawned open; the pale kingdoms of Death, with all their innumerable silent nations and generations stood before him; the inexorable word, NEVER! now first shewed its meaning. My Mother wept, and her sorrow got vent; but in my heart there lay a whole lake of tears, pent up in silent desolation. Nevertheless, the unworn Spirit is strong; Life is so healthful that it even finds nourishment in Death: these stern experiences, planted down by Memory in my Imagination, rose there to a whole cypress-forest, sad but beautiful; waving, with not unmelodious sighs, in dark luxuriance, in the hottest sunshine, through long years of youth:—as in manhood also it does, and will do; for I have now pitched my tent under a Cypress-tree; the Tomb is now my inexpugnable Fortress, ever close by the gate of which I look upon the hostile armaments, and pains and penalties, of tyrannous Life placidly enough, and listen to its loudest threatenings with a still smile. O ye loved ones, that already sleep in the noiseless Bed of Rest, whom in life I could only weep for and never help; and ye, who wide-scattered still toil lonely in the monster-bearing Desert, dyeing the flinty ground with your blood,—yet a little while, and we shall all meet THERE, and our Mother’s bosom will screen us all; and Oppression’s harness, and Sorrow’s fire-whip, and all the Gehenna Bailiffs that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed Time, cannot thenceforth harm us any more!’

Close by which rather beautiful apostrophe, lies a laboured Character of the deceased Andreas Futteral; of his natural ability, his deserts in life (as Prussian Sergeant); with long historical inquiries into the genealogy of the Futteral Family, here traced back as far as Henry the Fowler: the whole of



which we pass over, not without astonishment. It only concerns us to add, that now was the time when Mother Gretchen revealed to her foster-son that he was not at all of this kindred ; or indeed of any kindred, having come into historical existence in the way already known to us. 'Thus was I 'doubly orphaned,' says he ; 'bereft not only of Possession, 'but even of Remembrance. Sorrow and Wonder, here suddenly united, could not but produce abandoned fruit. Such 'a disclosure, in such a season struck its roots through my 'whole nature ; ever till the years of mature manhood, it mingled with my whole thoughts, was as the stem whereon all 'my day-dreams and night-dreams grew. A certain poetic 'elevation, yet also a corresponding civic depression, it naturally imparted : *I was like no other* : in which fixed-idea, 'leading sometimes to highest, and oftener to frightfullest 'results, may there not lie the first spring of Tendencies, 'which in my Life have become remarkable enough ? As in 'birth, so in action, speculation, and social position, my fellows are perhaps not numerous.'

In the Bag *Sagittarius*, as we at length discover Teufelsdröckh has become a University man ; though how, when, or of what quality, will nowhere disclose itself with the smallest certainty. Few things, in the way of confusion and capricious indistinctness, can now surprise our readers ; not even the total want of dates, almost without parallel in a Biographical work. So enigmatic, so chaotic we have always found, and must always look to find, these scattered Leaves. In *Sagittarius*, however, Teufelsdröckh begins to shew himself even more than usually Sibylline ; fragments of all sorts ; scraps of regular Memoir, College Exercises, Programs, Professional Testimonials, Milk-scores, torn Billets, sometimes to appearance of an amatory cast ; all blown together as if by merest chance, henceforth bewilder the sane Historian. To combine any picture of these University, and the subsequent, years ; much more, to decipher therein any illustrative primordial elements of the Clothes-Philosophy, becomes such a problem as the reader may imagine.

So much we can see ; darkly, as through the foliage of some

wavering thicket: a youth of no common endowment, who has passed happily through Childhood, less happily yet still vigourously through Boyhood, now at length perfect in 'dead vocables,' and set down, as he hopes, by the living Fountain, there to superadd Ideas and Capabilities. From such Fountain he draws, diligently, thirstily, yet nowise with his whole heart, for the water nowise suits his palate; discouragements, entanglements, aberrations are discoverable or supposable. Nor perhaps are even pecuniary distresses wanting; for 'the good Gretchen, who in spite of advices from not disinterested relatives has sent him hither, must after a time withdraw her willing but too feeble hand.' Nevertheless, in an atmosphere of Poverty and manifold Chagrin, the Humour of that young Soul, what character is in him, first decisively reveals itself; and, like strong sunshine in weeping skies, gives out variety of colours, some of which are prismatic. Thus, with the aid of Time, and of what Time brings, has the stripling Diogenes Teufelsdröckh waxed into manly stature; and into so questionable an aspect, that we ask with new eagerness How he specially came by it, and regret anew that there is no more explicit answer. Certain of the intelligible and partially significant fragments, which are few in number, shall be extracted from that Limbo of a Paper-bag, and presented with the usual preparation.

As if, in the Bag *Scorpio*, Teufelsdröckh had not already expectorated, his antipedagogic spleen; as if, from the name *Sagittarius*, he had thought himself called upon to shoot arrows, we here again fall in with such matter as this: 'The University where I was educated still stands vivid enough in my remembrance, and I know its name well; which name, however, I, from tenderness to existing interests and persons, shall in no wise divulge. It is my painful duty to say that, out of England and Spain, ours was the worst of all hitherto discovered Universities. This is indeed a time when right Education is, as nearly as may be, impossible; however, in degrees of wrongness there is no limit: nay, I can conceive a worse system than that of the Nameless itself; as poisoned victual may be worse than absolute hunger.

‘ It is written, When the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch ; wherefore, in such circumstances, may it not sometimes be safer, if both leader and led simply—sit still? Had you, anywhere in Crim Tartary, walled-in a square enclosure ; furnished it with a small, ill-chosen Library ; and then turned loose into it eleven hundred Christian striplings, to tumble about as they listed, from three to seven years : certain persons, under the title of Professors, being stationed at the gates, to declare aloud that it was a University, and exact considerable admission-fees,—you had, not indeed in mechanical structure, yet in spirit and result, some imperfect resemblance of our High Seminary. I say, imperfect ; for if our mechanical structure was quite other, so neither was our result altogether the same : unhappily, we were not in Crim Tartary, but in a corrupt European city, full of smoke and sin ; moreover, in the middle of a Public, which, without far costlier apparatus, than that of the Square Enclosure, and Declaration aloud, you could not be sure of gulling.

‘ Gullible, however, by fit apparatus, all Publics are ; and gulled, with the most surprising profit. Towards any thing like a *Statistics of Imposture*, indeed, little as yet has been done : with a strange indifference, our Economists, nigh buried under Tables for minor Branches of Industry, have altogether overlooked the grand all-overtopping Hypocrisy Branch ; as if our whole arts of Puffery, of Quackery, Priestcraft, Kingcraft, and the innumerable other crafts and mysteries of that genus, had not ranked in Productive Industry at all ! Can any one, for example, so much as say, What moneys, in Literature and Shoe-blackings, are realized by actual Instruction and actual jet Polish ; what by fictitious-persuasive Proclamation of such ; specifying, in distinct items, the distributions, circulations, disbursements, incomings of said moneys, with the smallest approach to accuracy ? But to ask, How far, in all the several infinitely complected departments of social business, in government, education, in manual, commercial, intellectual fabrication of every sort, man’s Want is supplied by true Ware ; how far

‘ by the mere Appearance of true Ware :—in other words, To  
 ‘ what extent, by what methods, with what effects, in various  
 ‘ times and countries, Deception takes the place and wages of  
 ‘ Performance ; here truly is an Inquiry big with results for  
 ‘ the future time, but to which hitherto only the vaguest  
 ‘ answer can be given. If for the present, in our Europe, we  
 ‘ estimate the ratio of Ware to Appearance of Ware so high  
 ‘ even as at One to a Hundred (which considering the Wages  
 ‘ of a Pope, Russian Autocrat, English Game-Preserver, is  
 ‘ probably not far from the mark),—what almost prodigious  
 ‘ saving may there not be anticipated, as the *Statistics of Im-*  
 ‘ *posture* advances, and so the manufacturing of Shams (that  
 ‘ of Realities rising into clearer and clearer distinction there-  
 ‘ from) gradually declines, and at length becomes all but  
 ‘ wholly unnecessary !

‘ This for the coming golden ages. What I had to remark,  
 ‘ for the present brazen one, is, that in several provinces, as  
 ‘ in Education, Polity, Religion, where so much is wanted  
 ‘ and indispensable, and so little can as yet be furnished,  
 ‘ probably Imposture is of sanative, anodyne nature, and  
 ‘ man’s Gullibility not his worst blessing. Suppose your  
 ‘ sinews of war quite broken ; I mean your military chest in-  
 ‘ solvent, forage all but exhausted ; and that the whole army  
 ‘ is about to mutiny, disband, and cut your and each other’s  
 ‘ throat,—then were it not well could you, as if by miracle,  
 ‘ pay them in any sort of fairy-money, feed them on coagu-  
 ‘ lated water, or mere imagination of meat ; whereby, till the  
 ‘ real supply came up, they might be kept together, and quiet ?  
 ‘ Such perhaps was the aim of Nature, who does nothing with-  
 ‘ out aim, in furnishing her favourite, Man, with this his so  
 ‘ omnipotent or rather omnipatent Talent of being Gulled.

‘ How beautifully it works, with a little mechanism ; nay,  
 ‘ almost makes mechanism for itself ! These Professors in  
 ‘ the Nameless lived with ease, with safety, by a mere Repu-  
 ‘ tation constructed in past times, and then too with no great  
 ‘ effort by quite another class of persons. Which Reputation,  
 ‘ like a strong brisk-going undershot-wheel, sunk into the  
 ‘ general current, bade fair, with only a little annual repaint-

‘ing on their part, to hold long together, and of its own accord assiduously grind for them. Happy that it was so, for the Millers! They themselves needed not to work; their attempts at working, at what they called Educating, now when I look back on it, fill me with a certain mute admiration.

‘Besides all this, we boasted ourselves a Rational University; in the highest degree, hostile to Mysticism; thus was the young vacant mind furnished with much talk about Progress of the Species, Dark Ages, Prejudice, and the like; so that all were quickly enough blown out into a state of windy argumentativeness; whereby the better sort had soon to end in sick, impotent Scepticism; the worser sort explode (*crepiren*) in finished Self-conceit, and to all spiritual intents become dead.—But this too is portion of mankind’s lot. If our era is the Era of Unbelief why murmur under it; is there not a better coming, nay come? As in longdrawn Systole and longdrawn Diastole, must the period of Faith alternate with the period of Denial; must the vernal growth, the summer luxuriance of all Opinions, Spiritual Representations and Creations, be followed by, and again follow, the autumnal decay, the winter dissolution. For man lives in Time, has his whole earthly being, endeavour, and destiny shaped for him by Time: only in the transitory Time-Symbol is the ever-motionless Eternity we stand on made manifest. And yet, in such winter-seasons of Denial, it is for the nobler-minded perhaps a comparative misery to have been born, and to be awake, and work; and for the duller a felicity, if like hibernating animals, safely lodged in some Salamanca University, or Sybaris City, or other superstitious or voluptuous Castle of Indolence, they can slumber through, in stupid dreams, and only awaken when the loud-roaring hailstorms have all done their work, and to our prayers and martyrdoms the new Spring has been vouchsafed.’

That in the environment, here mysteriously enough shadowed forth, Teufelsdröckh must have felt ill at ease, cannot be doubtful. ‘The hungry young,’ he says, ‘looked up to their spiritual Nurses; and, for food, were bidden eat the east wind. What vain jargon of controversial Metaphysic,



‘Etymology, and mechanical Manipulation falsely named Science, was current there, I indeed learned, better perhaps than the most. Among eleven hundred Christian youths, there will not be wanting some eleven eager to learn. By collision with such, a certain warmth, a certain polish was communicated ; by instinct and happy accident, I took less to rioting (*renommiren*), than to thinking and reading, which latter also I was free to do. Nay from the chaos of that Library, I succeeded in fishing up more books perhaps than had been known to the very keepers thereof. The foundation of a Literary Life was hereby laid : I learned, on my own strength, to read fluently in almost all cultivated languages, on almost all subjects, and sciences ; farther, as man is ever the prime object to man, already it was my favourite employment to read character in speculation, and from the Writing to construe the Writer. A certain groundplan of Human Nature and Life began to fashion itself in me ; wondrous enough, now when I look back on it ; for my whole Universe, physical and spiritual, was as yet a Machine ! However, such a conscious, recognized groundplan, the truest I had, *was* beginning to be there, and by additional experiments, might be corrected and indefinitely extended.’

Thus from poverty does the strong educe nobler wealth ; thus in the destitution of the wild desert, does our young Ishmael acquire for himself the highest of all possessions, that of Self-help. Nevertheless a desert this was, waste, and howling with savage monsters. Teufelsdröckh gives us long details of his ‘fever-paroxysms of Doubt ;’ his Inquiries concerning Miracles, and the Evidences of religious Faith ; and how ‘in the silent night watches, still darker in his heart than over sky and earth, he has cast himself before the All-seeing, and with audible prayers, cried vehemently for Light, for deliverance from Death and the Grave. Not till after long years, and unspeakable agonies, did the believing heart surrender ; sink into spell-bound sleep, under the nightmare, Unbelief ; and, in this hag-ridden dream, mistake God’s fair living world for a pallid, vacant Hades and extinct Pandemonium. But through such Purgatory pain,’ continues he,

‘it is appointed us to pass ; first must the dead Letter of Religion, own itself dead, and drop piecemeal into dust, if the living Spirit of Religion, freed from this its charnel-house, is to arise on us, newborn of Heaven, and with new healing under its wings.’

To which Purgatory pains, seemingly severe enough, if we add a liberal measure of Earthly distresses, want of practical guidance, want of sympathy, want of money, want of hope ; and all this in the fervid season of youth, so exaggerated in imagining, so boundless in desires, yet here so poor in means, —do we not see a strong incipient spirit oppressed and overloaded from without and from within ; the fire of genius struggling up among fuel-wood of the greenest, and as yet with more of bitter vapour than of clear flame.

From various fragments of Letters and other documentary scraps, it is to be inferred that Teufelsdröckh, isolated, shy, retiring as he was, had not altogether escaped notice : certain established men are aware of his existence ; and, if stretching out no helpful hand, have at least their eyes upon him. He appears, though in dreary enough humour, to be addressing himself to the Profession of Law ;—whereof, indeed, the world has since seen him a public graduate. But omitting these broken, unsatisfactory thrums of Economical relation, let us present rather the following small thread of Moral relation ; and therewith, the reader for himself weaving it in at the right place, conclude our dim arras picture of these University years.

‘Here also it was that I formed acquaintance with Herr Towgood, or, as it is perhaps better written, Herr Toughgut ; a young person of quality (*von Adel*), from the interior parts of England. He stood connected, by blood and hospitality, with the Counts von Zähdarm, in this quarter of Germany ; to which noble Family I likewise was, by his means, with all friendliness, brought near. Towgood had a fair talent, unspeakably ill-cultivated ; with considerable humour of character : and, bating his total ignorance, for he knew nothing except Boxing and a little Grammar, shewed less of that aristocratic impassivity, and silent fury, than for most pa-

' belongs to Travellers of his nation. To him I owe my first  
 ' practical knowledge of the English and their ways ; perhaps  
 ' also something of the partiality with which I have ever since  
 ' regarded that singular people. Towgood was not without  
 ' an eye, could he have come at any light. Invited doubtless  
 ' by the presence of the Zähdarm Family, he had travelled  
 ' hither, in the almost frantic hope of perfecting his studies ;  
 ' he, whose studies had as yet been those of infancy, hither to  
 ' a University where so much as the notion of perfection, not  
 ' to say the effort after it, no longer existed ! Often we would  
 ' condole over the hard destiny of the Young in this era : how,  
 ' after all our toil, we were to be turned out into the world,  
 ' with beards on our chins indeed, but with few other  
 ' attributes of manhood ; no existing thing that we were  
 ' trained to Act on, nothing that we could so much as Believe.  
 ' "How has our head on the outside a polished Hat," would  
 ' Towgood exclaim, "and in the inside Vacancy, or a froth of  
 ' Vocables and Attorney Logic ! At a small cost men are  
 ' educated to make leather into shoes ; but at a great cost,  
 ' what am I educated to make ? By Heaven, Brother ! what  
 ' I have already eaten and worn, as I came thus far, would  
 ' endow a considerable Hospital of Incurables."—"Man, in-  
 ' deed," I would answer, "has a Digestive Faculty, which  
 ' must be kept working, were it even partly by stealth. But  
 ' as for our Miseducation, make not bad worse ; waste not the  
 ' time yet ours, in trampling on thistles because they have  
 ' yielded us no figs. *Frisch zu Bruder !* Here are Books,  
 ' and we have brains to read them ; here is a whole Earth and a  
 ' whole Heaven, and we have eyes to look on them : *Frisch zu !*"

' Often also our talk was gay ; not without brilliancy, and  
 ' even fire. We looked out on Life, with its strange scaffold-  
 ' ing, where all at once harlequins dance, and men are be-  
 ' headed and quartered : motley, not unterrific was the aspect ;  
 ' but we looked on it like brave youths. For myself, these were  
 ' perhaps my most genial hours. Towards this young warm-  
 ' hearted, strongheaded and wrongheaded Herr Towgood, I  
 ' was even near experiencing the now obsolete sentiment of  
 ' Friendship. Yes, foolish Heathen that I was, I felt that,

‘under certain conditions, I could have loved this man, and taken him to my bosom, and been his brother once and all ways. By degrees, however, I understood the new time, and its wants. If man’s *Soul* is indeed, as in the Finnish Language, and Utilitarian Philosophy, a kind of *Stomach*, what else is the true meaning of Spiritual Union but an Eating together? Thus we, instead of Friends, are Dinner-guests; and here as elsewhere have cast away chimeras.’

So ends, abruptly as is usual, and enigmatically, this little incipient romance. What henceforth becomes of the brave Herr Towgood, or Toughgut? He has dived under, in the Autobiographical Chaos, and swims we see not where. Does any reader ‘in the interior parts of England’ know of such a man?

## CHAPTER IV.

### GETTING UNDER WAY.

‘Thus nevertheless,’ writes our Autobiographer, apparently as quitting College, ‘was there realised Somewhat; namely, I, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh: a visible Temporary Figure (*Zeitbild*), occupying some cubic feet of Space, and containing within it Forces both physical and spiritual; hopes, passions, thoughts; the whole wondrous furniture, in more or less perfection, belonging to that mystery, a Man. Capabilities there were in me to give battle, in some small degree, against the great Empire of Darkness: does not the very Ditcher and Delver, with his spade, extinguish many a thistle and puddle; and so leave a little Order, where he found the opposite? Nay your very Daymoth has capabilities in this kind; and ever organises something (into its own Body, if no otherwise), which was before Inorganic; and of mute dead air makes living music, though only of the faintest, by humming.

‘How much more, one whose capabilities are spiritual; who has learned, or begun learning, the grand thaumaturgic art of Thought! Thaumaturgic I name it; for hitherto all Miracles have been wrought thereby, and henceforth innumerable will be wrought; whereof we, even in these days,

‘witness some. Of the Poet’s and Prophet’s inspired Message, and how it makes and unmakes whole worlds, I shall forbear mention ; but cannot the dullest hear Steam-engines clanking around him ? Has he not seen the Scottish Brassmith’s IDEA (and this but a mechanical one) travelling on fire-wings round the Cape, and across two Oceans ; and stronger than any other Enchanter’s Familiar, on all hands unweariedly fetching and carrying : at home, not only weaving Cloth ; but rapidly enough overturning the whole old system of Society ; and, for Feudalism and Preservation of the Game, preparing us, by indirect but sure methods, Industrialism and the Government of the Wisest ? Truly a Thinking Man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have ; every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not, there runs a shudder through the Nether Empire ; and new Emissaries are trained, with new tactics, to, if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink and handcuff him.

‘With such high vocation had I too, as denizen of the Universe, been called. Unhappy it is, however, that though born to the amplest Sovereignty, in this way, with no less than sovereign right of Peace and War against the Time-Prince (*Zeitfurst*), or Devil, and all his Dominions, your coronation-ceremony costs such trouble, your sceptre is so difficult to get at, or even to get eye on !’

By which last wiredrawn similitude, does *Teufelsdröckh* mean no more than that young men find obstacles in what we call ‘getting under way ?’ ‘Not what I Have,’ continues he, ‘but what I Do is my Kingdom. To each is given a certain inward Talent, a certain outward Environment of Fortune ; to, each, by wisest combination of these two, a certain maximum of Capability. But the hardest problem were ever this first : To find by study of yourself, and of the ground you stand on, what your combined inward and outward Capability specially is. For, alas, our young soul is all budding with Capabilities, and we see not yet which is the main and true one. Always too the new man is in a new time, under new conditions ; his course can be the *fac-simile* of no prior one, but is by its nature original. And then how sel-



‘dom will the outward Capability fit the inward : though talented wonderfully enough, we are poor, unfriendly, dyspeptical, bashful ; nay what is worse than all, we are foolish. Thus, in a whole imbroglio of Capabilities, we go stupidly groping about, to grope which is ours, and often clutch the wrong one : in this mad work, must several years of our small term be spent, till the purblind Youth, by practice, acquire notions of distance, and become a seeing Man. Nay, many so spend their whole term, and in ever-new expectation, ever-new disappointment, shift from enterprise to enterprise, and from side to side : till at length, as exasperated striplings of threescore and ten, they shift into their last enterprise, that of getting buried.

‘Such, since the most of us are too ophthalmic, would be the general fate ; were it not that one thing saves us : our Hunger. For on this ground, as the prompt nature of Hunger is well known, must a prompt choice be made : hence have we, with wise foresight, Indentures and Apprenticeships for our irrational young ; whereby, in due season, the vague universality of a Man shall find himself ready-moulded into a specific Craftsman ; and so thenceforth work, with much or with little waste of Capability as it may be ; yet not with the worst waste, that of time. Nay even in matters spiritual, since the spiritual artist too is born blind, and does not, like certain other creatures, receive sight in nine days, but far later, sometimes never,—is it not well that there should be what we call professions, or Bread-studies (*Brodtzwecke*), preappointed us ? Here, circling like the gin-horse, for whom partial or total blindness is no evil, the Bread-artist can travel contentedly round and round, till fancying that it is forward and forward ; and realize much : for himself victual ; for the world an additional horse’s power in the grand corn-mill or hemp-mill of Economic Society. For me too had such a leading-string been provided ; only that it proved a neck-halter, and had nigh throttled me, till I broke it. Then, in the words of Ancient Pistol, did the World generally become mine oyster, which I, by strength of cunning, was to open, as I would and could. Almost had I deceased

‘(fast wär ich umgekommen), so obstinately did it continue ‘shut.’

We see here, significantly foreshadowed, the spirit of much that was to befall our Autobiographer ; the historical embodiment of which, as it painfully takes shape in his Life, lies scattered, in dim disastrous details, through this Bag *Pisces*, and those that follow. A young man of high talent, and high though still temper, like a young mettled colt, ‘breaks off his neck-halter,’ and bounds forth, from his peculiar manger, into the wide world ; which, alas, he finds all rigorously fenced in. Richest clover-fields tempt his eye ; but to him they are forbidden pasture : either pining in progressive starvation, he must stand ; or, in mad exasperation, must rush to and fro, leaping against sheer stone walls, which he cannot leap over, which only lacerate and lame him ; till at last, after thousand attempts and endurances, he, as if by miracle, clears his way : not indeed into luxuriant and luxurious clover, yet into a certain bosky wilderness where existence is still possible, and Freedom though waited on by Scarcity is not without sweetness. In a word, Teufelsdröckh having thrown up his legal Profession, finds himself without landmark of outward guidance ; whereby his previous want of decided Belief, or inward guidance, is frightfully aggravated. Necessity urges him on ; Time will not stop, neither can he, a Son of Time ; wild passions without solacement, wild faculties without employment, ever vex and agitate him. He too must enact that stern Monodrama, *No Object and no Rest* ; must front its successive destinies, work through to its catastrophe, and deduce therefrom what moral he can.

Yet let us be just to him, let us admit that his ‘neck-halter’ sat nowise easy on him ; that he was in some degree forced to break it off. If we look at the young man’s civic position, in this Nameless Capital, as he emerges from its Nameless University, we can discern well that it was far from enviable. His first Law-Examination he has come through triumphantly ; and can even boast that the *Examen Rigorosum* need not have frightened him : but though he is hereby ‘an *Auscultator* of respectability’ what avails it ? There is next to no employ-

ment to be had. Neither, for a youth without connexions, is the process of Expectation very hopeful in itself ; nor for one of his disposition much cheered from without. ‘My fellow ‘Auscultators,’ he says, ‘were Auscultators: they dressed, and ‘digested, and talked articulate words; other vitality shewed ‘they almost none. Small speculation in those eyes, that they ‘did glare withal! Sense neither for the high nor for the deep, ‘nor for aught human or divine, save only for the faintest ‘scent of coming Preferment.’ In which words, indicating a total estrangement on the part of Teufelsdröckh, may there not also lurk traces of a bitterness as from wounded vanity? Doubtless these prosaic Auscultators may have sniffed at him, with his strange ways ; and tried to hate, and what was much more impossible, to despise him. Friendly communion, in any case, there could not be: already has the young Teufelsdröckh left the other young geese ; and swims apart, though as yet uncertain whether he himself is cygnet or gosling.

Perhaps too what little employment he had was performed ill, at best unpleasantly. ‘Great practical method and expertness’ he may brag of ; but is there not also great practical pride, though deep-hidden, only the deeper-seated? So shy a man can never have been popular. We figure to ourselves, how in those days he may have played strange freaks with his Independence, and so forth: do not his own words betoken as much? ‘Like a very young person, I imagined it was ‘with Work alone, and not also with Folly and Sin, in myself ‘and others, that I have been appointed to struggle.’ Be this as it may, his progress from the passive Auscultatorship, towards any active Assessorship, is evidently of the slowest. By degrees, those same established men, once partially inclined to patronise him, seem to withdraw their countenance, and give him up as ‘a man of genius:’ against which procedure he, in these Papers, loudly protests. ‘As if,’ says he, ‘the higher did not presuppose the lower ; as if he who can ‘fly into heaven, could not also walk post if he resolved on it! ‘But the world is an old woman, and mistakes any gilt far-thing for a gold coin ; whereby being often cheated she will ‘thenceforth trust nothing but the common copper.’

How our winged sky-messenger, unaccepted as a terrestrial runner, contrived, in the meanwhile, to keep himself from flying skyward without return, is not too clear from these Documents. Good old Gretchen seems to have vanished from the scene, perhaps from the Earth; other Horn of Plenty, or even of Parsimony, nowhere flows for him; so that 'the prompt nature of Hunger being well known,' we are not without our anxiety. From private Tuition, in never so many languages and sciences, the aid derivable is small; neither, to use his own words, 'does the young Adventurer hitherto suspect 'in himself any literary gift; but at best earns bread-and-water wages, by his wide faculty of Translation. Nevertheless,' continues he, 'that I subsisted is clear, for you find me 'even now alive.' Which fact, however, except upon the principle of our true-hearted, kind old Proverb, that 'there is always life for a living one,' we must profess ourselves unable to explain.

Certain Landlords' Bills, and other economic Documents, bearing the mark of Settlement, indicate that he was not without money; but, like an independent Hearth-holder, if not House-holder, paid his way. Here also occur, among many others, two little mutilated Notes, which perhaps throw light on his condition. The first has now no date, or writer's name, but a huge Blot; and runs to this effect: 'The (*Inkblot*), tied 'down by previous promise, cannot, except by best wishes, 'forward the Herr Teufelsdröckh's views on the Assessorship 'in question; and sees himself under the cruel necessity of 'forbearing, for the present, what were otherwise his duty 'and joy, to assist in opening the career for a man of genius, 'on whom far higher triumphs are yet waiting.' The other is on gilt paper; and interests us like a sort of epistolary mummy now dead, yet which once lived and beneficently worked. We give it in the original: '*Herr Teufelsdröckh wird von der Frau 'Gräfinn, auf-Donnerstag, zum ÆSTHETISCHEN THEE, schönstens 'eingeladen.*'

Thus in answer to a cry for solid pudding, whereof there is the most urgent need, comes epigrammatically enough, the invitation to a wash of quite fluid *Æsthetic Tea*! How Teufelsdröckh, now at actual handgrips with Destiny herself, may

have comported himself among these Musical and Literary Dilettanti of both sexes, like a hungry lion invited to a feast of chickenweed, we can only conjecture. Perhaps in expressive silence, and abstinence : otherwise if the lion, in such case, is to feast at all, it cannot be on the chickenweed, but only on the chickens. For the rest, as this Frau Gräfinn dates from the *Zühdarm House*, she can be no other than the Countess and mistress of the same ; whose intellectual tendencies, and good will to Teufelsdröckh, whether on the footing of Herr Towgood, or on his own footing, are hereby manifest. That some sort of relation, indeed, continued, for a time, to connect our Autobiographer, though perhaps feebly enough, with this noble House, we have elsewhere express evidence. Doubtless, if he expected patronage, it was in vain ; enough for him if he here obtained occasional glimpses of the great world, from which we at one time fancied him to have been always excluded. ‘The Zühdarms,’ says he, ‘lived in the soft ‘sumptuous garniture of Aristocracy ; whereto Literature and ‘Art, attracted and attached from without, were to serve as ‘the handsomest fringing. It was to the *Gnädigen Frau* (her ‘Ladyship) that this latter improvement was due : assiduously ‘she gathered, dexterously she fitted on, what fringing was to ‘be had ; lace or cobweb, as the place yielded.’ Was Teufelsdröckh also a fringe, of lace or cobweb ; or promising to be such ? ‘With his *Excellenz* (the Count),’ continues he, ‘I have ‘more than once had the honour to converse ; chiefly on general affairs, and the aspect of the world, which he, though ‘now past middle life, viewed in no unfavourable light ; finding indeed, except the Outrooting of Journalism (*die auszurottende Journalistik*), little to desiderate therein. On some ‘points, as his *Excellenz* was not uncholerick, I found it more ‘pleasant to keep silence. Besides, his occupation being that ‘of Owning Land, there might be faculties enough, which, as ‘superfluous for such use, were little developed in him.’

That to Teufelsdröckh the aspect of the world was nowise so faultless, and many things besides ‘the Outrooting of Journalism,’ might have seemed improvements, we can readily conjecture. With nothing but a barren Auscultatorship from



without, and so many mutinous thoughts and wishes from within, his position was no easy one. 'The Universe,' he says, 'was as a mighty Sphinx-riddle, which I knew so little of, yet must rede, or be devoured. In red streaks of unspeakable grandeur, yet also in the blackness of darkness, was Life to my too-unfurnished Thought, unfolding itself. A strange contradiction lay in me ; and I as yet knew not the solution of it ; knew not that spiritual music can spring only from discords set in unison ; that but for Evil there were no Good, as victory is only possible by battle.'

'I have heard affirmed (surely in jest),' observes he elsewhere, by not unphilanthropic persons, that it were a real increase of human happiness, could all young men from the age of nineteen be covered under barrels, or rendered otherwise invisible ; and there left to follow their lawful studies and callings, till they emerged, sadder and wiser, at the age of twenty-five. With which suggestion, at least as considered in the light of a practical scheme, I need scarcely say that I nowise coincide. Nevertheless it is plausibly urged that, as young ladies (*Mädchen*) are, to mankind, precisely the most delightful in those years ; so young gentlemen (*Bübchen*) do then attain their maximum of detestability. Such gawks (*Gecken*) are they, and foolish peacocks, and yet with such a vulturous hunger for self-indulgence : so obstinate, obstreperous, vain-glorious ; in all senses, so froward and so forward. No mortal's endeavour or attainment will, in the smallest, content the as yet unendeavouring, unattaining young gentleman ; but he could make it all infinitely better, were it worthy of him. Life everywhere is the most manageable matter, simply as a question in the Rule of Three : multiply your second and third term together, divide the product by the first, and your quotient will be the answer,—which you are but an ass if you cannot come at. The booby has not yet found out, by any trial, that, do what one will, there is ever a cursed fraction, oftenest a decimal repeater, and no net integer quotient so much as to be thought of.'

In which passage does there not lie an implied confession that Teufelsdröckh himself, besides his outward obstructions,

had an inward, still greater, to contend with ; namely, a certain temporary, youthful, yet still afflictive derangement of head ? Alas ! on the former side alone, his case was hard enough. ‘It continues ever true,’ says he, ‘that Saturn, or ‘Chronos, or what we call TIME, devours all his Children : ‘only by incessant Running, by incessant Working, may you ‘(for some threescore and ten years) escape him ; and you ‘too he devours at last. Can any Sovereign, or Holy Alliance of Sovereigns, bid Time stand still ; even in thought, ‘shake themselves free of Time ? Our whole terrestrial ‘being is based on Time, and built of Time ; it is wholly a ‘Movement, a Time-impulse ; Time is the author of it, the ‘material of it. Hence also our Whole Duty, which is to ‘move, to work,—in the right direction. Are not our Bodies ‘and our Souls in continual movement, whether we will or ‘not ; in a continual Waste, requiring a continual Repair ? ‘Utmost satisfaction of our whole outward and inward Wants ‘were but satisfaction for a space of Time ; thus, whatso we ‘have done, is done, and for us annihilated, and ever must ‘we go and do anew. O Time-Spirit, how hast thou environed and imprisoned us, and sunk us so deep in thy troublesome dim Time-Element, that, only in lucid moments, can ‘so much as glimpses of our upper Azure Home be revealed ‘to us ! Me, however, as a Son of Time, unhappier than ‘some others, was Time threatening to eat quite prematurely ; ‘for, strive as I might, there was no good Running, so obstructed was the path, so gyved were the feet.’ That is to say, we presume, speaking in the dialect of this lower world, that Teufelsdröckh’s whole duty and necessity was, like other men’s, ‘to work,—in the right direction,’ and that no work was to be had ; whereby he became wretched enough. As was natural : with haggard Scarcity threatening him in the distance ; and so vehement a soul languishing in restless inaction, and forced thereby, like Sir Hudibras’s sword by rust,

To eat into itself, for lack

Of something else to hew and hack !

But on the whole, that same ‘excellent Passivity,’ as it has all along done, is here again vigourously flourishing ; in

which circumstance, may we not trace the beginnings of much that now characterises our Professor ; and perhaps, in faint rudiments, the origin of the Clothes-Philosophy itself ? Already the attitude he has assumed towards the World is too defensive ; not, as would have been desirable, a bold attitude of attack. ‘ So far hitherto,’ he says, ‘ as I had mingled with mankind, I was notable, if for any thing, for a certain stillness of manner, which, as my friends often rebukingly declared, did but ill express the keen ardour of my feelings. I, in truth, regarded men with an excess both of love and of fear. The mystery of a Person, indeed, is ever divine, to him that has a sense for the Godlike. Often, notwithstanding, was I blamed, and by half-strangers hated, for my so-called Hardness (*Härte*), my Indifferentism towards men ; and the seemingly ironic tone I had adopted, as my favourite dialect in conversation. Alas, the panoply of Sarcasm was but as a buckram case, wherein I had striven to envelope myself ; that so my own poor Person might live safe there, and in all friendliness, being no longer exasperated by wounds. Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the Devil ; for which reason I have, long since, as good as renounced it. But how many individuals did I, in those days, provoke into some degree of hostility thereby ! An ironic man, with his sly stillness, and ambuscading ways, more especially an ironic young man, from whom it is least expected, may be viewed as a pest to society. Have we not seen persons of weight and name, coming forward, with gentlest indifference, to tread such a one out of sight, as an insignificancy and worm, start ceiling-high (*balkenhoch*), and thence fall shattered and supine, to be borne home on shutters, not without indignation, when he proved electric and a torpedo ! ’

Alas, how can a man with this devilishness of temper make way for himself in Life ; where the first problem, as Teufelsdröckh too admits, is ‘ to unite yourself with some one, and with somewhat (*sich anzuschliessen*) ? ’ Division, not union, is written on most part of his procedure. Let us add too that, in no great length of time, the only important connexion he

had ever succeeded in forming, his connexion with the Zähdarm Family, seems to have been paralysed, for all practical uses, by the death of the 'not uncholerick' old Count. This fact stands recorded, quite incidentally, in a certain *Discourse on Epitaphs*, huddled into the present Bag, among so much else ; of which Essay the learning and curious penetration are more to be approved of than the spirit. His grand principle is, that lapidary inscriptions, of what sort soever, should be Historical rather than Lyrical. 'By request of that worthy Nobleman's survivors,' says he, 'I undertook to compose his 'Epitaph ; and not unmindful of my own rules, produced the 'following ; which, however, for an alleged defect of Latinity, 'a defect never yet fully visible to myself, still remains unen- 'graven ;'—wherein, we may predict, there is more than the Latinity that will surprise an English reader :

HIC JACET

PHILIPPUS ZAEHDARM, COGNOMINE MAGNUS,

ZAEHDARMI COMES

EX IMPERII CONCILIO,

VELLERIS AUREI, PERISCCELIDIS, NECNON VULTURIS NIGRI  
EQUES.

QUI DUM SUB LUNA AGEBAT,

QUINQUIES MILLE PERDRICES

PLUMBO CONFECIT :

VARII CIBI

CENTUMPONDIA MILLIES CENTENA MILLIA,

PER SE, PERQUE SERVOS QUADRUPEDES BIPEDESVE,

HAUD SINE TUMULTU DEVOLVENS,

IN STERCUS

PALAM CONVERTIT.

NUNC A LABORE REQUIESCENTEM

OPERA SEQUUNTUR.

SI MONUMENTUM QUÆRIS,

FIMETUM ADSPICE.

PRIMUM IN ORBE DEJECIT [*sub dato*] ; POSTREMUM [*sub dato*].

## CHAPTER V.

## ROMANCE.

‘For long years,’ writes Teufelsdröckh, ‘had the poor He-brew, in this Egypt of an Auscultatorship, painfully toiled, baking bricks without stubble, before ever the question once struck him with entire force: For what?—*Beyn Himmel!* For Food and Warmth! And are Food and Warmth nowhere else, in the whole wide Universe, discoverable?—Come of it what might, I resolved to try.’

Thus then are we to see him in a new independent capacity, though perhaps far from an improved one. Teufelsdröckh is now a man without Profession. Quitting the common Fleet of herring-busses and whalers, where indeed his leeward, lag-gard condition was painful enough, he desperately steers off, on a course of his own, by sextant and compass of his own. Unhappy Teufelsdröckh! Though neither Fleet, nor Traffic, nor Commodores pleased thee, still was it not a *Fleet*, sailing in prescribed track, for fixed objects; above all, in combination, wherein, by mutual guidance, by all manner of loans and borrowings, each could manifoldly aid the other? How wilt thou sail in unknown seas; and for thyself find that shorter North-west Passage to thy fair Spice-country of a No-where?—A solitary rover on such a voyage, with such nautical tactics, will meet with adventures. Nay, as we forthwith discover, a certain Calypso-Island detains him at the very outset; and as it were falsifies and oversets his whole reckoning.

‘If in youth,’ writes he once, ‘the Universe is majestically unveiling, and everywhere Heaven revealing itself on Earth, nowhere to the Young Man does this Heaven on Earth so immediately reveal itself as in the Young Maiden. Strangely enough, in this strange life of ours, it has been so appointed. On the whole, as I have often said, a Person (*Personlichkeit*) is ever holy to us; a certain orthodox Anthropomorphism connects my *Me* with all *Thees* in bonds of Love: but it is in this approximation of the Like and Unlike, that such



‘ heavenly attraction, as between Negative and Positive, first  
 ‘ burns out into a flame. Is the pitifulest mortal Person,  
 ‘ think you, indifferent to us? Is it not rather our heartfelt  
 ‘ wish to be made one with him ; to unite him to us, by  
 ‘ gratitude, by admiration, even by fear ; or failing all these,  
 ‘ unite ourselves to him ? But how much more, in this case  
 ‘ of the Like-Unlike ! Here is conceded us the higher mystic  
 ‘ possibility of such a union, the highest in our Earth ; thus,  
 ‘ in the conducting medium of Fantasy, flames forth that *fire-*  
 ‘ development of the universal Spiritual Electricity, which, as  
 ‘ unfolded between man and woman, we first emphatically  
 ‘ denominate Love.

‘ In every well-conditioned stripling, as I conjecture, there  
 ‘ already blooms a certain prospective Paradise, cheered by  
 ‘ some fairest Eve ; nor, in the stately vistas, and flowerage  
 ‘ and foliage of that Garden, is a Tree of Knowledge, beautiful  
 ‘ and awful in the midst thereof, wanting. Perhaps too the  
 ‘ whole is but the lovelier, if Cherubim and a Flaming Sword  
 ‘ divide it from all footsteps of men ; and grant him, the im-  
 ‘ aginative stripling, only the view, not the entrance. Happy  
 ‘ season of virtuous youth, when Shame is still an impassable  
 ‘ celestial barrier ; and the sacred air-cities of Hope have not  
 ‘ shrunk into the mean clay-hamlets of Reality ; and man,  
 ‘ by his nature, is yet infinite and free !

‘ As for our young Forlorn,’ continues Teufelsdröckh, evi-  
 ‘ dently meaning himself, ‘ in his secluded way of life, and with  
 ‘ his glowing Fantasy, the more fiery that it burnt under cover,  
 ‘ as in a reverberating furnace, his feeling towards the Queens  
 ‘ of this Earth was, and indeed is, altogether unspeakable.  
 ‘ A visible Divinity dwelt in them ; to our young Friend all  
 ‘ women were holy, were heavenly. As yet he but saw them  
 ‘ flitting past, in their many-coloured angel-plumage ; or hov-  
 ‘ ering mute and inaccessible on the outskirts of *Æsthetic Tea :*  
 ‘ all of air they were, all Soul and Form ; so lovely, like mys-  
 ‘ terious priestesses, in whose hand was the invisible Jacob’s-  
 ‘ ladder, whereby man might mount into very Heaven. That  
 ‘ he, our poor Friend, should ever win for himself one of these  
 ‘ Gracefuls (*Holden*) *Ach Gott!* how could he hope it ; should

‘he not have died under it? There was a certain delirious vertigo in the thought.

‘Thus was the young man, if all sceptical of Demons and Angels such as the vulgar had once believed in, nevertheless not unvisited by hosts of true Sky-born, who visibly and audibly hovered round him whereso he went; and they had that religious worship in his thought, though as yet it was by their mere earthly and trivial name that he named them. But now, if on a soul so circumstanced, some actual Air-maiden, incorporated into tangibility and reality, should cast any electric glance of kind eyes, saying thereby, “Thou too mayest love and be loved;” and so kindle him,—good Heaven, what a volcanic, earthquake-bringing, all-consuming fire were probably kindled!’

Such a fire, it afterwards appears, did actually burst forth, with explosions more or less Vesuvian, in the inner man of Herr Diogenes; as indeed how could it fail? A nature, which, in his own figurative style, we might say, had now not a little carbonised tinder, of Irritability; with so much nitre of latent Passion, and sulphurous Humour enough; the whole lying in such hot neighbourhood, close by ‘a reverberating furnace of Fantasy:’ have we not here the components of driest Gunpowder, ready, on occasion of the smallest spark, to blaze up? Neither, in this our Life-element, are sparks anywhere wanting. Without doubt, some Angel, whereof so many hovered round, would one day, leaving ‘the outskirts of *Æsthetic Tea*,’ flit nigher; and, by electric Promethean glance, kindle no despicable firework. Happy, if it indeed proved a Firework, and flamed off rocket-wise, in successive beautiful bursts of splendour, each growing naturally from the other, through the several stages of a happy Youthful Love; till the whole were safely burnt out; and the young soul relieved, with little damage! Happy, if it did not rather prove a Conflagration and mad Explosion; painfully lacerating the heart itself; nay perhaps bursting the heart in pieces (which were Death); or at best, bursting the thin walls of your ‘reverberating furnace,’ so that it rage thenceforth all unchecked among the contiguous combustibles (which were Madness):

till of the so fair and manifold internal world of our Diogenes, there remained Nothing, or only the 'crater of an extinct volcano!'

From multifarious Documents in this Bag *Capricornus*, and in the adjacent ones on both sides thereof, it becomes manifest that our Philosopher, as stoical and cynical as he now looks, was heartily and even frantically in Love; here therefore may our old doubts whether his heart were of stone or of flesh give way. He loved once; not wisely but too well. And once only: for as your Congreve needs a new case or wrappage for every new rocket, so each human heart can properly exhibit but one Love, if even one; the 'First Love which is infinite' can be followed by no second like unto it. In more recent years, accordingly, the Editor of these Sheets was led to regard Teufelsdröckh as a man not only who would never wed, but who would never even flirt; whom the grand-climacteric itself, and *St. Martin's Summer* of incipient Dotage, would crown with no new myrtle garland. To the Professor, women are henceforth Pieces of Art; of Celestial Art, indeed; which celestial pieces he glories to survey in galleries, but has lost thought of purchasing.

Psychological readers are not without curiosity to see how Teufelsdröckh, in this for him unexampled predicament, demeaned himself; with what specialities of successive configuration, splendour and colour, his Firework blazes off. Small, as usual, is the satisfaction that such can meet with here. From amid these confused masses of Eulogy and Elegy, with their mad Petrarchan and Werterean ware lying madly scattered among all sorts of quite extraneous matter, not so much as the fair one's name can be deciphered. For, without doubt, the title *Blumine*, whereby she is here designated, and which means simply Goddess of Flowers, must be fictitious. Was her real name Flora, then? But what was her surname, or had she none? Of what station in Life was she; of what parentage, fortune, aspect? Specially, by what Pre-established Harmony of occurrences did the Lover and the Loved meet one another in so wide a world; how did they behave in such meeting? To all which questions, not unessential in a Biographic work,

mere Conjecture must for most part return answer. 'It was 'appointed,' says our Philosopher, 'that the high celestial 'orbit of Blumine should intersect the low sublunary one of 'our Forlorn ; that he, looking in her empyrean eyes, should 'fancy the upper Sphere of Light was come down into this 'nether sphere of Shadows ; and finding himself mistaken, 'make noise enough.'

We seem to gather that she was young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, and some one's Cousin ; highborn and of high spirits ; but unhappily dependent and insolvent ; living, perhaps, on the not too gracious bounty of monied relatives. But how came 'the Wanderer' into her circle ? Was it by the humid vehicle of *Æsthetic Tea*, or by the arid one of mere Business ? Was it on the hand of Herr Towgood ; or of the Gnädige Frau, who, as an ornamental Artist, might sometimes like to promote flirtation, especially for young cynical Nondescripts ? To all appearance, it was chiefly by Accident, and the grace of Nature.

'Thou fair Waldschloss,' writes our Autobiographer, 'what 'stranger ever saw thee, were it even an absolved Auscultator, 'officially bearing in his pocket the last *Relatio ex Actis* he 'would ever write ; but must have paused to wonder ! Noble 'Mansion ! There stoodest thou, in deep Mountain Amphitheatre, on umbrageous lawns, in thy serene solitude ; 'stately, massive, all of granite ; glittering in the western 'sunbeams, like a palace of El Doredo, overlaid with precious 'metal. Beautiful rose up, in wavy curvature, the slope of 'thy guardian Hills : of the greenest was their sward, embossed with its dark-brown frets of crag, or spotted by some 'spreading solitary Tree and its shadow. To the unconscious 'Wayfarer thou wert also as an Ammon's Temple, in the 'Libyan Waste ; where, for joy and woe, the tablet of his Destiny lay written. Well might he pause and gaze ; in that 'glance of his were prophecy and nameless forebodings.'

But now let us conjecture that the so presentient Auscultator has handed in his *Relatio ex Actis* ; been invited to a glass of Rhine-wine ; and so, instead of returning dispirited and athirst to his dusty Town-home, is ushered into the Gar-

denhouse, where sit the choicest party of dames and cavaliers; if not engaged in Æsthetic Tea, yet in trustful evening conversation, and perhaps Musical Coffee, for we hear of 'harps and pure voices making the stillness live.' Scarcely, it would seem, is the Gardenhouse inferior in respectability to the noble Mansion itself. 'Embowered amid rich foliage, rose-clusters, and the hues and odours of thousand flowers, here sat that brave company; in front, from the wide-opened doors, fair outlook over blossom and bush, over grove and velvet green, stretching, undulating onwards to the remote Mountain peaks: so bright, so mild, and everywhere the melody of birds and happy creatures: it was all as if man had stolen a shelter from the Sun in the bosom-vesture of Summer herself. How came it that the Wanderer advanced thither with such forecasting heart (*ahndungsvoll*), by the side of his gay host? Did he feel that to these soft influences his hard bosom ought to be shut; that here, once more, Fate had it in view to try him; to mock him, and see whether there were Humour in him?

'Next moment he finds himself presented to the party; and especially by name to—Blumine! Peculiar among all dames and damosels, glanced Blumine, there in her modesty, like a star among earthly lights. Noblest maiden! whom he bent to, in body and in soul; yet scarcely dared look at, for the presence filled him with painful yet sweetest embarrassment.

'Blumine's was a name well known to him; far and wide was the fair one heard of, for her gifts, her graces, her caprices: from all which vague colourings of Rumour, from the censures no less than from the praises, had our Friend painted for himself a certain imperious Queen of Hearts, and blooming warm Earth-angel, much more enchanting than your mere white Heaven-angels of women, in whose placid veins circulates too little naphtha-fire. Herself also he had seen in public places; that light, yet so stately form; those dark tresses, shading a face where smiles and sunlight played over earnest deeps: but all this he had seen only as a magic vision, for him inaccessible, almost without reality.



‘ Her sphere was too far from his ; how should she ever think  
‘ of him ; O Heaven ! how should they so much as once meet  
‘ together ? And now that Rose-goddess sits in the same  
‘ circle with him ; the light of *her* eyes has smiled on him, if  
‘ he speak she will hear it ! Nay, who knows, since the  
‘ heavenly Sun looks into lowest valleys, but Blumine herself,  
‘ might have aforetime noted the so unnotable ; perhaps, from  
‘ his very gainsayers, as he had from hers, gathered wonder,  
‘ gathered favour for him ? Was the attraction, the agitation  
‘ mutual, then ; pole and pole trembling towards contact,  
‘ when once brought into neighbourhood ? Say rather, heart  
‘ swelling in presence of the Queen of Hearts ; like the Sea  
‘ swelling when once near its Moon ! With the Wanderer it  
‘ was even so : as in heavenward gravitation, suddenly as at  
‘ the touch of a Seraph’s wand, his whole soul is roused from its  
‘ deepest recesses ; and all that was painful, and that was bliss-  
‘ ful there, dim images, vague feelings of a whole Past and a  
‘ whole Future, are heaving in unquiet eddies within him.

‘ Often, in far less agitating scenes, had our still Friend  
‘ shrunk forcibly together ; and shrouded up his tremours  
‘ and flutterings, of what sort soever, in a safe cover of Silence,  
‘ and perhaps of seeming Stolidity. How was it, then, that  
‘ here, when trembling to the core of his heart, he did not  
‘ sink into swoons, but rose into strength, into fearlessness  
‘ and clearness ? It was his guiding Genius (*Dämon*) that in-  
‘ spired him ; he must go forth and meet his Destiny. Shew  
‘ thyself now, whispered it, or be forever hid. Thus some-  
‘ times it is even when your anxiety becomes transcendental,  
‘ that the soul first feels herself able to transcend it ; that she  
‘ rises above it, in fiery victory ; and, borne on new-found  
‘ wings of victory, moves so calmly, even because so rapidly,  
‘ so irresistably. Always must the Wanderer remember, with  
‘ a certain satisfaction and surprise, how in this case he sat not  
‘ silent, but struck adroitly into the stream of conversation ;  
‘ which thenceforth, to speak with an apparent not a real  
‘ vanity, he may say that he continued to lead. Surely, in  
‘ those hours, a certain inspiration was imparted him, such in-  
‘ spiration as is still possible in our late era. The self-secluded

‘unfolds himself in noble thoughts, in free, glowing words; his soul is as one sea of light, the peculiar home of Truth and Intellect; wherein also Fantasy bodies forth form after form, radiant with all prismatic hues.’

It appears, in this otherwise so happy meeting, there talked one ‘Philistine;’ who even now, to the general weariness, was dominantly pouring forth Philistinism (*Philistriositäten*); little witting what hero was here entering to demolish him! We omit the series of Socratic, or other Diogenic utterances, not unhappy in their way, whereby the monster, ‘persuaded into ‘silence,’ seems soon after to have withdrawn for the night. ‘Of which dialectic marauder,’ writes our hero, ‘the discomfiture was visibly felt as a benefit by most: but what were all ‘applauses to the glad smile, threatening every moment to ‘become a laugh, wherewith Blumine herself repaid the victor? He ventured to address her, she answered with attention: nay, what if there were a slight tremour in that silver ‘voice; what if the red glow of evening were hiding a transient blush!

‘The conversation took a higher tone, one fine thought ‘called forth another: it was one of those rare seasons, when ‘the soul expands with full freedom, and man feels himself ‘brought near to man. Gaily in light, graceful abandonment, ‘the friendly talk played round that circle; for the burden ‘was rolled from every heart; the barriers of Ceremony, which ‘are indeed the laws of polite living, had melted as into ‘vapour; and the poor claims of *Me* and *Thee*, no longer ‘parted by rigid fences, now flowed softly into one another; ‘and Life lay all harmonious, many-tinted, like some fair ‘royal champaign, the sovereign and owner of which were ‘Love only. Such music springs from kind hearts, in a kind ‘environment of place and time. And yet as the light grew ‘more ærial on the mountain-tops, and the shadows fell ‘longer over the valley, some faint tone of sadness may have ‘breathed through the heart; and, in whispers more or less ‘audible, reminded every one that as this bright day was drawing towards its close, so likewise must the Day of Man’s Existence decline into dust and darkness; and with all its sick

‘toilings, and joyful and mournful noises, sink in the still  
‘Eternity.

‘To our Friend the hours seemed moments ; holy was he  
‘and happy : the words from those sweetest lips came over  
‘him like dew on thirsty grass ; all better feelings in his soul  
‘seemed to whisper : It is good for us to be here. At part-  
‘ing, the Blumine’s hand was in his : in the balmy twilight,  
‘with the kind stars above them, he spoke something of meet-  
‘ing again, which was not contradicted ; he pressed gently  
‘those small soft fingers, and it seemed as if they were not  
‘hastily, not angrily withdrawn.’

Poor Teufelsdröckh ! it is clear to demonstration thou art  
smit : the Queen of Hearts would see a ‘man of genius’ also  
sigh for her ; and there, by art magic, in that preternatural  
hour, has she bound and spell-bound thee. ‘Love is not  
‘altogether a Delirium,’ says he elsewhere, ‘yet has it many  
‘points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of  
‘the Infinite in the Finite, of the Idea made Real ; which dis-  
‘cerning again may be either true or false, either seraphic or  
‘demoniac, Inspiration or Insanity. But in the former case  
‘too, as in common Madness, it is Fantasy that superadds it-  
‘self to sight ; on the so petty domain of the Actual plants its  
‘Archimedes-lever, whereby to move at will the infinite Spirit-  
‘ual. Fantasy I might call the true Heaven-gate and Hell-  
‘gate of man : his sensuous life is but the small temporary  
‘stage (*Zeitbühne*) whereon thick-streaming influences from  
‘both these far yet near regions meet visibly, and act tragedy  
‘and melodrama. Sense can support herself handsomely, in  
‘most countries, for some eighteenpence a day ; but for Fan-  
‘tasy planets and solar-systems will not suffice. Witness your  
‘Pyrrhus conquering the world, yet drinking no better red  
‘wine than he had before.’ Alas ! witness also your Diog-  
enes, flame-clad, scaling the upper Heaven, and verging to-  
wards Insanity, for prize of a high-souled Brunette, as if  
the Earth held but one and not several of these !

He says that, in Town, they met again : ‘day after day, like  
‘his heart’s sun, the blooming Blumine shone on him. Ah !  
‘a little while ago, and he was yet in all darkness : him what

‘Graceful (*Holde*) would ever love? Disbelieving all things, the poor youth had never learned to believe in himself. Withdrawn in proud timidity, within his own fastnesses: solitary from men, yet baited by night-spectres enough, he saw himself, with a sad indignation, constrained to renounce the fairest hopes of existence. And now, O now! “She looks on thee,” cried he; “she the fairest, noblest; do not her dark eyes tell thee, thou art not despised? The Heaven’s-Messenger! All Heaven’s blessings be hers!” Thus did soft melodies flow through his heart; tones of an infinite gratitude; sweetest intimations that he also was a man, that for him also unutterable joys had been provided.

‘In free speech, earnest or gay, amid lambent glances, laughter, tears, and often with the inarticulate mystic speech of Music; such was the element they now lived in; in such a many-tinted, radiant Aurora, and by this fairest of Orient Light-bringers must our Friend be blandished, and the new Apocalypse of Nature unrolled to him. Fairest Blumine! And, even as a Star, all Fire and humid Softness, a very Light-ray incarnate! Was there so much as fault, a “caprice,” he could have dispensed with? Was she not to him in very deed a morning-Star; did not her presence bring with it airs from Heaven? As from Æolian Harps in the breath of dawn, as from the Memnon’s Statue struck by the rosy finger of Aurora, unearthly music was around him, and lapped him into untried balmy Rest. Pale Doubt fled away to the distance; Life bloomed up with happiness and hope. The Past, then, was all a haggard dream; he had been in the Garden of Eden, then, and could not discern it! But lo now! the black walls of his prison melt away; the captive is alive, is free. If he loved his Disenchantress? *Ach Gott!* His whole heart and soul and life were hers, but never had he named it Love: existence was all a Feeling, not yet shaped into a Thought.’

Nevertheless, into a Thought, nay into an Action, it must be shaped; for neither Disenchanter nor Disenchantress, mere ‘Children of Time,’ can abide by feeling alone. The Professor knows not, to this day, ‘how in her soft, fervid bosom,

‘the Lovely found determination, even on best of Necessity, ‘to cut asunder these so blissful bounds.’ He even appears surprised at the ‘Duenna Cousin,’ whoever she may have been, ‘in whose meagre, hunger-bitten philosophy, the religion of young hearts was, from the first, faintly approved ‘of.’ We, even at such distance, can explain it without necromancy. Let the Philosopher answer this one question : What figure, at that period, was a Mrs. Teufelsdröckh likely to make in polished society ? Could she have driven so much as a brass-bound Gig, or even a simple ironspring one ? Thou foolish ‘absolved Auscultator,’ before whom lies no prospect of capital, will any yet known ‘religion of young hearts keep the human kitchen warm ?’ Pshaw ! thy divine Blumine, when she ‘resigned herself to wed some richer,’ shews more philosophy though but ‘a woman of genius,’ than thou, a pretended man.

Our readers have witnessed the origin of this Love-mania, and with what royal splendour it waxes, and rises. Let no one ask us to unfold the glories of its dominant state ; much less the horrors of its almost instantaneous dissolution. How from such inorganic masses, henceforth madder than ever, as lie in these Bags, can even fragments of a living delineation be organised ? Besides, of what profit were it ? We view with a lively pleasure, the gay silk Montgolfier start from the ground, and shoot upwards, cleaving the liquid deeps, till it dwindle to a luminous star : but what is there to look longer on, when once, by natural elasticity, or accident of fire, it has exploded ? A hapless air-navigator, plunging, amid torn parachutes, sand-bags, and confused wreck, fast enough into the jaws of the Devil ! Suffice it to know that Teufelsdröckh rose into the highest regions of the Empyrean, by a natural parabolic track, and returned thence in a quick perpendicular one. For the rest, let any feeling reader, who has been unhappy enough to do the like, paint it out for himself : considering only that if he, for his perhaps comparatively insignificant mistress, underwent such agonies and frenzies, what must Teufelsdröckh’s have been, with a fire-heart, and for a nonpareil Blumine ! We glance merely at the final scene :



‘One morning, he found his Morning-star all dimmed and ‘dusky-red ; the fair creature was silent, absent, she seemed ‘to have been weeping. Alas, no longer a Morning-star, but ‘a troublous skyey Portent, announcing that the Doomsday ‘had dawned ! She said, in a tremulous voice, They were to ‘meet no more.’ The thunderstruck Air-sailor is not wanting to himself in this dread hour : but what avails it ? We omit the passionate expostulations, entreaties, indignations, since all was vain, and not even an explanation was conceded him ; and hasten to the catastrophe. ‘“Farewell, then, Madam !” ‘said he, not without sternness, for his stung pride helped ‘him. She put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears ‘started to her eyes : in wild audacity he clasped her to his ‘bosom ; their lips were joined, their two souls, like two dew- ‘drops, rushed into one,—for the first time, and for the last !’ Thus was Teufelsdröckh made immortal by a kiss. And then ? Why, then—‘thick curtains of Night rushed over his soul, as ‘rose the immeasurable Crash of Doom ; and through the ‘ruins as of a shivered Universe was he falling, falling, to- ‘wards the Abyss.’

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## CHAPTER VI.

### SORROWS OF TEUFELSDRÖCKH.

We have long felt that, with a man like our Professor, matters must often be expected to take a course of their own ; that in so multiplex, intricate a nature, there might be channels, both for admitting and emitting, such as the Psychologist had seldom noted ; in short, that on no grand occasion and convulsion, neither in the joy-storm nor in the woe-storm, could you predict his demeanour.

To our less philosophical readers, for example, it is now clear that the so passionate Teufelsdröckh, precipitated through ‘a shivered Universe’ in this extraordinary way, has only one of three things which he can next do : Establish himself in Bedlam ; begin writing Satanic Poetry ; or blow out his brains. In the progress towards any of which consummations, do not such readers anticipate extravagance enough ;

breast-beating, brow-beating (against walls), lion-bellowings of blasphemy and the like, stampings, smittings, breakages of furniture, if not arson itself?

Nowise so does Teufelsdröckh deport him. He quietly lifts his *Pilgerstab* (Pilgrim-staff), 'old business being soon wound up;' and begins a perambulation and circumambulation of the terraqueous globe! Curious it is, indeed, how with such vivacity of conception, such intensity of feeling; above all, with these unconscionable habits of Exaggeration in speech, he combines that wonderful stillness of his, that stoicism in external procedure. Thus, if his sudden bereavement, in this matter of the Flower-goddess, is talked of as a real Dooms-day and Dissolution of Nature, in which light doubtless it partly appeared to himself, his own nature is nowise dissolved thereby; but rather is compressed closer. For once, as we might say, a Blumine by magic appliances has unlocked that shut heart of his, and its hidden things rush out tumultuous, boundless, like genii enfranchised from their glass phial: but no sooner are your magic appliances withdrawn, than the strange casket of a heart springs-to again; and perhaps there is now no key extant that will open it: for a Teufelsdröckh, as we remarked, will not love a second time. Singular Diogenes! No sooner has that heart-rending occurrence fairly taken place, than he affects to regard it as a thing natural, of which there is nothing more to be said. 'One highest hope, 'seemingly legible in the eyes of an Angel, had recalled him 'as out of Death-shadows into celestial life: but a gleam of 'Tophet passed over the face of his Angel; he was rapt away 'in whirlwinds, and heard the laughter of Demons. It was 'a Calenture,' adds he, 'whereby the Youth saw green Paradise-groves in the waste Ocean-waters: a lying vision, yet 'not wholly a lie, for *he* saw it.' But what things soever passed in him, when he ceased to see it; what ragings and despairings soever Teufelsdröckh's soul was the scene of, he has the goodness to conceal under a quite opaque cover of Silence. We know it well; the first mad paroxysm past, our brave Gneschen collected his dismembered philosophies, and buttoned himself together; he was meek, silent, or spoke of

the weather, and the Journals : only by a transient knitting of those shaggy brows, by some deep flash of those eyes, glancing one knew not whether with tear-dew or with fierce fire,—might you have guessed what a Gehenna was within ; that a whole Satanic School were spouting, though inaudibly, there. \* To consume your own choler, as some chimneys consume their own smoke ; to keep a whole Satanic School spouting, if it must spout, inaudibly, is a negative yet no slight virtue, nor one of the commonest in these times.

Nevertheless, we will not take upon us to say, that in the strange measure he fell upon, there was not a touch of latent Insanity ; whereof indeed the actual condition of these Documents in *Capricornus* and *Aquarius* is no bad emblem. His so unlimited Wanderings, toilsome enough, are without assigned or perhaps assignable aim ; internal Unrest seems his sole guidance ; he wanders, wanders, as if that curse of the Prophet had fallen on him, and he were ‘made like unto a wheel.’ Doubtless, too, the chaotic nature of these Paperbags aggravates our obscurity. Quite without note of preparation, for example, we come upon the following slip : ‘A peculiar feeling it is that will rise in the Traveller, when turning ‘some hill-range in his desert road, he descries lying far below, ‘embosomed among its groves and green natural bulwarks, ‘and all diminished to a toybox, the fair Town, where so many ‘souls, as it were seen and yet unseen, are driving their multifarious traffic. Its white steeple is then truly a starward-pointing finger ; the canopy of blue smoke seems like a sort ‘of Life-breath : for always, of its own unity, the soul gives ‘unity to whatso it looks on with love ; thus does the little ‘Dwellingplace of men, in itself a congeries of houses and ‘huts, become for us an individual, almost a person. But ‘what thousand other thoughts unite thereto, if the place has ‘to ourselves been the arena of joyous or mournful experiences ; if perhaps the cradle we were rocked in still stands ‘there, if our Loving ones still dwell there, if our Buried ones ‘there slumber !’ Does Teufelsdröckh, as the wounded eagle is said to make for its own eyrie, and indeed military deserters, and all hunted outcast creatures, turn as if by instinct in

the direction of their birth-land,—fly first, in this extremity, towards his native Entepfuhl; but reflecting that there no help awaits him, take but one wistful look from the distance, and then wend elsewhither?

Little happier seems to be his next flight: into the wilds of Nature; as if in her mother-bosom he would seek healing. So at least we incline to interpret the following Notice, separated from the former by some considerable space, wherein, however, is nothing note-worthy:

‘Mountains were not new to him; but rarely are Mountains  
‘seen in such combined majesty and grace as here. The rocks  
‘are of that sort called Primitive by the mineralogists, which  
‘always arrange themselves in masses of a rugged, gigantic  
‘character; which ruggedness, however, is here tempered by  
‘a singular airiness of form, and softness of environment: in  
‘a climate favourable to vegetation, the gray cliff, itself covered with lichens, shoots up through a garment of foliage or  
‘verdure; and white, bright cottages, tree-shaded, cluster  
‘round the everlasting granite. In fine vicissitude, Beauty  
‘alternates with Grandeur: you ride through stony hollows,  
‘along strait passes, traversed by torrents, overhung by  
‘high walls of rock; now winding amid broken shaggy  
‘chasms, and huge fragments; now suddenly emerging into  
‘some emerald valley, where the streamlet collects itself into  
‘a Lake, and man has again found a fair dwelling, and it  
‘seems as if Peace had established herself in the bosom of  
‘Strength.

‘To Peace, however, in this vortex of existence, can the  
‘Son of Time not pretend: still less if some Spectre haunt  
‘him from the Past; and the Future is wholly a Stygian  
‘Darkness, spectre-bearing. Reasonably might the Wanderer exclaim to himself: Are not the gates of this world’s  
‘Happiness inexorably shut against thee; hast thou a hope  
‘that is not mad? Nevertheless, one may still murmur audibly, or in the original Greek if that suit better: “Whoso  
‘can look on Death will start at no shadows.”

‘From such meditations is the Wanderer’s attention called  
‘outwards; for now the Valley closes in abruptly, intersected

‘ by a huge mountain mass, the stony waterworn ascent of  
‘ which is not to be accomplished on horseback. Arrived  
‘ aloft, he finds himself again lifted into the evening sunset  
‘ light ; and cannot but pause, and gaze round him, some  
‘ moments there. An upland irregular expanse of wold,  
‘ where valleys in complex branchings are suddenly or slowly  
‘ arranging their descent towards every quarter of the sky.  
‘ The mountain-ranges are beneath your feet, and folded to-  
‘ gether : only the loftier summits look down here and there  
‘ as on a second plain ; lakes also lie clear and earnest in their  
‘ solitude. No trace of man now visible ; unless indeed it  
‘ were he who fashioned that little visible link of Highway,  
‘ here, as would seem, scaling the inaccessible, to unite  
‘ Province with Province. But sunwards, lo you ! how it  
‘ towers sheer up, a world of Mountains, the diadem and cen-  
‘ tre of the mountain region ! A hundred and a hundred  
‘ savage peaks, in the last light of Day ; all glowing, of gold  
‘ and amethyst, like giant spirits of the wilderness ; there in  
‘ their silence, in their solitude, even as on the night when  
‘ Noah’s Deluge first dried ! Beautiful, nay solemn, was the  
‘ sudden aspect to our Wanderer. He gazed over those stu-  
‘ pendous masses with wonder, almost with longing desire ;  
‘ never till this hour had he known Nature, that she was One,  
‘ that she was his Mother and divine. And as the ruddy  
‘ glow was fading into clearness in the sky, and the Sun had  
‘ now departed, a murmur of Eternity and Immensity, of  
‘ Death and of Life, stole through his soul ; and he felt as if  
‘ Death and Life were one, as if the Earth were not dead, as  
‘ if the Spirit of the Earth had its throne in that splendour,  
‘ and his own spirit were therewith holding communion.

‘ The spell was broken by a sound of carriage-wheels.  
‘ Emerging from the hidden Northward, to sink soon into the  
‘ hidden Southward, came a gay barouche-and-four : it was  
‘ open ; servants and postilions wore wedding-favours : that  
‘ happy pair, then, had found each other, it was their mar-  
‘ riage evening ! Few moments brought them near : *Du*  
‘ *Himmel !* It was Herr Towgood and — — Blumine ! With  
‘ slight unrecognising salutation they passed me ; plunged



‘down amid the neighbouring thickets, onwards, to Heaven, and to England; and I, in my friend Richter’s words, *I remained alone, behind them, with the Night.*’

Were it not cruel in these circumstances, here might be the place to insert an observation, gleaned long ago from the great *Clothes-Volume*, where it stands with quite other intent: ‘Some time before Small-pox was extirpated,’ says the Professor, ‘there came a new malady of the spiritual sort on Europe: I mean the epidemic, now endemical, of View-hunting. Poets of old date, being privileged with Senses, had also enjoyed external Nature; but chiefly as we enjoy the crystal cup which holds good or bad liquor for us; that is to say, in silence, or with slight incidental commentary: never, as I compute, till after the *Sorrows of Werter*, was there man found who would say: Come let us make a Description! Having drunk the liquor, come let us eat the glass! Of which endemic the Jenner is unhappily still to seek.’ Too true!

We reckon it more important to remark that the Professor’s Wanderings, so far as his stoical and cynical envelopment admits us to clear insight, here first take their permanent character, fatuous or not. That Basilisk-glance of the Barouche-and-four seems to have withered up what little remnant of a purpose may have still lurked in him: Life has become wholly a dark labyrinth; wherein, through long years, our Friend, flying from spectres, has to stumble about at random, and naturally with more haste than progress.

Foolish were it in us to attempt following him, even from afar, in this extraordinary world-pilgrimage of his; the simplest record of which, were clear record possible, would fill volumes. Hopeless is the obscurity, unspeakable the confusion. He glides from country to country, from condition to condition; vanishing and re-appearing, no man can calculate how or where. Through all quarters of the world he wanders, and apparently through all circles of society. If in any scene, perhaps difficult to fix geographically, he settles for a time, and forms connexions, be sure he will snap them abruptly asunder. Let him sink out of sight as Private

Scholar (*Privatisirender*), living by the grace of God, in some European capital, you may next find him as Hadjee in the neighbourhood of Mecca. It is an inexplicable Phantasmagoria, capricious, quick-changing; as if our Traveller, instead of limbs and highways, had transported himself by some wishing carpet, or Fortunatus' Hat. The whole, too, imparted emblematically, in dim multifarious tokens (as that collection of Street-Advertisements); with only some touch of direct historical notice sparingly interspersed: little light-islets in the world of haze! So that, from this point, the Professor is more of an enigma than ever. In figurative language, we might say he becomes, not indeed a spirit, yet spiritualised, vaporised. Fact unparalleled in Biography: The river of his History, which we have traced from its tiniest fountains, and hoped to see flow onward, with increasing current, into the ocean, here dashes itself over that terrific Lover's Leap; and, as a mad-foaming cataract, flies wholly into tumultuous clouds of spray! Low down it indeed collects again into pools and splashes; yet only at a great distance, and with difficulty, if at all, into a general stream. To cast a glance into certain of those pools and splashes, and trace whither they run, must, for a chapter or two, form the limit of our endeavour.

For which end doubtless those direct historical Notices, where they can be met with, are the best. Nevertheless, of this sort too there occurs much, which, with our present light, it were questionable to emit. Teufelsdröckh, vibrating everywhere between the highest and the lowest levels, comes into contact with public History itself. For example, those conversations and relations with illustrious Persons, as Sultan Mahmoud, the Emperor Napoleon, and others, are they not as yet rather of a diplomatic character than of a biographic? The Editor, appreciating the sacredness of crowned heads, nay perhaps suspecting the possible trickeries of a Clothes-Philosopher, will eschew this province for the present: a new time may bring new insight and a different duty.

If we ask now, not indeed with what ulterior Purpose, for there was none, yet with what immediate outlooks; at all events, in what mood of mind, the Professor undertook and

prosecuted this world-pilgrimage,—the answer is more distinct than favourable. ‘A nameless Unrest,’ says he, ‘urged me forward ; to which the outward motion was some momentary lying solace. Whither should I go? My Loadstars were blotted out ; in that canopy of grim fire shone no star. Yet forward must I ; the ground burnt under me ; there was no rest for the sole of my foot. I was alone, alone ! Ever too the strong inward longing shaped Fantasms for itself : towards these, one after the other, must I fruitlessly wander. A feeling I had that, for my fever-thirst, there was and must be somewhere a healing Fountain. To many fondly imagined Fountains, the Saints’ Wells of these days, did I pilgrim ; to great Men, to great Cities, to great Events : but found there no healing. In strange countries, as in the well-known ; in savage deserts, as in the press of corrupt civilisation, it was ever the same : how could your Wanderer escape from—*his own Shadow?* Nevertheless still Forward ! I felt as if in great haste ; to do I saw not what. From the depths of my own heart, it called to me, Forwards ! The winds and the streams, and all Nature sounded to me, Forwards ! *Ach Gott, I was even, once for all, a Son of Time.*’

From which is it not clear that the internal Satanic School was still active enough? He says elsewhere ; ‘The *Enchiridion of Epictetus* I had ever with me, often as my sole rational companion ; and regret to mention that the nourishment it yielded was trifling.’ Thou foolish Teufelsdröckh ! How could it else? Hadst thou not Greek enough to understand thus much : *The end of Man is an Action, and not a Thought*, though it were the noblest?

‘How I lived?’ writes he once. ‘Friend, hast thou considered the “rugged all-nourishing Earth,” as Sophocles well names her ; how she feeds the sparrow on the house-top, much more her darling, man? While thou stirrest and livest, thou hast a probability of victual. My breakfast of tea has been cooked by a Tartar woman, with water of the Amur, who wiped her earthen-kettle with a horse-tail. I have roasted wild eggs in the sand of Sahara ; I have awakened in Paris *Estrapades* and Vienna *Malzleins*, with no prospect of

'breakfast beyond elemental liquid. That I had my living to seek saved me from Dying,—by suicide. In our busy Europe, is there not an everlasting demand for Intellect, in the chemical, mechanical, political, religious, educational, commercial departments? In Pagan countries, cannot one write Fetishes? Living! Little knowest thou what alchemy is in an inventive Soul; how, as with its little finger, it can create provision enough for the body (of a Philosopher); and then, as with both hands, create quite other than provision; namely, spectres to torment itself withal.'

Poor Teufelsdröckh! Flying with Hunger always parallel to him; and a whole Infernal Chase in his rear; so that the countenance of Hunger is comparatively a friend's! Thus must he, in the temper of ancient Cain, or of the modern Wandering Jew, save only that he feels himself not guilty and but suffering the pains of guilt,—wend to and fro with aimless speed. Thus must he, over the whole surface of the Earth (by foot-prints), write his *Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh*; even as the great Goethe, in passionate words, had to write his *Sorrows of Werter*, before the spirit freed herself, and he could become a Man. Vain truly is the hope of your swiftest Runner to escape 'from his own Shadow!' Nevertheless, in these sick days, when the Born of Heaven first describes himself (about the age of twenty) in a world such as ours, richer than usual in two things, in Truths grown obsolete, and Trades grown obsolete,—what can the fool think but that it is all a Den of Lies, wherein whoso will not speak Lies and act Lies, must stand idle and despair? Whereby it happens that, for your nobler minds, the publishing of some such Work of Art, in one or the other dialect, becomes almost a necessity. For what is it properly but an Altercation with the Devil, before you begin honestly Fighting him? Your Byron publishes his *Sorrows of Lord George*, in verse and in prose, and copiously otherwise: your Bonaparte represents his *Sorrows of Napoleon Opera*, in an all-too stupendous style; with music of cannon-volleys, and murder-shrieks of a world; his stage-lights are the fires of Conflagration; his rhyme and recitative are 'the tramp of embattled

Hosts and the sound of falling Cities.—Happier is he who, like our Clothes-Philosopher, can write such matter, since it must be written, on the insensible Earth, with his shoe-soles only ; and also survive the writing thereof!

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE EVERLASTING NO.

Under the strange nebulous envelopment, wherein our Professor has now shrouded himself, no doubt but his spiritual nature is nevertheless progressive, and growing : for how can the 'Son of Time,' in any case, stand still? We behold him, through those dim years, in a state of crisis, of transition : his mad Pilgrimings, and general solution into aimless Discontinuity, what is all this but a mad Fermentation ; wherefrom, the fiercer it is, the clearer product will one day evolve itself?

Such transitions are ever full of pain : thus the Eagle when he moults is sickly ; and, to attain his new beak, must harshly dash off the old one upon rocks. What Stoicism soever our Wanderer, in his individual acts and motions, may effect, it is clear that there is a hot fever of anarchy and misery raving within ; coruscations of which flash out : as, indeed, how could there be other? Have we not seen him disappointed, bemocked of Destiny, through long years? All that the young heart might desire and pray for has been denied ; nay, as in the last worst instance, offered and then snatched away. Ever an 'excellent Passivity ;' but of useful, reasonable Activity, essential to the former as Food to Hunger, nothing granted : till at length, in this wild Pilgrimage, he must forcibly seize for himself an Activity, though useless, unreasonable. Alas ! his cup of bitterness, which had been filling drop by drop, ever since the first 'ruddy morning' in the Hinterschlag Gymnasium, was at the very lip ; and then with that poison-drop, of the Towgood-and-Blumine business, it runs over, and even hisses over in a deluge of foam.

He himself says once, with more justness than originality : 'Man is, properly speaking, based upon Hope, he has no other



‘possession but Hope ; this world of his is emphatically the ‘Place of Hope.’ What then was our Professor’s possession ? We see him, for the present, quite shut out from Hope ; looking not into the golden orient, but vaguely all around into a dim copper firmament, pregnant with earthquake and tornado.

Alas, shut out from Hope, in a deeper sense than we yet dream of ! For as he wanders wearisomely through this world, he has not lost all tidings of another and higher. Full of religion, or at least of religiosity, as our Friend has since exhibited himself, he hides not that in those days, he was wholly irreligious : ‘Doubt had darkened into Unbelief,’ says he ; ‘shade after shade goes grimly over your soul, till you have ‘the fixed, starless, Tartarean black.’ To such readers as have reflected, what can be called reflecting, on man’s life, and happily discovered, in contradiction to much Profit-and-Loss Philosophy, speculative and practical, that Soul is *not* synonymous with Stomach ; who understand, therefore, in our Friend’s words, ‘that, for man’s well-being, Faith is properly the one ‘thing needful ; how, with it, Martyrs, otherwise weak, can ‘cheerfully endure the shame and the cross ; and without it, ‘Worldlings puke up their sick existence, by suicide in the ‘midst of luxury :’ to such it will be clear that, for a pure moral nature, the loss of his religious Belief was the loss of every thing. Unhappy young man ! All wounds, the crush of long-continued Destitution, the stab of false Friendship, and of false Love, all wounds in thy so genial heart, would have healed again, had not its life-warmth been withdrawn. Well might he exclaim, in his wild way : ‘Is there no God, then ; but at best an ‘absentee God, sitting idle, ever since the first Sabbath, at the ‘outside of his Universe, and *seeing* it go ? Has the word ‘Duty no meaning ; is what we call Duty no divine Messenger and Guide, but a false earthly Fantasm, made up of Desire and Fear, of emanations from the Gallows and from ‘Doctor Graham’s Celestial-bed ? Happiness of an approving ‘Conscience ! Did not Paul of Tarsus, whom admiring men ‘have since named Saint, feel that *he* was “the chief of sinners,” and Nero of Rome, jocund in spirit (*wohlgemuth*), ‘spend much of his time in fiddling ? Foolish Word-monger,

‘and Motive-grinder, who in thy Logic-mill hast an earthly mechanism for the God-like itself, and wouldst fain grind me out Virtue from the husks of Pleasure,—I tell thee, Nay! To the unregenerate Prometheus Vincetus of a man, it is ever the bitterest aggravation of his wretchedness that he is conscious of Virtue, that he feels himself the victim not of suffering only, but of injustice. What then? Is the heroic inspiration we name Virtue but some Passion; some bubble of the blood, bubbling in the direction others *profit* by? I know not: only this I know, If what thou namest Happiness be our true aim, then are we all astray. With Stupidity and sound Digestion man may front much. But what, in these dull unimaginative days, are the terrors of Conscience to the diseases of the Liver! Not on Morality, but on Cookery let us build our stronghold: there brandishing our fryingpan, as censer, let us offer sweet incense to the Devil, and live at ease on the fat things *he* has provided for his Elect!’

Thus has the bewildered Wanderer to stand, as so many have done, shouting question after question into the Sibyl-cave of Destiny, and receive no Answer but an Echo. It is all a grim Desert, this once fair world of his; wherein is heard only the howling of wild beasts, or the shrieks of despairing, hate-filled men; and no Pillar of Cloud by day, and no Pillar of Fire by night, any longer guides the Pilgrim. To such length has the spirit of Inquiry carried him. ‘But what boots it (*was thuts*)?’ cries he; ‘it is but the common lot in this era. Not having come to spiritual majority prior to the *Siècle de Louis Quinze*, and not being born purely a Loghead (*Dummkopf*), thou hadst no other outlook. The whole world is, like thee, sold to Unbelief; their old Temples of the Godhead, which for long have not been rain-proof, crumble down; and men ask now: Where is the Godhead; our eyes never saw him!’

Pitiful enough were it, for all these wild utterances, to call our Diogenes wicked. Unprofitable servants as we all are, perhaps at no era of his life was he more decisively the Servant of Goodness, the Servant of God, than even now when doubting God’s existence. ‘One circumstance I note,’ says

he : ‘after all the nameless woe that Inquiry, which for me, ‘what it is not always, was genuine Love of Truth, had ‘wrought me, I nevertheless still loved Truth, and would ‘bate no jot of my allegiance to her. “Truth!” I cried, ‘“though the Heavens crush me for following her: no False- ‘hood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price ‘of Apostacy.” In conduct it was the same. Had a divine ‘Messenger from the clouds, or miraculous Handwriting on ‘the wall, convincingly proclaimed to me *This thou shalt do*, ‘with what passionate readiness, as I often thought, would I ‘have done it, had it been leaping into the infernal Fire ! ‘Thus, in spite of all Motive-grinders, and Mechanical Profit- ‘and-Loss Philosophies, with the sick ophthalmia and hallu- ‘cination they had brought on, was the Infinite nature of ‘Duty still dimly present to me : living without God in the ‘world, of God’s light I was not utterly bereft ; if my as yet ‘sealed eyes, with their unspeakable longing, could nowhere ‘see Him, nevertheless in my heart He was present, and His ‘heaven-written Law still stood legible and sacred there.’

Meanwhile, under all these tribulations, and temporal and spiritual destitutions, what must the Wanderer, in his silent soul, have endured ! ‘The painfullest feeling,’ writes he, ‘is ‘that of your own Feebleness (*Unkraft*) ; ever as the English ‘Milton says, to be weak is the true misery. And yet of ‘your Strength there is and can be no clear feeling, save by ‘what you have prospered in, by what you have done. Be- ‘tween vague wavering Capability and fixed indubitable Per- ‘formance, what a difference ! A certain inarticulate Self- ‘consciousness dwells dimly in us ; which only our Works ‘can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our Works ‘are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural line- ‘aments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible Precept, ‘*Know thyself* ; till it be translated into this partially possible ‘one, *Know what thou canst work at*.

‘But for me, so strangely unprosperous had I been, the ‘net result of my Workings amounted as yet simply to— ‘Nothing. How then could I believe in my Strength, when ‘there was as yet no mirror to see it in ? Ever did this agi-

‘tating, yet, as I now perceive, quite frivolous question, remain to me insoluble: Hast thou a certain Faculty, a certain Worth, such even as the most have not; or art thou the completest Dullard of these modern times? Alas! the fearful Unbelief is unbelief in yourself; and how could I believe? Had not my first, last Faith in myself, when even to me the Heavens seemed laid open, and I dared to love, been all-too cruelly belied? The speculative Mystery of Life grew ever more mysterious to me; neither in the practical Mystery had I made the slightest progress, but been everywhere buffeted, foiled, and contemptuously cast out. A feeble unit in the middle of a threatening Infinitude, I seemed to have nothing given me but eyes, whereby to discern my own wretchedness. Invisible yet impenetrable walls, as of Enchantment, divided me from all living: was there, in the wide world, any true bosom I could press trustfully to mine? O Heaven, No, there was none! I kept a lock upon my lips: why should I speak much with that shifting variety of so-called Friends, in whose withered, vain, and too hungry souls, Friendship was but an incredible tradition? In such cases, your resource is to talk little, and that little mostly from the Newspapers. Now when I look back, it was a strange isolation I then lived in. The men and women around me, even speaking with me, were but Figures: I had, practically, forgotten that they were alive, that they were not merely automatic. In midst of their crowded streets, and assemblages, I walked solitary; and (except as it was my own heart, not another’s, that I kept devouring) savage also, as the tiger in his jungle. Some comfort it would have been, could I, like a Faust, have fancied myself tempted and tormented of the Devil; for a Hell, as I imagine, without Life, though only diabolic Life, were more frightful: but in our age of Downpulling and Disbelief, the very Devil has been pulled down, you cannot so much as believe in a Devil. To me the Universe was all void of Life, of Purpose, of Volition, even of Hostility: it was one huge, dead, immeasurable Steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. O the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha,

‘and Mill of Death! Why was the Living banished thither  
‘companionless, conscious? Why if there is no Devil; nay,  
‘unless the Devil is your God?’

A prey incessantly to such corrosions, might not, moreover, as the worst aggravation to them, the iron constitution even of a Teufelsdröckh threaten to fail? We conjecture that he has known sickness; and, in spite of his locomotive habits, perhaps sickness of the chronic sort. Hear this, for example: ‘How beautiful to die of broken-heart, on Paper! Quite another thing in Practice; every window of your Feeling, even of your Intellect as it were, begrimed and mud-bespattered, so that no pure ray can enter; a whole Drugshop in your inwards; the foredone soul drowning slowly in quagmires of Disgust!’

Putting all which external and internal miseries together, may we not find in the following sentences, quite in our Professor’s still vein, significance enough? ‘From Suicide a certain after-shine (*Nachschein*) of Christianity withheld me: perhaps also a certain indolence of character; for, was not that a remedy I had at any time within reach? Often, however, was there a question present to me: Should some one now, at the turning of that corner, blow thee suddenly out of Space, into the other World, or other No-world, by pistol-shot,—how were it? On which ground, too, I have often, in sea-storms and sieged cities and other death-scenes, exhibited an imperturbability, which passed, falsely enough, for courage.’

‘So had it lasted,’ concludes the Wanderer, ‘so had it lasted as in bitter protracted Death-agony, through long years. The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dewdrop, was smouldering in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire. Almost since earliest memory I had shed no tear; or once only when I, murmuring half-audibly, recited Faust’s Deathsong, that wild *Selig der den er im Sieges-glanze findet* (Happy whom he finds in Battle’s splendour), and thought that of this last Friend even I was not forsaken, that destiny itself could not doom me not to die. Having no hope, neither had I any definite fear, were it of Man or of Devil: nay, I often



‘ felt as if it might be solacing, could the Arch-Devil himself, though in Tartarean terrors, but rise to me, that I might tell him a little of my mind. And yet, strangely enough, I lived in a continual, indefinite, pining fear ; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I knew not what : it seemed as if all things in the Heavens above and the Earth beneath would hurt me ; as if the Heavens and the Earth were but boundless jaws of a devouring monster, wherein I, palpitating, waited to be devoured.

‘ Full of such humour, and perhaps the miserablest man in the whole French Capital or Suburbs, was I, one sultry Dog-day, after much perambulation, toiling along the dirty little *Rue Saint-Thomas de l’Enfer*, among civic rubbish enough, in a close atmosphere, and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar’s Furnace ; whereby doubtless my spirits were little cheered ; when, all at once, there rose a Thought in me, and I asked myself “ What *art* thou afraid of ? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou for ever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling ? Despicable biped ! what is the sum-total of the worst that lies before thee ? Death ? Well, Death ; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the Devil and Man may, will, or can do against thee ! Hast thou not a heart ; canst thou not suffer whatso it be ; and, as a Child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee ? Let it come, then ; I will meet it and defy it ! ” And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul ; and I shook base Fear away from me for ever. I was strong, of unknown strength ; a spirit, almost a god. Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed : not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim fire-eyed Defiance.

‘ Thus had the EVERLASTING No (*das ewige Nein*) pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being, of my ME ; and then was it that my whole ME stood up, in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its Protest. Such a Protest, the most important transaction in Life, may that same Indignation and Defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The Everlasting No had said : “ Be-

‘hold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine (the Devil’s);’ to which my whole ME now made answer: ‘“I am not thine, but Free, and forever hate thee!”

‘It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual New-birth, or Baphometric Fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a Man.’

## CHAPTER VIII.

### CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE.

Though, after this ‘Baphometric Fire-baptism’ of his, our Wanderer signifies that his Unrest was but increased; as, indeed, ‘Indignation and Defiance,’ especially against things in general, are not the most peaceable inmates; yet can the Psychologist surmise that it was no longer a quite hopeless Unrest; that henceforth it had at least a fixed centre to revolve round. For the fire-baptised soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own Freedom, which feeling is its Baphometric Baptism: the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battling, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacified. Under another figure, we might say, if in that great moment, in the *Rue Saint-Thomas de l’Enfer*, the old inward Satanic School was not yet thrown out of doors, it received peremptory judicial notice to quit;—whereby, for the rest, its howl-chantings, Ernulphus-cursings, and rebellious gnashing of teeth, might, in the mean while, become only the more tumultuous, and difficult to keep secret.

Accordingly, if we scrutinize these Pilgrimings well, there is perhaps discernible henceforth a certain incipient method in their madness. Not wholly as a Spectre does Teufelsdröckh now storm through the world; at worst as a spectre-fighting Man, nay who will one day be a Spectre-queller. If pilgrim-ing restlessly to so many ‘Saints’ Wells,’ and ever without quenching of his thirst, he nevertheless finds little secular wells, whereby from time to time some alleviation is minis-

tered. In a word, he is now, if not ceasing, yet intermitting to 'eat his own heart;' and clutches round him outwardly on the NOT-ME for wholesomer food. Does not the following glimpse exhibit him in a much more natural state?

'Towns also and Cities, especially the ancient, I failed not to look upon with interest. How beautiful to see thereby, as through a long vista, into the remote Time; to have, as it were, an actual section of almost the earliest Past brought safe into the Present, and set before your eyes! There, in that old City, was a live ember of Culinary Fire put down, say only two thousand years ago; and there, burning more or less triumphantly, with such fuel as the region yielded, it has burnt, and still burns, and thou thyself seest the very smoke thereof. Ah! and the far more mysterious live ember of Vital Fire was then also put down there; and still miraculously burns and spreads; and the smoke and ashes thereof (in these Judgment-Halls and Churchyards), and its bellows-engines (in these Churches), thou still seest; and its flame, looking out from every kind countenance, and every hateful one, still warms thee or scorches thee.

'Of Man's Activity and Attainment the chief results are aeriform, mystic, and preserved in Tradition only: such are his Forms of Government, with the Authority they rest on; his Customs, or Fashions both of Cloth-Habits and of Soul-habits; much more his collective stock of Handicrafts, the whole Faculty he has required of manipulating Nature: all these things, as indispensable and priceless as they are, cannot in any way be fixed under lock and key, but must flit, spirit-like, on impalpable vehicles, from Father to Son; if you demand sight of them, they are nowhere to be met with. Visible Ploughmen and Hammermen there have been, ever from Cain and Tubalcain downwards: but where does your accumulated Agricultural, Metallurgic, and other Manufacturing SKILL lie warehoused? It transmits itself on the atmospheric air, on the sun's rays (by Hearing and by Vision); it is a thing aeriform, impalpable, of quite spiritual sort. In like manner, ask me not, Where are the LAWS; where is the GOVERNMENT? In vain wilt thou go to Schönbrunn, to

‘Downing Street, to the Palais Bourbon : thou findest nothing there, but brick or stone houses, and some bundles of Papers tied with tape. Where then is that same cunningly-devised almighty GOVERNMENT of theirs to be laid hands on? Every where, yet nowhere : seen only in its works, this too is a thing aeriform, invisible ; or if you will, mystic and miraculous. So spiritual (*geistig*) is our whole daily Life : all that we do springs out of Mystery, Spirit, invisible Force ; only like a little Cloud-image, or Armida’s Palace, air-built, does the Actual body itself forth from the great mystic Deep.

‘Visible and tangible products of the Past, again, I reckon up to the extent of three : Cities, with their Cabinets and Arsenals ; then tilled Fields, to either or to both of which divisions Roads with their Bridges may belong ; and thirdly — Books. In which third truly, the last-invented, lies a worth far surpassing that of the two others. Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a true Book. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair ; more like a tilled field, but then a spiritual field : like a spiritual tree, let me rather say, it stands from year to year, and from age to age (we have Books that already number some hundred-and-fifty human ages) ; and yearly comes its new produce of leaves (Commentaries, Deductions, Philosophical, Political Systems ; or were it only Sermons, Pamphlets, Journalistic Essays), every one of which is talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men. O thou who art able to write a Book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conqueror or City-burner ! Thou too art a Conqueror and Victor ; but of the true sort, namely over the Devil : thou too hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, and be a wonder-bringing City of the Mind, a Temple and Seminary and Prophetic Mount, whereto all kindreds of the Earth will pilgrim.—Fool ! why journeyest thou wearisomely, in thy antiquarian fervour, to gaze on the stone pyramids of Geeza or the clay ones of Sacchara ? These stand there, as I can

‘tell thee, idle and inert, looking over the Desert, foolishly enough, for the last three thousand years: but canst thou not open thy Hebrew BIBLE, then, or even Luther’s Version thereof?’

No less satisfactory is his sudden appearance not in Battle, yet on some Battle-field; which, we soon gather, must be that of Wagram: so that here, for once, is a certain approximation to distinctness of date. Omitting much, let us impart what follows:

‘Horrible enough! A whole Marchfield strewed with shell-splinters, cannon-shot, ruined tumbrils, and dead men and horses; stragglers still remaining not so much as buried. And those red mould heaps: ay, there lie the Shells of Men, out of which all the Life and Virtue has been blown; and now are they swept together, and crammed down out of sight, like blown Egg-shells!—Did Nature, when she bade the Donau bring down his mould cargoes from the Carinthian and Carpathian Heights, and spread them out here into the softest, richest level,—intend thee, O Marchfield, for a corn-bearing Nursery, whereon her children might be nursed; or for a Cockpit, wherein they might the more com-modiously be throttled and tattered? Were thy three broad highways, meeting here from the ends of Europe, made for Ammunition-wagons then? Were thy Wagrams and Stillfrieds but so many ready-built Casemates, wherein the house of Hapsburg might batter with artillery, and with artillery be battered? König Ottokar, amid yonder hillocks, dies under Rodolf’s truncheon; here Kaiser Franz falls a-swoon under Napoleon’s: within which five centuries, to omit the others, how has thy breast, fair Plain, been defaced and defiled! The greensward is torn up and trampled down; man’s fond care of it, his fruit-trees, hedge-rows, and pleasant dwellings, blown away with gunpowder; and the kind seedfield lies a desolate, hideous Place of Sculls.—Nevertheless, Nature is at work; neither shall these Powder-Devilkins with their utmost devilry gainsay her: but all that gore and carnage will be shrouded in, absorbed into manure; and next year the Marchfield will be green, nay, greener.



‘ Thrifty unwearied Nature, ever out of our great waste educating some little profit of thy own,—how dost thou, from the very carcass of the Killer, bring Life for the Living.

‘ What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain “Natural Enemies” of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men: Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them up to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending: till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word “Fire!” is given: and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.—Alas, so is it in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands; still as of old, “what devilry soever Kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper!”—In that fiction of the English Smollett, it is true, the final Cessation of War is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth; where the two Natural Enemies, in person, take each

‘a Tobacco-pipe, filled with Brimstone ; light the same, and ‘smoke in one another’s faces till the weaker gives in : but ‘from such predicted Peace-Era, what blood-filled trenches, ‘and contentious centuries, may still divide us !’

Thus can the Professor, at least in lucid intervals, look away from his own sorrows, over the many-coloured world, and pertinently enough note what is passing there. We may remark, indeed, that for the matter of spiritual culture, if for nothing else, perhaps few periods of his life were richer than this. Internally, there is the most momentous instructive Course of Practical Philosophy, with Experiments, going on ; towards the right comprehension of which his Peripatetic habits, favourable to Meditation, might help him rather than hinder. Externally, again, as he wanders to and fro, there are, if for the longing heart little substance, yet for the seeing eye sights enough : in these so boundless Travels of his, granting that the Satanic School was even partially kept down, what an incredible Knowledge of our Planet, and its Inhabitants and their Works, that is to say, of all knowable things, might not Teufelsdröckh acquire !

‘I have read in most Public Libraries,’ says he, ‘including ‘those of Constantinople and Samarcand : in most Colleges, ‘except the Chinese Mandarin ones, I have studied, or seen ‘that there was no studying. Unknown Languages have I ‘oftenest gathered from their natural repertory, the Air, by ‘my organ of Hearing ; Statistics, Geographies, Topographies ‘came, through the Eye, almost of their own accord. The ‘ways of Man, how he seeks food, and warmth, and protection for himself, in most regions, are ocularly known to ‘me. Like the great Hadrian, I meted out much of the terraqueous Globe with a pair of Compasses that belonged to ‘myself only.

‘Of great Scenes, why speak ? Three summer days, I lingered reflecting, and even composing (*dichtete*), by the ‘Pine-chasms of Vacluse ; and in that clear Lakelet moistened my bread. I have sat under the palm-trees of Tadmor ; smoked a pipe among the ruins of Babylon. The ‘great Wall of China I have seen ; and can testify that it is of

'grey brick, coped and covered with granite, and shews only 'second-rate masonry.—Great events, also, have I not witnessed? Kings sweated down (*ausgemergelt*) into Berlin- and-Milan Custom-house-officers; the World well won, and 'the world well lost; oftener than once a hundred thousand 'individuals shot (by each other) in one day. All kindreds 'and peoples and nations dashed together, and shifted and 'shovelled into heaps, that they might ferment there, and in 'time unite. The birth-pangs of Democracy, wherewith convulsed Europe was groaning in cries that reached Heaven, 'could not escape me.

'For great Men I have ever had the warmest predilection; 'and can perhaps boast that few such in this era have wholly 'escaped me. Great Men are the inspired (speaking and acting) Texts of that divine BOOK OF REVELATIONS, whereof a 'Chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by some 'named HISTORY; to which inspired Texts your numerous 'talented men, and your innumerable untalented men, are 'the better or worse exegetic Commentaries, and wagonload 'of too-stupid, heretical or orthodox, weekly Sermons. For 'my study, the inspired Texts themselves! Thus did I not, 'in very early days, having disguised me as tavern-waiter, 'stand behind the field-chairs, under that shady Tree at Treisnitz by the Jena Highway; waiting upon the great Schiller 'and greater Goethe; and hearing what I have not forgotten. 'For——'

——But at this point the Editor recalls his principle of caution, some time ago laid down, and must suppress much. Let not the sacredness of Laurells, still more, of Crowned Heads, be tampered with. Should we, at a future day, find circumstances altered, and the time come for Publication, then may these glimpses into the privacy of the Illustrious be conceded; which for the present were little better than treacherous, perhaps traitorous Eavesdroppings. Of Lord Byron, therefore, of Pope Pius, Emperor Tarakwang, the 'White Water-roses' (Chinese Carbonari) with their mysteries, no notice here! Of Napoleon himself we shall only, glancing from afar, remark that Teufelsdröckh's relation to him seems

to have been of very varied character. At first we find our poor Professor on the point of being shot as a spy ; then taken into private conversation, even pinched on the ear, yet presented with no money ; at last indignantly dismissed, almost thrown out of doors as an 'Ideologist.' 'He himself,' says the Professor, 'was among the completest Ideologists, at least Ideopraxists : in the Idea (*in der Idee*) he lived, moved, and fought. The man was a Divine Missionary, though unconscious of it ; and preached, through the cannon's throat, that great doctrine, *La carrière ouverte aux talens* (The Tools to him that can handle them), which is our ultimate Political Evangel, wherein alone can Liberty lie. Madly enough he preached, it is true, as Enthusiasts and first Missionaries are wont, with imperfect utterance, amid much frothy rant ; yet as articulately perhaps as the case admitted. Or call him, if you will, an American Backwoodsman, who had to fell unpenetrated forests, and battle with innumerable wolves, and did not entirely forbear strong liquor, rioting, and even theft ; whom, notwithstanding, the peaceful Sower will follow, and, as he cuts the boundless harvest, bless.'

More legitimate and decisively authentic is Teufelsdröckh's appearance and emergence (we know not well whence) in the solitude of the North Cape, on that June Midnight. He has a 'light-blue Spanish cloak' hanging round him, as his 'most commodious, principal, indeed sole upper-garment ;' and stands there, on the World-promontory, looking over the infinite Brine, like a little blue Belfry (as we figure), now motionless indeed, yet ready, if stirred to ring quaintest changes.

'Silence as of death,' writes he ; 'for midnight, even in the Arctic latitudes, has its character : nothing but the granite cliffs ruddy-tinged, the peaceable gurgle of that slow-heaving Polar Ocean, over which in the utmost North the great Sun hangs low and lazy, as if he too were slumbering. Yet is his cloud-couch wrought of crimson and cloth-of-gold ; yet does his light stream over the mirror of waters, like a tremulous fire-pillar, shooting downwards to the abyss, and hide itself under my feet. In such moments, Solitude also is invaluable ; for who would speak, or be looked on, when behind

‘him lies all Europe and Africa, fast asleep, except the watchmen ; and before him the silent Immensity, and Palace of the Eternal, whereof our Sun is but a porch-lamp.

‘Nevertheless, in this solemn moment, comes a man, or monster, scrambling from among the rock-hollows ; and, shaggy, huge as the Hyperborean Bear, hails me in Russian speech : most probably, therefore, a Russian Smuggler. With courteous brevity, I signify my indifference to contraband trade, my humane intentions, yet strong wish to be private. In vain : the monster, counting doubtless on his superior stature, and minded to make sport for himself, or perhaps profit, were it with murder, continues to advance ; ever assailing me with his importunate train-oil breath ; and now has advanced, till we stand both on the verge of the rock, the deep Sea rippling greedily down below. What argument will avail ? On the thick Hyperborean, cherubic reasoning, seraphic eloquence were lost. Prepared for such extremity, I, deftly enough, whisk aside one step ; draw out, from my interior reservoirs, a sufficient Birmingham Horse-pistol, and say, “Be so obliging as retire, Friend (*Er ziehe sich zurück, Freund*), and with promptitude !” This logic even the Hyperborean understands : fast enough, with apologetic petitionary growl, he sidles off ; and, except for suicidal as well as homicidal purposes, need not return.

‘Such I hold to be the genuine use of Gunpowder : that it makes all men alike tall. Nay, if thou be cooler, cleverer than I, if thou have more *Mind*, though all but no *Body* whatever, then canst thou kill me first, and art the taller. Hereby, at last, is the Goliath powerless, and the David resistless ; savage Animalism is nothing, inventive Spiritualism is all.

‘With respect to Duels, indeed, I have my own ideas. Few things, in this so surprising world, strike me with more surprise. Too little visual Spectra of men, hovering with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the UNFATHOMABLE, and to dissolve therein, at any rate, very soon,—make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder ; whirl round ; and, simultaneously by the cunningest mechanism, explode one



‘another into Dissolution ; and off-hand become Air, and Non-extant ! Deuse on it (*verdammt*), the little spitfires !—Nay, I think with old Hugo von Trimberg : “ God must needs laugh outright, could such a thing be, to see his wondrous Manikins here below.” ’

But amid these specialities, let us not forget the great generality, which is our chief quest here : How prospered the inner man of Teufelsdröckh under so much outward shifting ? Does Legion still lurk in him, though repressed ; or has he exorcised that Devil’s Brood ? We can answer that the symptoms continue promising. Experience is the grand spiritual Doctor ; and with him Teufelsdröckh has now been long a patient, swallowing many a bitter bolus. Unless our poor Friend belong to the numerous class of Incurables, which seems not likely, some cure will doubtless be effected. We should rather say that Legion, or the Satanic School, was now pretty well extirpated and cast out, but next to nothing introduced in its room ; whereby the heart remains, for the while, in a quiet but no comfortable state.

‘ At length, after so much roasting,’ thus writes our Autobiographer, ‘ I was what you might name calcined. Pray only that it be not rather, as is the more frequent issue, reduced to a *caput-mortuum* ! But in any case, by mere dint of practice, I had grown familiar with many things. Wretchedness was still wretched ; but I could now partly see through it, and despise it. Which highest mortal, in this inane Existence, had I not found a Shadow-hunter, or Shadow-hunted ; and, when I looked through his brave garments, miserable enough ? Thy wishes have all been sniffed aside, thought I : but what, had they even been all granted ! Did not the Boy Alexander weep because he had not two Planets to conquer ; or a whole Solar System ; or after that, a whole Universe ? *Ach Gott*, when I gazed into these Stars, have they not looked down on me as if with pity, from their serene spaces ; like Eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the little lot of man ! Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swal-

‘lowed up of Time, and there remains no wreck of them any more ; and Arcturus and Orion and Sirius and the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the Shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar. Pshaw ! what is this paltry little Dog-cage of an Earth ; what art thou that sittest whining there ? Thou art still Nothing, Nobody : true ; but who then is Something, Somebody ? For thee the Family of Man has no use ; it rejects thee ; thou art wholly as a dissevered limb : so be it ; perhaps it is better so !’

Too heavy-laden Teufelsdröckh ! Yet surely his bands are loosening ; one day he will hurl the burden far from him, and bound forth free, and with a second youth.

‘This,’ says our Professor, ‘was the CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE I had now reached ; through which whoso travels from the Negative Pole to the Positive must necessarily pass.’

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE EVERLASTING YEA.

‘Temptations in the Wilderness !’ exclaims Teufelsdröckh : ‘Have we not all to be tried with such ? Not so easily can the old Adam, lodged in us by birth, be dispossessed. Our Life is compassed round with Necessity ; yet is the meaning of Life itself no other than Freedom, than Voluntary Force ; thus have we a warfare ; in the beginning, especially, a hard-fought battle. For the God-given mandate, *Work thou in Welldoing*, lies mysteriously written, in Promethean Prophetic Characters, in our hearts ; and leaves us no rest, night or day, till it be deciphered and obeyed ; till it burn forth, in our conduct, a visible, acted Gospel of Freedom. And as the clay-given mandate, *Eat thou and be filled*, at the same time persuasively proclaims itself through every nerve,—must there not be a confusion, a contest, before the better Influence can become the upper ?

‘To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son of Man, when such God-given mandate first prophetically stirs

‘within him, and the Clay must now be vanquished or vanquish,—should be carried of the spirit into grim Solitudes, and there fronting the Tempter do grimmest battle with him; defiantly setting him at naught, till he yield and fly. Name it as we choose: with or without visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the populous moral Desert of selfishness and baseness,—to such Temptation are we all called. Unhappy if we are not. Unhappy if we are but Half-men, in whom that divine handwriting has never blazed forth, all-subduing, in true sun-splendour; but quivers dubiously amid meaner lights: or smoulders, in dull pain, in darkness, under earthly vapours!—Our Wilderness is the wide World in an Atheistic Century; our Forty Days are long years of suffering and fasting: nevertheless, to these also comes an end. Yes, to me also was given, if not Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or faculty is left. To me also, entangled in the enchanted forests, demon-peopled, doleful of sight and of sound, it was given, after weariest wanderings, to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes—of that Mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only!’

He says elsewhere, under a less ambitious figure; as figures are, once for all, natural to him: ‘Has not thy Life been that of most sufficient men (*tüchtigen Männer*) thou hast known in this generation? An outflush of foolish young Enthusiasm, like the first fallow-crop, wherein are as many weeds as valuable herbs: this all parched away, under the Droughts of practical and spiritual Unbelief; as Disappointment, in thought and act, often-repeated gave rise to Doubt, and Doubt gradually settled into Denial! If I have had a second-crop, and now see the perennial greensward, and sit under unbrageous cedars, which defy all Drought (and Doubt); herein too, be the Heavens praised, I am not without examples, and even exemplars.’

So that, for Teufelsdröckh also, there has been a ‘glorious revolution:’ these mad shadow-hunting and shadow-hunted Pilgrimages of his were but some purifying ‘Temptation in the Wilderness,’ before his apostolic work (such as it was)

could begin ; which Temptation is now happily over, and the Devil once more worsted ! Was ‘that high moment in the *Rue de l’Enfer*,’ then, properly the turning point of the battle ; when the Fiend said, *Worship me, or be torn in shreds*, and was answered valiantly with an *Apaga Satana* ?—Singular Teufelsdröckh, would thou hadst told thy singular story in plain words ! But it is fruitless to look there, in those Paper-bags, for such. Nothing but inuendoes, figurative crotchets : a typical Shadow, fitfully wavering, prophetico-satiric ; no clear logical Picture. ‘How paint to the sensual eye,’ asks he once, ‘what passes in the Holy-of-Holies of Man’s Soul ; in what words, known to these profane times, speak even afar off of ‘the unspeakable?’ We ask in turn : Why perplex these times, profane as they are, with needless obscurity, by omission and by commission ? Not mystical only is our Professor, but whimsical ; and involves himself, now more than ever, in eye-bewildering *chiaroscuro*. Successive glimpses, here faithfully imparted, our more gifted readers must endeavour to combine for their own behoof.

He says : ‘The hot Harmattan-wind had raged itself out : its howl went silent within me ; and the long-deafened soul could now hear. I paused in my wild wanderings ; and sat me down to wait, and consider ; for it was as if the hour of change drew nigh. I seemed to surrender, to renounce utterly, and say : Fly, then, false shadows of Hope ; I will chase you no more, I will believe you no more. And ye too haggard spectres of Fear, I care not for you ; ye too are all shadows and a lie. Let me rest here : for I am way-weary and life weary ; I will rest here, were it but to die : to die or to live is alike to me ; alike insignificant.’—And again : ‘Here, then, as I lay in that CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE ; cast, doubtless by benignant upper Influence, into a healing sleep, the heavy dreams rolled gradually away, and I awoke to a new Heaven and a new Earth. The first preliminary moral Act, Annihilation of Self (*Sebst-tödtung*), had been happily accomplished ; and my minds’ eyes were now unsealed, and its hands ungyved.’

Might we not also conjecture that the following passage re-

fers to his Locality, during this same 'healing sleep;' that his Pilgrim-staff lies cast aside here on 'the high table-land;' and indeed that the repose is already taking wholesome effect on him? If it were not that the tone, in some parts, has more of riancy, even of levity, than we could have expected! However, in Teufelsdröckh, there is always the strangest Dualism: light dancing, with guitar-music, will be going on in the fore-court, while by fits from within comes the faint whimpering of woe and wail. We transcribe the piece entire:

'Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey Tent, musing and meditating; on the high table-land, in front of the Mountains; over me, as roof, the azure Dome, and around me, for walls, four azure flowing curtains,—namely, the Four azure Winds, on whose bottom-fringes also I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the fair Castles, that stood sheltered in these Mountain hollows; with their green flower lawns, and white dames and damosels, lovely enough: or better still, the straw-roofed Cottages, wherein stood many a Mother baking bread, with her children round her:—all hidden and protectingly folded up in the valley-folds; yet there and alive, as sure as if I beheld them. Or to see, as well as fancy, the nine Towns and Villages, that lay round my mountain-seat, which in still weather, were wont to speak to me (by their steeple-bells) with metal tongue; and, in almost all weather, proclaimed their vitality by repeated Smoke-clouds; whereon, as on a culinary horologe, I might read the hour of the day. For it was the smoke of cookery, as kind housewives at morning, midday, eventide, were boiling their husbands' kettles; and ever a blue pillar rose up into the air, successively or simultaneously, from each of the nine, saying, as plainly as smoke could say: Such and such a meal is getting ready here. Not uninteresting! For you have the whole Borough, with all its love-makings and scandal-moneries, contentions and contentments, as in miniature, and could cover it all with your hat.—If, in my wide Wayfarings, I had learned to look into the business of the World in its details, here perhaps was the place for combining it into general propositions, and deducing inferences therefrom.



‘ Often also could I see the black Tempest marching in an  
 ‘ ger through the Distance : around some Schreckhorn, as yet  
 ‘ grim-blue, would the eddying vapour gather, and there tumult-  
 ‘ tuously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch’s hair ; till,  
 ‘ after a space, it vanished, and, in the clear sunbeam, your  
 ‘ Schreckhorn stood smiling grim-white, for the vapour had  
 ‘ held snow. How thou fermentest and elaboratest in thy  
 ‘ great fermenting-vat and laboratory of an Atmosphere, of a  
 ‘ World, O Nature ! Or what is nature ? Ha ! why do I not  
 ‘ name thee God ? Art thou not the “ Living Garment of  
 ‘ God ? ” O Heavens, is it, in very deed, HE then that ever  
 ‘ speaks through thee ; that lives and loves in thee, that lives  
 ‘ and loves in me ?

‘ Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendours, of that  
 ‘ Truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over my  
 ‘ soul. Sweeter than Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in Nova  
 ‘ Zembla ; ah ! like the mother’s voice to her little child that  
 ‘ strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults ; like soft  
 ‘ streamings of celestial music to my too exasperated heart,  
 ‘ came that Evangel. The Universe is not dead and demon-  
 ‘ iacal, a charnel-house with spectres : but godlike, and my  
 ‘ Father’s !

‘ With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man ;  
 ‘ with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, wandering,  
 ‘ wayward man ! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes,  
 ‘ even as I am ? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle  
 ‘ or the beggar’s gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-  
 ‘ laden ; and thy Bed of Rest is but a grave. O my Brother,  
 ‘ my Brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and  
 ‘ wipe away all tears from thy eyes !—Truly, the din of many-  
 ‘ voiced Life, which in this solitude, with the mind’s organ, I  
 ‘ could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melt-  
 ‘ ing one : like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb  
 ‘ creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor  
 ‘ Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy Mother, not  
 ‘ my cruel Stepdame ; Man, with his so mad Wants and so  
 ‘ mean Endeavours, had become the dearer to me ; and even  
 ‘ for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him brother.

‘ Thus was I standing in the porch of that “*Sanctuary of Sorrow* ;” by strange, steep ways, had I too been guided thither ; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the “*Divine Depth of Sorrow*” lie disclosed to me.’

The Professor says, he here first got eye on the Knot that had been strangling him, and straightway could unfasten it, and was free. ‘ A vain interminable controversy,’ writes he, ‘ touching what is at present called Origin of Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul, since the beginning of the world ; and in every soul, that would pass from idle Suffering into actual Endeavouring, must first be put an end to. The most, in our time, have to go content with a simple, incomplete enough Suppression of this controversy ; to a few, some Solution of it is indispensable. In every new era, too, such Solution comes out in different terms ; and ever the Solution of the last era has become obsolete, and is found unserviceable. For it is man’s nature to change his Dialect from century to century ; he cannot help it though he would. The authentic *Church-Catechism* of our present century has not yet fallen into my hands : meanwhile, for my own private behoof, I attempt to elucidate the matter so. Man’s Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness ; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite. Will the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one Shoeblick HAPPY ? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two ; for the Shoeblick also has a Soul quite other than his Stomach : and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more, and no less : *God’s infinite Universe altogether to himself*, therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of Hochheimer, a Throat like that of Ophiuchus : speak not of them ; to the infinite Shoeblick they are as nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled, than he grumbles that it might have been of better vintage. Try him with half of a Universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarrelling with the proprietor of the other half,

‘and declares himself the most maltreated of men.—Always  
‘there is a black spot in our sunshine : it is even, as I said, the  
‘*Shadow of Ourselves*.

‘But the whim we have of Happiness is somewhat thus.  
‘By certain valuations, and averages, of our own striking, we  
‘we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot ; this we  
‘fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It  
‘is simple payment of our wages, of our deserts ; requires  
‘neither thanks nor complaint : only such *overplus* as there  
‘may be do we account Happiness ; any *deficit* again is Misery.  
‘Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts  
‘ourselves, and what a fund of Self-conceit there is in each of  
‘us,—do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the  
‘wrong way, and many a Blockhead cry : See there, what a  
‘payment ; was ever worthy gentleman so used !—I tell thee,  
‘Blockhead, it all comes of thy Vanity ; of what thou *fanciest*  
‘those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deserv-  
‘est to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happi-  
‘ness to be only shot : fancy that thou deservest to be hanged  
‘in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp.

‘So true it is, what I then said, that *the Fraction of Life can*  
‘*be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator*  
‘*as by lessening your Denominator*. Nay, unless my Al-  
‘gebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *In-*  
‘*finit*y. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then ; thou hast the  
‘world under thy feet. Well did the Wisest of our time  
‘write : “It is only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that Life,  
‘properly speaking, can be said to begin.”

‘I asked myself : What is this that, ever since earliest years,  
‘thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting and self-  
‘tormenting, on account of ? Say it in a word : is it not be-  
‘cause thou art not HAPPY ? Because the THOU (sweet gentle-  
‘man) is not sufficiently honoured, nourished, soft-bedded,  
‘and lovingly cared for ? Foolish soul ! What Act of Leg-  
‘islature was there that *thou* shouldst be Happy ? A little  
‘while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all. What if thou  
‘wert born and predestined not to be Happy, but to be Un-  
‘happy ! Art thou nothing other than a Vulture, then, that

‘fliest through the Universe seeking after somewhat to eat ;  
 ‘and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given  
 ‘thee? Close thy *Byron* ; open thy *Goethe*.’

‘*Es leuchtet mir ein*, I see a glimpse of it!’ cries he elsewhere : ‘there is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happiness :  
 ‘he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Bless-  
 ‘edness! Was it not to preach forth this same HIGHER that  
 ‘sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times,  
 ‘have spoken and suffered ; bearing testimony, through life  
 ‘and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how  
 ‘in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom? Which  
 ‘God-inspired Doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught ;  
 ‘O Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions,  
 ‘even till thou become contrite, and learn it! O thank thy  
 ‘Destiny for these ; thankfully bear what yet remain : thou  
 ‘hadst need of them ; the Self in thee needed to be annihi-  
 ‘lated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the  
 ‘deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On  
 ‘the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but  
 ‘borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure ;  
 ‘love God. This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contra-  
 ‘diction is solved ; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well  
 ‘with him.’

And again : ‘Small is it that thou canst trample the Earth  
 ‘with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno trained  
 ‘thee : thou canst love the Earth while it injures thee, and  
 ‘even because it injures thee ; for this a Greater than Zeno  
 ‘was needed, and he too was sent. Knowest thou that “*Wor-*  
 ‘*ship of Sorrow?*” The Temple thereof, founded some eigh-  
 ‘teen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle,  
 ‘the habitation of doleful creatures : nevertheless, venture for-  
 ‘ward ; in a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, thou  
 ‘findest the Altar still there, and its sacred Lamp perennially  
 ‘burning.’

Without pretending to comment on which strange utter-  
 ances, the Editor will only remark, that there lies beside them  
 much of a still more questionable character ; unsuited to the  
 general apprehension ; nay wherein he himself does not see

his way. Nebulous disquisitions on Religion, yet not without bursts of splendour; on the 'perennial continuance of Inspiration;' on Prophecy; that there are 'true Priests, as well as Baal-Priests, in our own day:' with more of the like sort. We select some fractions by way of finish to this far-rago.

'Cease, my much-respected Herr von Voltaire,' thus apostrophises the Professor: 'shut thy sweet voice; for the task appointed thee seems finished. Sufficiently hast thou demonstrated this proposition, considerable or otherwise: That the Mythus of the Christian Religion looks not in the eighteenth century as it did in the eighth. Alas, were thy six-and-thirty quartos, and the six-and-thirty thousand other quartos and folios, and flying sheets or reams, printed before and since on the same subject, all needed to convince us of so little! But what next? Wilt thou help us to embody the divine Spirit of that Religion in a new Mythus, in a new vehicle and vesture, that our Souls, otherwise too like perishing, may live? What! thou hast no faculty in that kind? Only a torch for burning, no hammer for building? Take our thanks, then, and——thyself away.

'Meanwhile what are antiquated Mythuses to me? Or is the God present, felt in my own heart, a thing which Herr von Voltaire will dispute out of me; or dispute into me? To the "*Worship of Sorrow*" ascribe what origin and genesis thou pleasest, *has* not that Worship originated, and been generated; is it not *here*? Feel it in thy heart, and then say whether it is of God! This is Belief; all else is Opinion,—for which latter whoso will let him worry and be worried.'

'Neither,' observes he elsewhere, 'shall ye tear out one another's eyes, struggling over "*Plenary Inspiration*," and such like: try rather to get a little even *Partial Inspiration*, each of you for himself. One BIBLE I know, of whose Plenary Inspiration doubt is not so much as possible; nay with my own eyes I saw the God's-Hand writing it: thereof all other Bibles are but Leaves,—say, in Picture-Writing to assist the weaker faculty.'



Or to give the wearied reader relief, and, bring it to an end, let him take the following perhaps more intelligible passage :

‘ To me, in this our Life,’ says the Professor, ‘ which is an internecine warfare with the Time-spirit, other warfare seems questionable. Hast thou in any way a Contention with thy brother, I advise thee, think well what the meaning thereof is. If thou gauge it to the bottom, it is simply this : “ Fellow, see ? thou art taking more than thy share of Happiness in the world, something from *my* share : which, by the Heavens, thou shalt not ; nay I will fight thee rather.”—Alas ! and the whole lot to be divided in such a beggarly matter, truly a “ feast of shells,” for the substance has been spilled out : not enough to quench one Appetite ; and the collective human species clutching at them !—Can we not, in all such cases, rather say : “ Take it, thou too-ravenous individual ; take that pitiful additional fraction of a share, which I reckoned mine, but which thou so wantest : take it with a blessing : would to Heaven I had enough for thee ! ”—If Fichte’s *Wissenschaftslehre* be, “ to a certain extent, Applied Christianity,” surely to a still greater extent, so is this. We have here not a Whole Duty of Man, yet a Half Duty, namely the Passive half : could we but do it, as we can demonstrate it !

‘ But indeed Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Nay properly Conviction is not possible till then ; inasmuch as all Speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices : only by a felt indubitable certainty of Experience does it find any centre to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a system. Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that “ Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action.” On which ground too let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service : “ *Do the Duty which lies nearest thee,*” which thou knowest to be a Duty ! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.

‘ May we not say, however, that the hour of Spiritual En-

‘franchisement is even this : When your Ideal World, wherein  
 ‘the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly  
 ‘languishing to work, becomes revealed and thrown open ;  
 ‘and you discover, with amazement enough, like the Lotha-  
 ‘rio in *Wilhelm Meister*, that your “America is here or no-  
 ‘where?” The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal,  
 ‘was never yet occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor,  
 ‘miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even  
 ‘now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal : work it out  
 ‘therefrom ; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool ! the  
 ‘Ideal is in thyself, the Impediment too is in thyself : thy  
 ‘Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal  
 ‘out of ; what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or  
 ‘that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic ? O thou  
 ‘that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest  
 ‘bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and  
 ‘create, know this of a truth : the thing thou seekest is al-  
 ‘ready with thee, “here or nowhere,” couldst thou only see !

‘But it is with man’s Soul as it was with Nature : the be-  
 ‘ginning of Creation is—Light. Till the eye have vision, the  
 ‘whole members are in bonds. Divine moment, when over  
 ‘the tempest-tost Soul, as once over the wild-weltering Chaos,  
 ‘it is spoken : Let there be light ? Ever to the greatest that  
 ‘has felt such moment, is it not miraculous and God-announc-  
 ‘ing ; even as, under simpler figures, to the simplest and  
 ‘least. The mad primeval Discord is hushed ; the rudely-  
 ‘jumbled conflicting elements bind themselves into separate  
 ‘Firmaments : deep silent rock-foundations are built beneath ;  
 ‘and the skyey vault with its everlasting Luminaries above :  
 ‘instead of a dark wasteful Chaos, we have a blooming, fer-  
 ‘tile, Heaven-encompassed World.

‘I too could now say to myself : Be no longer a Chaos, but  
 ‘a World, or even Worldkin. Produce ! Produce ! Were it  
 ‘but the pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce  
 ‘it in God’s name ! ’Tis the utmost thou hast in thee ; out  
 ‘with it then. Up, up ! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,  
 ‘do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called To-day,  
 ‘for the Night cometh wherein no man can work.’

## CHAPTER X.

## PAUSE.

Thus have we, as closely and perhaps satisfactorily as, in such circumstances, might be, followed Teufelsdröckh through the various successive states and stages of Growth, Entanglement, Unbelief, and almost Reprobation, into a certain clearer state of what he himself seems to consider as Conversion. ‘Blame not the word,’ says he; ‘rejoice rather that such a word, signifying such a thing, has come to light in our Modern Era, though hidden from the wisest Ancients. The Old World knew nothing of Conversion: instead of an *Ecce Homo*, they had only some *Choice of Hercules*. It was a new-attained progress in the Moral Development of Man: hereby has the Highest come home to the bosoms of the most Limited; what to Plato was but a hallucination, and to Socrates a chimera, is now clear and certain to your Zinzendorfs, your Wesleys, and the poorest of their Pietists and Methodists.’

It is here then that the spiritual majority of Teufelsdröckh commences: we are henceforth to see him ‘work in well-doing,’ with the spirit and clear aims of a Man. He has discovered that the Ideal Workshop he so panted for, is even this same Actual ill-furnished Workshop he has so long been stumbling in. He can say to himself: ‘Tools? Thou hast no Tools? Why, there is not a Man, or a Thing, now alive but has tools. The basest of created animalcules, the Spider itself has a spinning-jenny, and warping-mill, and power-loom, within its head; the stupidest of Oysters has a Papin’s Digester, with stone-and-lime house to hold it in: every being that can live can do something; this let him *do*. Tools? Hast thou not a Brain, furnished, furnishable with some glimmerings of Light; and three fingers to hold a Pen withal? Never since Aaron’s Rod went out of practice, or even before it, was there such a wonder-working Tool: greater than all recorded miracles have been performed by

‘Pens. For strangely in this so solid-seeming World, which nevertheless is in continual restless flux, it is appointed that *Sound*, to appearance the most fleeting, should be the most continuing of all things. The WORD is well said to be omnipotent in this world ; man, thereby divine, can create as by a *Fiat*. Awake, arise ! Speak forth what is in thee ; what God has given thee, what the Devil shall not take away. Higher task than that of Priesthood was allotted to no man : wert thou but the meanest in that sacred Hierarchy, is it not honour enough therein to spend and be spent ?

‘By this Art, which whoso will may sacrilegiously degrade into a handicraft,’ adds Teufelsdröckh, ‘have I thenceforth abidden. Writings of mine, not indeed known as mine (for what am I ?), have fallen, perhaps not altogether void, into the mighty seed-field of Opinion ; fruits of my unseen sowing gratifyingly meet me here and there. I thank the Heavens that I have now found my Calling ; wherein, with or without perceptible result, I am minded diligently to persevere.

‘Nay how knowest thou,’ cries he, ‘but this and the other pregnant Device, now grown to be a world-renowned far-working Institution ; like a grain of right mustard-seed once cast into the right soil, and now stretching out strong boughs to the four winds, for the birds of the air to lodge in,—may have been properly my doing ? Some one’s doing it without doubt was ; from some Idea, in some single Head, it did first of all take beginning : why not from some Idea in mine ?’ Does Teufelsdröckh here glance at that SOCIETY FOR THE CONSERVATION OF PROPERTY (*Eigenthums-conservirende Gesellschaft*), of which so many ambiguous notices glide spectre-like through these inexpressible Paperbags ? ‘An Institution,’ hints he, ‘not unsuitable to the wants of the time ; as indeed such sudden extension proves ; for already can the Society number, among its office-bearers or corresponding members, the highest Names, if not the highest Persons, in Germany, England, France ; and contributions, both of money and of meditation, pour in from all quarters ;

‘to, if possible, enlist the remaining Integrity of the world, and, defensively and with forethought, marshal it round this ‘Palladium.’ Does Teufelsdröckh mean, then, to give himself out as the originator of that so notable *Eigenthums-conservirende* (‘Owndom-conserving’) *Gesellschaft*; and, if so, what, in the Devil’s name, is it? He again hints: ‘At a time when the divine Commandment, *Thou shalt not steal*, where—in truly, if well understood, is comprised the whole Hebrew ‘Decalogue, with Solon’s and Lycurgus’s Constitutions, Justinian’s Pandects, the Code Napoleon, and all Codes, Catechisms, Divinities, Moralities whatsoever, that man has hitherto devised (and enforced with Altar-fire and Gallows-ropes) for his social guidance: at a time, I say, when this divine Commandment has all but faded away from the general remembrance; and, with little disguise, a new opposite Commandment, *Thou shalt steal*, is everywhere promulgated,—it perhaps behoved in this universal dotage and deliration the sound portion of mankind to bestir themselves and rally. When the widest and wildest violations of that divine right of Property, the only divine right now extant or conceivable, are sanctioned and recommended by a vicious Press, and the world has lived to hear it asserted that *we have no Property in our very Bodies but only an accidental Possession, and Life-rent*, what is the issue to be looked for? Hangmen and Catchpoles may, by their noose-gins and baited fall-traps, keep down the smaller sort of vermin: but what, except perhaps some such Universal Association, can protect us against whole meat-devouring and man-devouring hosts of Boa-constrictors? If, therefore, the more sequestered Thinker have wondered, in his privacy, from what hand that perhaps not ill-written *Program* in the Public Journals, with its high *Prize-Questions* and so liberal *Prizes*, could have proceeded,—let him now cease such wonder; and, with undivided faculty, betake himself to the *Concurrenz* (Competition).’

We ask: Has this same ‘perhaps not ill-written *Program*,’ or any other authentic Transaction of that Property-conserving Society, fallen under the eye of the British Reader, in any



Journal, foreign or domestic? If so, what are those *Prize-Questions*; what are the terms of Competition, and when and where? No printed Newspaper leaf, no farther light of any sort, to be met with in these Paperbags! Or is the whole business one other of those whimsicalities, and perverse inexplicabilities, whereby Herr Teufelsdröckh, meaning much or nothing, is pleased so often to play fast and loose with us?

Here, indeed, at length, must the Editor give utterance to a painful suspicion which, through late Chapters, has begun to haunt him; paralysing any little enthusiasm, that might still have rendered his thorny Biographical task a labour of love. It is a suspicion grounded perhaps on trifles, yet confirmed almost into certainty by the more and more discernible humoristico-satirical tendency of Teufelsdröckh, in whom underground humours, and intricate sardonic rogueries, wheel within wheel, defy all reckoning: a suspicion in one word, that these Autobiographical Documents are partly a mystification! What if many a so-called Fact were little better than a Fiction; if here we had no direct Camera-obscura Picture of the Professor's History; but only some more or less fantastic Adumbration, symbolically, perhaps significantly enough, shadowing forth the same! Our theory begins to be that, in receiving as literally authentic what was but hieroglyphically so, Hofrath Heuschrecke, whom in that case we scruple not to name Hofrath Nose-of-Wax, was made a fool of, and set adrift to make fools of others. Could it be expected, indeed, that a man so known for impenetrable reticence as Teufelsdröckh, would all at once frankly unlock his private citadel to an English Editor and a German Hofrath; and not rather deceptively inlock both Editor and Hofrath, in the labyrinthic tortuosities and covered ways of said citadel (having enticed them thither), to see, in his half-devilish way, how the fools would look?

Of one fool, however, the Herr Professor will perhaps find himself short. On a small slip formerly thrown aside as blank, the ink being all but invisible, we lately notice, and with effort decipher, the following: 'What are your historical

'Facts ; still more your biographical? Wilt thou know a 'Man, above all, a Mankind, by stringing together beadrolls 'of what thou namest Facts? The man is the spirit he 'worked in ; not what he did, but what he became. Facts 'are engraved Hieroglyphs, for which the fewest have the key. 'And then how your Blockhead (*Dummkopf*) studies not their 'Meaning ; but simply whether they are well or ill cut, what 'he calls Moral or Immoral! Still worse is it with your 'Bungler (*Pfüscher*): such I have seen reading some Rous- 'seau, with pretences of interpretation ; and mistaking the ill- 'cut Serpent-of-Eternity for a common poisonous Reptile.' Was the Professor apprehensive lest an Editor, selected as the present boasts himself, might mistake the Teufelsdröckh Serpent-of-Eternity in like manner? For which reason it was to be altered, not without underhand satire, into a plainer Symbol? Or is this merely one of his half-sophisms, half-truisms, which if he can but set on the back of a Figure, he cares not whither it gallop? We say not with certainty ; and indeed, so strange is the Professor, can never say. If our Suspicion be wholly unfounded let his own questionable ways, not our necessary circumspectness, bear the blame.

But be this as it will, the somewhat exasperated and indeed exhausted Editor determines here to shut these Paperbags, for the present. Let it suffice that we know of Teufelsdröckh, so far, if 'not what he did, yet what he became : ' the rather, as his character has now taken its ultimate bent, and no new revolution of importance is to be looked for. The imprisoned Chrysalis is now a winged Psyche : and such, wheresoever be its flight, it will continue. To trace by what complex gyrations (flights or involuntary waftings) through the mere external Life-element, Teufelsdröckh reaches his University Professorship, and the Psyche clothes himself in civic Titles, without altering her now fixed nature,—would be comparatively an unproductive task, were we even unsuspicious of its being, for us at least, a false and impossible one. His outward Biography, therefore, which, at the Blumine Lover's Leap, we saw churned utterly into spray-vapour, may hover in that condition, for aught that concerns us here. Enough

that, by survey of certain 'pools and splashes,' we have ascertained its general direction : do we not already know that, by one way and other, it *has* long since rained down again into a stream ; and even now, at Weissnichtwo, flows deep and still, fraught with the *Philosophy of Clothes*, and visible to whoso will cast eye thereon ? Over much invaluable matter that lies scattered, like jewels among quarry-rubbish, in those Paper catacombs, we may have occasion to glance back, and, somewhat will demand insertion at the right place : meanwhile, be our tiresome diggings therein suspended.

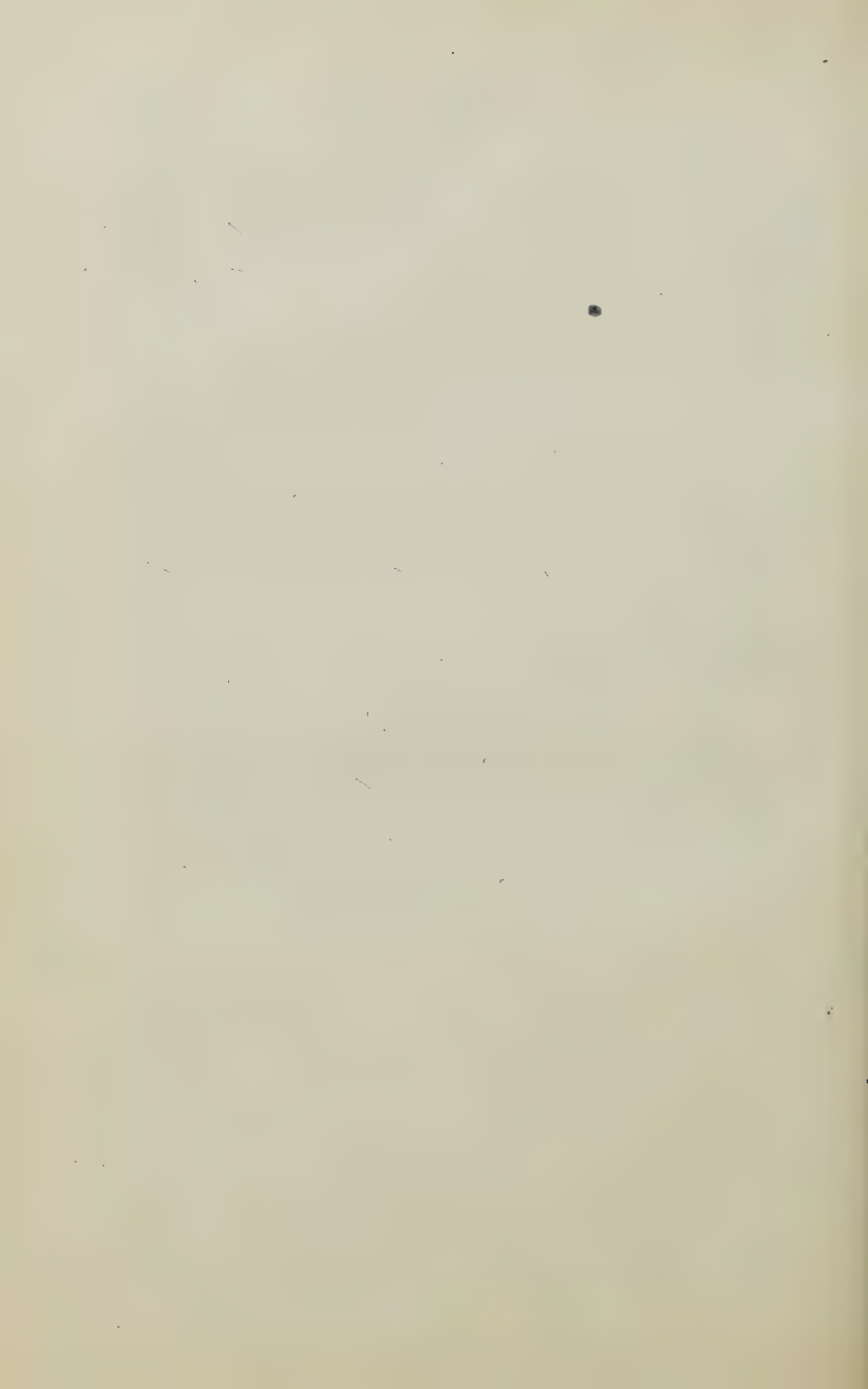
If now, before reopening the great *Clothes-Volume*, we ask what our degree of progress, during these Ten Chapters, has been, towards right understanding of the *Clothes-Philosophy*, let not our discouragement become total. To speak in that old figure of the Hell-gate Bridge over Chaos, a few flying pontoons have perhaps been added, though as yet they drift straggling on the Flood ; how far they will reach, when once the chains are straightened and fastened, can, at present, only be matter of conjecture.

So much we already calculate : Through many a little loop-hole, we have had glimpses into the internal world of Teufelsdröckh ; his strange mystic, almost magic Diagram of the Universe, and how it was gradually drawn, is not henceforth altogether dark to us. Those mysterious ideas on TIME, which merit consideration, and are not wholly unintelligible with such, may by and by prove significant. Still more may his somewhat peculiar view of Nature ; the decisive Oneness he ascribes to Nature. How all Nature and Life are but one *Garment*, a 'Living Garment,' woven and ever a-weaving in the 'Loom of Time ;' is not here, indeed, the outline of a whole *Clothes-Philosophy* ; at least the arena it is to work in ? Remark too that the Character of the man, nowise without meaning in such a matter, becomes less enigmatic : amid so much tumultuous obscurity almost like diluted madness, do not a certain indomitable Defiance and yet a boundless Reverence seem to loom forth, as the two mountain-summits, on whose rock-strata all the rest were based and built ?

Nay, further, may we not say that Teufelsdröckh's Biogra-

phy, allowing it even, as suspected, only a hieroglyphical truth, exhibits a man as it were preappointed for Clothes-Philosophy? To look through the Shows of things into Things themselves he is led and compelled. The 'Passivity' given him by birth is fostered by all turns of his fortune. Everywhere cast out, like oil out of water, from mingling in any Employment, in any public Communion, he has no portion but Solitude and a life of Meditation. The whole energy of his existence is directed, through long years, on one task; that of enduring pain, if he cannot cure it. Thus everywhere do the Shows of things oppress him, withstand him, threaten him with fearfulest destruction; only by victoriously penetrating into Things themselves, can he find peace and a stronghold. But is not this same looking through the Shows, or Vestures, into the Things, even the first preliminary to a *Philosophy of Clothes*? Do we not, in all this, discern some beckonings towards the true higher purport of such a Philosophy; and what shape it must assume with such a man, in such an era?

Perhaps in entering on Book Third, the courteous Reader is not utterly without guess whither he is bound: nor, let us hope, for all the fantastic Dream-Grottoes through which, as is our lot with Teufelsdröckh, he must wander, will there be wanting between whiles some twinkling of a steady Polar Star.





## BOOK III.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### INCIDENT IN MODERN HISTORY.

As a wonder-loving and wonder-seeking man, Teufelsdröckh, from an early part of his Clothes-Volume, has more and more exhibited himself. Striking it was, amid all his perverse cloudiness, with what force of vision and of heart he pierced into the mystery of the World; recognising in the highest sensible phenomena, so far as Sense went, only fresh or faded Raiment; yet ever, under this, a celestial Essence thereby rendered visible; and while, on the one hand, he trod the old rags of Matter, with their tinsels, into the mire, he on the other everywhere exalted Spirit above all earthly principalities and powers, and worshipped it, though under the meanest shapes, with a true Platonic Mysticism. What the man ultimately purposed by thus casting his Greek-fire into the general Wardrobe of the Universe; what such, more or less complete, rending and burning of Garments throughout the whole compass of Civilized Life and Speculation, should lead to: the rather as he was no Adamite, in any sense, and could not, like Rousseau, recommend either bodily or intellectual Nudity, and a return to the savage state: all this our readers are now bent to discover; this is, in fact, properly the gist and purport of Professor Teufelsdröckh's Philosophy of Clothes.

Be it remembered, however, that such purport is here not so much evolved as detected to lie ready for evolving. We are to guide our British Friends into the new Gold-country, and shew them the mines; nowise to dig out and exhaust its wealth, which indeed remains for all time inexhaustible.

Once there, let each dig for his own behoof, and enrich himself.

Neither, in so capricious inexpressible a Work as this of the Professor's, can our course now more than formerly be straight forward, step by step, but at best leap by leap. Significant Indications stand out here and there ; which for the critical eye, that looks both widely and narrowly, shape themselves into some ground-scheme of a Whole : to select these with judgment, so that a leap from one to the other be possible, and (in our old figure) by chaining them together, a passable Bridge be effected : this, as heretofore, continues our only method. Among such light-spots, the following, floating in much wild matter about *Perfectibility*, has seemed worth clutching at :

'Perhaps the most remarkable incident in Modern History,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'is not the Diet of Worms, still less the Battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other Battle ; but an incident passed carelessly over by most Historians, and treated with some degree of ridicule by others : namely, George Fox's making to himself a suit of Leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, and by trade a Shoemaker, was one of those, to whom, under ruder or purer form, the Divine Idea of the Universe is pleased to manifest itself ; and, across all the hulls of Ignorance and earthly Degradation, shine through, in unspeakable Awfulness, unspeakable Beauty, on their souls ; who therefore are rightly accounted Prophets, God-possessed ; or even Gods, as in some periods it has chanced. Sitting in his stall ; working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had nevertheless a Living Spirit belonging to him ; also an antique Inspired Volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upwards, and discern its celestial Home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of vic-tuals, and an honourable Mastership in Cordwainery, and perhaps the post of Thirdborough in his Hundred, as the crown of long faithful sewing,—was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind : but ever amid the boring and hammering

‘came tones from that far country, came Splendours and  
 ‘Terrors ; for this poor Cordwainer, as we said, was a Man ;  
 ‘and the Temple of Immensity, wherein as Man he had been  
 ‘sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him.

‘The Clergy of the neighbourhood, the ordained Watchers  
 ‘and Interpreters of that same holy mystery, listened with  
 ‘unaffected tedium to his consultations, and advised him, as  
 ‘the solution of such doubts, to “drink beer, and dance with  
 ‘the girls.” Blind leaders of the blind ! For what end were  
 ‘their tithes levied and eaten ; for what were their shovel-hats  
 ‘scooped out, and their surplices and cassock-aprons girt on ;  
 ‘and such a church-repairing, and chaffering, and organing,  
 ‘and other racketing, held over that spot of God’s Earth,—if  
 ‘Man were but a Patent Digester, and the Belly with its ad-  
 ‘juncts the grand Reality ? Fox turned from them, with  
 ‘tears and a sacred scorn, back to his Leather-parings and  
 ‘his Bible. Mountains of encumbrance, higher than Ætna,  
 ‘had been heaped over that Spirit : but it was a Spirit, and  
 ‘would not lie buried there. Through long days and nights  
 ‘of silent agony, it struggled and wrestled, with a man’s  
 ‘force, to be free : how its prison-mountains heaved and  
 ‘swayed tumultuously, as the giant spirit shook them to this  
 ‘hand and that, and emerged into the light of Heaven ! That  
 ‘Leicester shoe-shop, had men known it, was a holier place  
 ‘than any Vatican or Loretto-shrine.—“So bandaged, and  
 ‘hampered, and hemmed in,” groaned he, “with thousand  
 ‘requisitions, obligations, straps, tatters, and tagrags, I can  
 ‘neither see nor move : not my own am I, but the World’s ;  
 ‘and Time flies fast, and Heaven is high, and Hell is deep :  
 ‘Man ! bethink thee, if thou hast power of Thought ! Why  
 ‘not ; what binds me here ? Want, want !—Ha, of what ?  
 ‘Will all the shoe-wages under the Moon ferry me across into  
 ‘that far Land of Light ? Only Meditation can, and devout  
 ‘Prayer to God. I will to the woods : the hollow of a tree  
 ‘will lodge me, wild berries feed me ; and for Clothes, cannot  
 ‘I stitch myself one perennial suit of Leather ? ”

‘Historical Oil-painting,’ continues Teufelsdröckh, ‘is one  
 ‘of the Arts I never practised ; therefore shall I not decide

'whether this subject were easy of execution on the canvas.  
 'Yet often has it seemed to me as if such first outflashing of  
 'man's Freewill, to lighten, more and more into Day, the  
 'Chaotic Night that threatened to engulf him in its hindrances  
 'and its horrors, were properly the only grandeur there is in History.  
 'Let some living Angelo or Rosa, with seeing eye and understanding heart,  
 'picture George Fox on that morning, when he spreads out his cutting-board for the  
 'last time, and cuts cow-hides by unwonted patterns, and stitches  
 'them together into one continuous all-including Case, the farewell  
 'service of his awl! Stitch away, thou noble Fox: every prick of that  
 'little instrument is pricking into the heart of Slavery, and World-worship,  
 'and the Mammon-god. Thy elbows jerk, as in strong swimmer-strokes,  
 'and every stroke is bearing thee across the Prison-ditch, within  
 'which Vanity holds her Workhouse and Ragfair, into lands of true liberty;  
 'were the work done, there is in broad Europe one Free Man, and thou art he!

'Thus from the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height;  
 'and for the Poor also a Gospel has been published. Surely, if, as D'Alembert  
 'asserts, my illustrious namesake, Diogenes, was the greatest man of Antiquity,  
 'only that he wanted Decency, then by stronger reason is George Fox the  
 'greatest of the Moderns; and greater than Diogenes himself: for he too  
 'stands on the adamant basis of his Manhood, casting aside all props and  
 'shoars; yet not, in half-savage Pride, undervaluing the Earth; valuing it  
 'rather, as a place to yield him warmth and food, he looks Heavenward  
 'from his Earth, and dwells in an element of Mercy and Worship, with a  
 'still Strength, such as the Cynic's Tub did not witness. Great, truly, was  
 'that Tub; a temple from which man's dignity and divinity was scornfully  
 'preached abroad; but greater is the Leather Hull, for the same sermon  
 'was preached there, and not in Scorn but in Love.'

George Fox's 'perennial suit,' with all that it held, has been worn quite into  
 ashes for nigh two centuries: why, in a discussion on the *Perfectibility of Society*,  
 reproduce it now?

Not out of blind sectarian partisanship : Teufelsdröckh himself is no Quaker ; with all his pacific tendencies, did we not see him, in that scene at the North Cape, with the Archangel Smuggler, exhibit fire-arms ?

For us, aware of his deep Sansculottism, there is more meant in this passage than meets the ear. At the same time, who can avoid smiling at the earnestness and Boeotian simplicity (if indeed there be not an underhand satire in it), with which that 'Incident' is here brought forward ; and, in the Professor's ambiguous way, as clearly perhaps as he durst in Weissnichtwo, recommended to imitation ! Does Teufelsdröckh anticipate that, in this age of refinement, any considerable class of the community, by way of testifying against the 'Mammon-god,' and escaping from what he calls 'Vanity's Workhouse and Ragfair,' where doubtless some of them are toiled and whipped and hoodwinked sufficiently,—will sheathe themselves in close-fitting cases of Leather ? The idea is ridiculous in the extreme. Will Majesty lay aside its robes of state, and Beauty its frills and train-gowns, for a second-skin of tanned hide ? By which change Huddersfield and Manchester, and Coventry and Paisley, and the Fancy-Bazaar, were reduced to hungry solitudes ; and only Day and Martin could profit. For neither would Teufelsdröckh's mad day-dream, here as we presume covertly intended, of levelling Society (*levelling* it indeed with a vengeance, into one huge drowned marsh !), and so attaining the political effects of Nudity without its frigorific or other consequences,—be thereby realised. Would not the rich man purchase a waterproof suit of Russia Leather ; and the high-born Belle step forth in red or azure morocco, lined with shamoy ; the black cowhide being left to the Drudges and Gibeonites of the world ; and so all the old Distinctions be re-established ?

Or has the Professor his own deeper intention ; and laughs in his sleeve at our strictures and glosses, which indeed are but a part thereof ?



## CHAPTER II.

## CHURCH-CLOTHES.

Not less questionable is his Chapter on *Church-Clothes*, which has the farther distinction of being the shortest in the Volume. We here translate it entire :

‘ By Church Clothes, it need not be premised, that I mean infinitely more than Cassocks and Surplices ; and do not at all mean the mere haberdasher Sunday Clothes that men go to Church in. Far from it ! Church-Clothes are, in our vocabulary, the Forms, the *Vestures*, under which men have at various periods embodied and represented for themselves the Religious Principle ; that is to say, invested the Divine Idea of the World with a sensible and practically active Body, so that it might dwell among them as a living and life-giving WORD.

“ These are unspeakably the most important of all the vestures and garnitures of Human Existence. They are first spun and woven, I may say, by that wonder of wonders, SOCIETY ; for it is still only when “ two or three are gathered together ” that Religion, spiritually existent, and indeed indestructible however latent, in each, first outwardly manifests itself (as with “ cloven tongues of fire ”), and seeks to be embodied in a visible Communion, and Church Militant. Mystical, more than magical, is that Communing of Soul with Soul, both looking heavenward ; here properly Soul first speaks with Soul ; for only in looking heavenward, take it in what sense you may, not in looking earthward, does what we can call Union, mutual Love, Society, begin to be possible. How true is that of Novalis ; “ It is certain, my Belief gains quite *infinitely* the moment I can convince another mind thereof ! ” Gaze thou in the face of thy Brother, in those eyes where plays the lambent fire of Kindness, or in those where rages the lurid conflagration of Anger ; feel how thy own so quiet Soul is straightway involuntarily kindled with the like, and ye blaze and reverberate on each other, till it

‘ is all one limitless confluent flame (of embracing Love, or of  
 ‘ deadly-grappling Hate) ; and then say what miraculous virtue  
 ‘ goes out of man into man. But if so, through all the thick-  
 ‘ plied hull of our Earthly Life ; how much more when it is  
 ‘ of the Divine Life we speak, and inmost ME is, as it were,  
 ‘ brought into contact with inmost ME !

‘ Thus was it that I said, the Church-Clothes are first spun  
 ‘ and woven by Society ; outward Religion originates by So-  
 ‘ ciety, Society becomes possible by Religion. Nay, perhaps  
 ‘ every conceivable Society, past and present, may well be fig-  
 ‘ ured as properly and wholly a Church, in one or other of  
 ‘ these three predicaments : an audibly preaching and prophe-  
 ‘ sying Church, which is the best ; second, a Church that strug-  
 ‘ gles to preach and prophesy, but cannot as yet, till its Pen-  
 ‘ tecost come ; and third and worst, a Church gone dumb with  
 ‘ old age, or which only mumbles delirium prior to dissolution.  
 ‘ Whoso fancies that by Church is here meant Chapterhouses  
 ‘ and Cathedrals, or by preaching and prophesying, mere  
 ‘ speech and chaunting, let him,’ says the oracular Professor,  
 ‘ read on, light of heart (*getrosten Muthes*).

‘ But with regard to your Church proper, and the Church-  
 ‘ Clothes specially recognised as Church-Clothes, I remark,  
 ‘ fearlessly enough, that without such Vestures and sacred Tis-  
 ‘ sues Society has not existed, and will not exist. For if Gov-  
 ‘ ernment is, so to speak, the outward SKIN of the Body Politic,  
 ‘ holding the whole together and protecting it ; and all your  
 ‘ Craft-Guilds, and Associations for Industry, of hand or of  
 ‘ head, are the Fleshly Clothes, the muscular and osseous Tis-  
 ‘ sues, (lying *under* such SKIN), whereby Society stands and  
 ‘ works ;—then is Religion the inmost Pericardial and  
 ‘ Nervous Tissue, which ministers Life and warm Circulation  
 ‘ to the whole. Without which Pericardial Tissue the Bones  
 ‘ and Muscles (of Industry) were inert, or animated only by a  
 ‘ Galvanic vitality : the SKIN would become a shrivelled pelt, or  
 ‘ fast-rotting raw-hide ; and Society itself a dead carcass,—  
 ‘ deserving to be buried. Men were no longer Social, but  
 ‘ Gregarious ; which latter state also could not continue, but  
 ‘ must gradually issue in universal selfish discord, hatred,

‘ savage isolation, and dispersion ;—whereby, as we might  
 ‘ continue to say, the very dust and dead body of Society  
 ‘ would have evaporated and become abolished. Such, and so  
 ‘ all-important, all-sustaining, are the Church-Clothes, to civi-  
 ‘ lised or even to rational man.

‘ Meanwhile, in our era of the World, those same Church-  
 ‘ Clothes have gone sorrowfully out at elbows : nay, far worse,  
 ‘ many of them have become mere hollow Shapes, or Masks,  
 ‘ under which no living Figure or Spirit any longer dwells ;  
 ‘ but only spiders and unclean beetles, in horrid accumulation,  
 ‘ drive their trade ; and the Mask still glares on you with its  
 ‘ glass-eyes, in ghastly affectation of Life,—some generation  
 ‘ and half after Religion has quite withdrawn from it, and in  
 ‘ unnoticed nooks is weaving for herself new Vestures, where-  
 ‘ with to reappear, and bless us, or our sons or grandsons. As  
 ‘ a Priest, or Interpreter of the Holy, is the noblest and high-  
 ‘ est of all men, so is a Champriest (*Schein-priester*) the falsest  
 ‘ and basest : neither is it doubtful that his Canonicals, were  
 ‘ they Popes’ Tiaras, will one day be torn from him, to make  
 ‘ bandages for the wounds of mankind ; or even to burn into  
 ‘ tinder, for general scientific or culinary purposes.

‘ All which, as out of place here, falls to be handled in my  
 ‘ Second Volume, *On the Palingenesia, or Newbirth of Society* ;  
 ‘ which volume, as treating practically of the Wear, Destruc-  
 ‘ tion, and Re-texture of Spiritual Tissues, or Garments, forms,  
 ‘ properly speaking, the Transcendental or ultimate Portion  
 ‘ of this my Work *on Clothes*, and is already in a state of for-  
 ‘ wardness.’

And herewith, no farther exposition, note, or commentary  
 being added, does Teufelsdröckh, and must his Editor now,  
 terminate the singular chapter on Church-Clothes !

## CHAPTER III.

## SYMBOLS.

Probably it will elucidate the drift of these foregoing obscure utterances, if we here insert somewhat of our Professor's speculations on *Symbols*. To state his whole doctrine, indeed, were beyond our compass : nowhere is he more mysterious, impalpable, than in this of 'Fantasy being the organ of 'the Godlike ;' and how 'Man thereby, though based, to all 'seeming, on the small Visible, does nevertheless extend down 'into the infinite deeps of the Invisible, of which Invisible, 'indeed, his Life is properly the bodying forth.' Let us, omitting these high transcendental aspects of the matter, study to glean (whether from the Paperbags or the Printed Volume) what little seems logical and practical, and cunningly arrange it into such degree of coherence as it will assume. By way of proem, take the following not injudicious remarks :

'The benignant efficacies of Concealment,' cries our Professor, 'who shall speak or sing? SILENCE and SECRECY! Altars might still be raised to them (were this an altar-building time) for universal worship. Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together ; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of Life, which they are thenceforth to rule. Not William the Silent only, but all the considerable men I have known, and the most undiplomatic and unstrategic of these, forbore to babble of what they were creating and projecting. Nay, in thy own mean perplexities, do thou thyself but *hold thy tongue for one day*: on the morrow, how much clearer are thy purposes, and duties ; what wreck and rubbish have those mute workmen within thee swept away, when intrusive noises were shut out ! Speech is too often not as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing Thought ; but of quite stifling and suspending Thought, so that there is none to conceal. Speech too is great, but not the greatest. As the Swiss Inscription says : *Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen*

'*ist golden* (Speech is silvern, Silence is golden); or as I might rather express it: Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity.

'Bees will not work except in darkness; Thought will not work except in Silence; neither will Virtue work except in Secrecy. Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth! Neither shalt thou prate even to thy own heart of "those secrets known to all." Is not Shame the soil of all Virtue, of all good manners, and good morals? Like other plants, Virtue will not grow unless its root be hidden, buried from the eye of the sun. Let the sun shine on it, nay, do but look at it privily thyself, the root withers, and no flower will glad thee. O my Friends, when we view the fair clustering flowers that over-wreathe, for example, the Marriage-bower, and encircle man's life with the fragrance and hues of Heaven, what hand will not smite the foul plunderer that grubs them up by the roots, and, with grinning, grunting satisfaction, shews us the dung they flourish in! Men speak much of the Printing Press with its Newspapers: *du Himmel!* what are these to Clothes and the Tailor's Goose?'

'Of kin to the so incalculable influences of Concealment, and connected with still greater things, is the wondrous agency of *Symbols*. In a Symbol there is concealment and yet revelation: here, therefore, by Silence and by Speech acting together, comes a doubled significance. And if both the Speech be itself high, and the Silence fit and noble, how expressive will their union be! Thus in many a painted Device, or simple Seal-emblem, the commonest Truth stands out to us proclaimed with quite new emphasis.

'For it is here that Fantasy with her mystic wonderland plays into the small prose domain of Sense, and becomes incorporated therewith. In the Symbol proper, what we can call a Symbol, there is ever, more or less distinctly and directly, some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite; the Infinite is made to blend itself with the Finite, to stand visible, and as it were, attainable there. By Symbols, accordingly, is man guided and commanded, made happy, made



‘wretched. He everywhere finds himself encompassed with Symbols, recognised as such or not recognised : the Universe is but one vast Symbol of God ; nay, if thou wilt have it, what is man himself but a Symbol of God ; is not all that he does symbolical ; a revelation to Sense of the mystic god-given Force that is in him ; a “Gospel of Freedom,” which he, the “Messias of Nature,” preaches, as he can, by act and word ? Not a Hut he builds but is the visible embodiment of a Thought ; but bears visible record of invisible things ; but is, in the transcendental sense, symbolical as well as real.’

‘Man,’ says the Professor elsewhere, in quite antipodal contrast with these high-soaring delineations, which we have here cut short on the verge of the inane, ‘man is by birth somewhat of an owl. Perhaps, too, of all the owleries that ever possessed him, the most owlish, if we consider it, is that of your actually existing Motive-Millwrights. Fantastic tricks enough has man played, in his time ; has fancied himself to be most things, down even to an animated heap of Glass : but to fancy himself a dead Iron-Balance for weighing Pains and Pleasures on, was reserved for this his latter era. There stands he, his Universe one huge Manger, filled with hay and thistles to be weighed against each other ; and looks long-eared enough. Alas, poor devil ! spectres are appointed to haunt him : one age, he is hagridden, bewitched ; the next, priestridden, befooled ; in all ages, bedevilled. And now the Genius of Mechanism smothers him worse than any Nightmare did ; till the Soul is nigh choked out of him, and only a kind of Digestive, Mechanic life remains. In Earth and in Heaven he can see nothing but Mechanism ; has fear for nothing else, hope in nothing else : the world would indeed grind him to pieces ; but cannot he fathom the Doctrine of Motives, and cunningly compute these, and mechanise them to grind the other way ?

‘Were he not, as has been said, purblindly by enchantment, you had but to bid him open his eyes and look. In which country, in which time, was it hitherto that man’s history, or the history of any man, went on by calculated or

'calculable "Motives?" What make ye of your Christianities, and Chivalries, and Reformations, and Marseilles Hymns, and Reigns of Terror? Nay, has not perhaps, the 'Motive-grinder himself been *in Love*? Did he never stand 'so much as a contested Election? Leave him to Time, and 'the medicating virtue of Nature.'

'Yes, Friends,' elsewhere observes the Professor, 'not our 'Logical, Mensurative faculty, but our Imaginative one is 'King over us; I might say, Priest and Prophet to lead us 'heavenward; or Magician and Wizard to lead us hellward. 'Nay, even for the basest Sensualist, what is Sense but the 'implement of Fantasy; the vessel it drinks out of? Ever in 'the dullest existence, there is a sheen either of Inspiration 'or of Madness (thou partly hast it in thy choice, which of 'the two) that gleams in from the circumambient Eternity, 'and colours with its own hues our little islet of Time. The 'Understanding is indeed thy window, too clear thou canst 'not make it; but Fantasy is thy eye, with its colour-giving 'retina, healthy or diseased. Have not I myself known five 'hundred living soldiers sabred into crows' meat, for a piece 'of glazed cotton, which they called their Flag; which, had 'you sold it at any market-cross, would not have brought 'above three groschen? Did not the whole Hungarian Nation rise, like some tumultuous moon-stirred Atlantic, when 'Kaiser Joseph pocketed their Iron Crown; an implement, as 'was sagaciously observed, in size and commercial value, little 'differing from a horse-shoe? It is in and through *Symbols* 'that man, consciously or unconsciously, lives, works, and has 'his being: those ages, moreover, are accounted the noblest 'which can the best recognise symbolical worth, and prize it 'the highest. For is not a Symbol ever, to him who has eyes 'for it, some dimmer or clearer revelation of the Godlike?

'Of Symbols, however, I remark farther, that they have 'both an extrinsic and intrinsic value; oftenest the former 'only. What, for instance, was in that clouted Shoe, which 'the peasants bore aloft with them as ensign in their *Bauernkrieg* (Peasants' War)? Or in the Wallet-and-staff round 'which the Netherland *Gueux*, glorying in that nickname of

‘Beggars, heroically rallied and prevailed, though against King Philip himself? Intrinsic significance these had none : only extrinsic ; as the accidental Standards of multitudes more or less sacredly uniting together ; in which union itself, as above noted, there is ever something mystical and borrowing of the Godlike. Under a like category too, stand, or stood, the stupidest heraldic Coats-of-arms ; military Banners everywhere ; and generally all national or other sectarian Costumes and Customs : they have no intrinsic, necessary divineness, or even worth ; but have acquired an extrinsic one. Nevertheless through all these there glimmers something of a Divine Idea ; as through military Banners themselves, the Divine Idea of Duty, of heroic Daring ; in some instances of Freedom, of Right. Nay, the highest ensign that men ever met and embraced under, the Cross itself, had no meaning save an accidental extrinsic one.

‘Another matter it is, however, when your Symbol has intrinsic meaning, and is of itself *fit* that men should unite round it. Let but the Godlike manifest itself to Sense ; let but Eternity look, more or less visibly, through the Time-figure (*Zeitbild*) ! Then is it fit that men unite there ; and worship together before such Symbol ; and so from day to day, and from age to age, superadd to it new divineness.

‘Of this latter sort are all true Works of Art : in them (if thou know a Work of Art from a Daub of Artifice) wilt thou discern Eternity looking through Time ; the Godlike rendered visible. Here too may an extrinsic value gradually superadd itself : thus certain *Iliads*, and the like, have, in three thousand years, attained quite new significance. But nobler than all in this kind are the Lives of heroic god-inspired Men ; for what other Work of Art is so divine ? In Death too, in the Death of the Just, as the last perfection of a Work of Art, may we not discern symbolic meaning ? In that divinely transfigured Sleep, as of Victory, resting over the beloved face which now knows thee no more, read (if thou canst for tears) the confluence of Time with Eternity, and some gleam of the latter peering through.

‘Highest of all Symbols are those wherein the Artist or Poet has risen into Prophet, and all men can recognise a present God, and worship the same : I mean religious Symbols. Various enough have been such religious Symbols, what we call *Religions* ; as men stood in this stage of culture or the other, and could worse or better body forth the God-like ; some Symbols with a transient intrinsic worth ; many with only an extrinsic. If thou ask to what height man has carried it in this manner look on our divinest Symbol : on Jesus of Nazareth, and his Life, and his Biography, and what followed therefrom. Higher has the human Thought not yet reached : this is Christianity, and Christendom ; a Symbol of quite perennial, infinite character ; whose significance will ever demand to be anew inquired into, and anew made manifest.

‘But, on the whole, as Time adds much to the sacredness of Symbols, so likewise in his progress he at length defaces, or even desecrates them ; and Symbols, like all terrestrial Garments, wax old. Homer’s Epos has not ceased to be true ; yet it is no longer *our* Epos, but shines in the distance, if clearer and clearer, yet also smaller and smaller, like a receding Star. It needs a scientific telescope, it needs to be reinterpreted and artificially brought near us, before we can so much as know that it *was* a Sun. So likewise a day comes when the Runic Thor, with his Eddas, must withdraw into dimness ; and many an African Mumbo-Jumbo, and Indian Pawaw be utterly abolished. For all things, even Celestial Luminaries, much more atmospheric meteors, have their rise, their culmination, their decline.’

‘Small is this which thou tellest me, that the Royal Sceptre is but a piece of gilt wood ; that the Pyx has become a most foolish box, and truly, as Ancient Pistol thought, “of little price.” A right Conjuror might I name thee, couldst thou conjure back into these wooden tools the divine virtue they once held.’

‘Of this thing, however, be certain : wouldst thou plant for Eternity, then plant into the deep infinite faculties of man, his Fantasy and Heart : wouldst thou plant for Year and

‘Day, then plant into his shallow superficial faculties, his  
 ‘Self-love and Arithmetical Understanding, what will grow  
 ‘there. A Hierarch, therefore, and Pontiff of the World will  
 ‘we call him, the Poet and inspired Maker ; who, Prometheus-like, can shape new Symbols, and bring new Fire from  
 ‘Heaven to fix it there. Such too will not always be wanting ; neither perhaps now are. Meanwhile, as the average  
 ‘of matter goes, we account him Legislator and wise who can  
 ‘so much as tell when a Symbol has grown old, and gently  
 ‘remove it.’

‘When, as the last English Coronation\* was preparing,’ concludes this wonderful Professor, ‘I read in their Newspapers that the “Champion of England,” he who has to offer  
 ‘battle to the Universe for his new King, had brought it so  
 ‘far that he could now “mount his horse with little assistance,” I said to myself: Here also we have a Symbol well  
 ‘high superannuated. Alas, move whithersoever you may, are  
 ‘not the tatters and rags of superannuated worn-out Symbols  
 ‘(in this Ragfair of a World) dropping off everywhere, to hoodwink, to halter, to tether you ; nay, if you shake them not  
 ‘aside, threatening to accumulate, and perhaps produce suffocation.’

## CHAPTER IV.

### HELOTAGE.

At this point we determine on advertizing shortly, or rather reverting, to a certain Tract of Hofrath Heuschrecke’s, entitled *Institute for the Repression of Population* ; which lies, dishonourably enough (with torn leaves, and a perceptible smell of aloetic drugs), stuffed into the Bag *Pisces*. Not indeed for the sake of the Tract itself, which we admire little ; but of the marginal Notes, evidently in Teufelsdröckh’s hand, which rather copiously fringe it. A few of these may be in the right place here.

Into the Hofrath’s *Institute*, with its extraordinary schemes, and machinery of Corresponding Boards and the like, we shall

\* That of George IV.—ED.



not so much as glance. Enough for us to understand that Heuschrecke is a disciple of Malthus ; and so zealous for the doctrine, that his zeal almost literally eats him up. A deadly fear of Population possesses the Hofrath ; something like a fixed-idea ; undoubtedly akin to the more diluted forms of Madness. Nowhere, in that quarter of his intellectual world, is there light ; nothing but a grim shadow of Hunger ; open mouths opening wider and wider ; a world to terminate by the frightfullest consummation ; by its too dense inhabitants, famished into delirium, universally eating one another. To make air for himself in which strangulation, choking enough to a benevolent heart, the Hofrath founds, or proposes to found, this *Institute* of his, as the best he can do. It is only with our Professor's comments thereon that we concern ourselves.

First, then, remark that Teufelsdröckh, as a speculative Radical, has his own notions about human dignity ; that the Zähdarm palaces and courtesies have not made him forgetful of the Futteral cottages. On the blank cover of Heuschrecke's Tract, we find the following indistinctly engrossed :

' Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn  
' Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously con-  
' quers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is  
' the hard Hand ; crooked, coarse ; wherein notwithstanding  
' lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of  
' this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-  
' tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence ; for it is the  
' face of a Man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable  
' for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as  
' love thee ! Hardly-entreated Brother ! For us was thy  
' back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so  
' deformed : thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell,  
' and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too  
' lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded ; en-  
' crusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and deface-  
' ments of Labour ; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to  
' know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on : *thou* art in thy duty,  
' be out of it who may ; thou toilest for the altogether indis-  
' pensable, for daily bread.

‘ A second man I honour, and still more highly : Him who  
‘ is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable ; not daily  
‘ bread, but the Bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty ;  
‘ endeavouring towards inward Harmony ; revealing this by  
‘ act, or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be  
‘ they high or low ? Highest of all, when his outward and  
‘ his inward endeavour are one : when we can name him  
‘ Artist ; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker,  
‘ who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us !  
‘ If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not  
‘ the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have  
‘ Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality ?—These two,  
‘ in all their degrees, I honour : all else is chaff and dust,  
‘ which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

‘ Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both  
‘ dignities united ; and he that must toil outwardly for the  
‘ lowest of man’s wants, is also toiling inwardly for the high-  
‘ est. Sublimar in this world know I nothing than a Peasant  
‘ Saint, could such now any where be met with. Such a one  
‘ will take thee back to Nazareth itself ; thou wilt see the  
‘ splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths  
‘ of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness.’

And again : ‘ It is not because of his toils that I lament for  
‘ the poor : we must all toil, or steal (howsoever we name our  
‘ stealing), which is worse ; no faithful workman finds his task  
‘ a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst ; but for him  
‘ also there is food and drink : he is heavy-laden and weary ;  
‘ but for him also the Heavens send Sleep, and of the deep-  
‘ est ; in his smoky cribs, a clear dewy heaven of Rest envel-  
‘ opes him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted Dreams.  
‘ But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul  
‘ should go out ; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly  
‘ knowledge, should visit him ; but only, in the haggard  
‘ darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation bear him  
‘ company. Alas, while the Body stands so broad and  
‘ brawny, must the Soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupified, al-  
‘ most annihilated ! Alas, was this too a Breath of God ; be-  
‘ stowed in Heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded !—

‘That there should one Man die Ignorant who had capacity for Knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does. The miserable fraction of Science which our united Mankind, in a wide Universe of Nescience, has acquired, why is not this, with all diligence, imparted to all?’

Quite in an opposite strain is the following: ‘The old Spartans had a wiser method; and went out and hunted down their Helots, and speared and spitted them, when they grew too numerous. With our improved fashions of hunting, Herr Hofrath, now after the invention of fire-arms, and standing armies, how much easier were such a hunt! Perhaps in the most thickly-peopled country, some three days annually might suffice to shoot all the able-bodied Paupers that had accumulated within the year. Let Governments think of this. The expense were trifling: nay, the very carcasses would pay it. Have them salted and barrelled; could not you victual therewith, if not Army and Navy, yet richly such infirm Paupers, in workhouses and elsewhere, as enlightened Charity, dreading no evil of them, might see good to keep alive?’

‘And yet,’ writes he farther on, ‘there must be something wrong. A full-formed Horse will, in any market, bring from twenty to as high as two hundred Friedrichs d’or: such is his worth to the world. A full-formed Man is not only worth nothing to the world, but the world could afford him a round sum would he simply engage to go and hang himself. Nevertheless, which of the two was the more cunningly-devised article, even as an Engine? Good Heavens! A white European man, standing on his two Legs, with his two five-fingered Hands at his shackle-bones, and miraculous Head on his shoulders, is worth, I should say, from fifty to a hundred Horses!’

‘True, thou Gold-Hofrath,’ cries the Professor elsewhere: ‘too crowded indeed! Meanwhile, what portion of this inconsiderable terraqueous Globe have ye actually tilled and delved, till it will grow no more? How thick stands your Population in the Pampas and Savannas of America; round

‘ancient Carthage, and in the interior of Africa ; on both slopes of the Altaic chain, in the central Platform of Asia ; in Spain, Greece, Turkey, Crim Tartary, the Curragh of Kildare? One man, in one year, as I have understood it, if you lend him Earth, will feed himself and nine others. Alas, where now are the Hengsts and Alarics of our still glowing, still expanding Europe ; who, when their home is grown too narrow, will enlist and, like Fire-pillars, guide onwards those superfluous masses of indomitable living Valour ; equipped, not now with the battle-axe and war-chariot, but with the steam-engine and ploughshare? Where are they?—Pre-serving their Game!’

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE PHOENIX.

Putting which four singular Chapters together, and alongside of them numerous hints, and even direct utterances, scattered over these Writings of his, we come upon the startling, yet not quite unlooked-for conclusion, that Teufelsdröckh is one of those who consider Society, properly so called, to be as good as extinct ; and that only the Gregarious feelings, and old inherited habitudes, at this juncture, hold us from Dispersion, and universal national, civil, domestic and personal war ! He says expressly : ‘For the last three centuries, above all, for the last three quarters of a century, that same Pericardial Nervous Tissue (as we named it) of Religion, where lies the Life-essence of Society, has been smote at and perforated, needfully and needlessly ; till now it is quite rent into shreds ; and Society, long pining, diabetic, consumptive, can be regarded as defunct ; for those spasmodic, galvanic sprawlings are not life ; neither indeed will they endure, galvanise as you may, beyond two days.’

‘Call ye that a Society,’ cries he again, ‘where there is no longer any Social Idea extant ; not so much as the Idea of a common Home, but only of a common, over-crowded Lodging-house? Where each, isolated, regardless of his neighbour, turned against his neighbour, clutches what he can

'get, and cries "Mine!" and calls it Peace, because, in the 'cut-purse and cut-throat Scramble, no steel knives, but only 'a far cunninger sort, can be employed? Where Friendship, 'Communion, has become an incredible tradition; and your 'holiest Sacramental Supper is a smoking Tavern Dinner, 'with Cook for Evangelist? Where your Priest has no 'tongue but for plate-licking: and your high Guides and 'Governors cannot guide; but on all hands hear it passion- 'ately proclaimed: *Laissez faire*; Leave us alone of *your* 'guidance, such light is darker than darkness; eat you your 'wages, and sleep!

'Thus, too,' continues he, 'does an observant eye discern 'everywhere that saddest spectacle: The Poor perishing, like 'neglected, foundered Draught-Cattle, of Hunger and Over- 'work; the Rich, still more wretchedly, of Idleness, Satiety, 'and Overgrowth. The Highest in rank, at length, without 'honour from the Lowest; scarcely, with a little mouth- 'honour, as from tavern-waiters who expect to put it in the 'bill. Once sacred Symbols fluttering as empty Pageants, 'whereof men grudge even the expense; a World becoming 'dismantled: in one word, the CHURCH fallen speechless, from 'obesity and apoplexy; the STATE shrunk into a Police- 'Office, straitened to get its pay!"

We might ask, are there many 'observant eyes,' belonging to Practical men, in England or elsewhere, which have descried these phenomena; or is it only from the mystic elevation of a German *Wahngasse* that such wonders are visible? Teufelsdröckh contends that the aspect of a 'deceased or expiring Society' fronts us everywhere, so that whoso runs may read. 'What, for example,' says he, 'is the universally-arrogated 'Virtue, almost the sole remaining Catholic Virtue, of these 'days? For some half century, it has been the thing you 'name, "Independence." Suspicion of "Servility," of rever- 'ence for Superiors the very dogleech is anxious to disavow. 'Fools! Were your Superiors worthy to govern, and you 'worthy to obey, reverence for them were even your only pos- 'sible freedom. Independence, in all kinds, is rebellion; if 'unjust rebellion, why parade it, and everywhere prescribe?'



But what then? Are we returning, as Rousseau prayed, to the state of Nature? 'The Soul Politic having departed,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'what can follow but that the Body Politic be decently interred, to avoid putrescence? Liberals, Economists, Utilitarians enough I see marching with its bier, and chaunting loud pæans, towards the funeral-pile, where, amid wailings from some, and saturnalian revelries from the most, the venerable Corpse is to be burnt. Or, in plain words, that these men, Liberals, Utilitarians, or whatsoever they are called, will ultimately carry their point, and dissever and destroy most existing Institutions of Society, seems a thing which has some time ago ceased to be doubtful.

'Do we not see a little subdivision of the grand Utilitarian Armament come to light even in insulated England? A living nucleus, that will attract and grow, does at length appear there also; and under curious phasis; properly as the inconsiderable fag-end, and so far in the rear of the others as to fancy itself the van. Our European Mechanisers are a sect of boundless diffusion, activity, and coöperative spirit: has not Utilitarianism flourished in high places of Thought, here among ourselves, and in every European country, at some time or other, within the last fifty years? If now in all countries, except perhaps England, it has ceased to flourish, or indeed to exist, among Thinkers, and sunk to Journalists and the popular mass,—who sees not that, as hereby it no longer preaches, so the reason is, it now needs no Preaching, but is in full universal Action, the doctrine everywhere known, and enthusiastically laid to heart? The fit pabulum, in these times, for a certain rugged workshop-intellect and heart, nowise without their corresponding workshop-strength and ferocity, it requires but to be stated in such scenes to make proselytes enough.—Admirably calculated for destroying, only not for rebuilding! It spreads like a sort of Dog-madness; till the whole World-kennel will be rabid: then woe to the Huntsmen, with or without their whips! They should have given the quadrupeds water,' adds he; 'the water, namely, of Knowledge and of Life, while it was yet time.'

Thus, if Professor Teufelsdröckh can be relied on, we are at this hour in a most critical condition; beleaguered by that boundless 'Armament of Mechanisers' and Unbelievers, threatening to strip us bare! 'The World,' says he, 'as it needs must, is under a process of devastation and waste, which, whether by silent assiduous corrosion, or open quicker combustion, as the case chances, will effectually enough annihilate the past Forms of Society; replace them with what it may. For the present, it is contemplated that when man's whole Spiritual Interests are once *divested*, these innumerable stript-off Garments shall mostly be burnt; but the sounder Rags among them be quilted together into one huge Irish watch-coat for the defence of the Body only!'—This, we think, is but Job's news to the humane reader.

'Nevertheless,' cries Teufelsdröckh, 'who can hinder it; who is there that can clutch into the wheel-spokes of Destiny, and say to the Spirit of the Time: Turn back, I command thee?—Wiser were it that we yielded to the Inevitable and Inexorable, and accounted even this the best.'

Nay, might not an attentive Editor, drawing his own inferences from what stands written, conjecture that Teufelsdröckh individually had yielded to this same 'Inevitable and Inexorable' heartily enough; and now sat waiting the issue, with his natural diabolico-angelical Indifference, if not even Placidity? Did we not hear him complain that the World was a 'huge Ragfair,' and the 'rags and tatters of old Symbols' were raining down everywhere, like to drift him in, and suffocate him? What with those 'unhunted Helots' of his; and the uneven *sic-vos-non-vobis* pressure, and hard-crashing collision he is pleased to discern in existing things; what with the so hateful 'empty Masks,' full of beetles and spiders, yet glaring out on him, from their glass-eyes, 'with a ghastly affectation of life,'—we feel entitled to conclude him even willing that much should be thrown to the Devil, so it were but done gently! Safe himself in that 'Pinnacle of Weissnichtwo,' he would consent, with a tragic solemnity, that the monster UTILITARIA, held back, indeed, and moderated by nose-rings, halters, foot-shackles, and every conceivable modifica-

tion of rope, should go forth to do her work ;—to tread down old ruinous Palaces and Temples, with her broad hoof, till the whole were trodden down, that new and better might be built ! Remarkable in this point of view are the following sentences.

‘ Society,’ says he, ‘ is not dead : that Carcass, which you call ‘ dead Society, is but her mortal coil which she has shuffled ‘ off, to assume a nobler ; she herself, through perpetual ‘ metamorphoses, in fairer and fairer development, has to live ‘ till Time also merge in Eternity. Wheresoever two or three ‘ Living Men are gathered together, there is Society ; or there ‘ it will be, with its cunning mechanisms and stupendous ‘ structures, overspreading this little Globe, and reaching up- ‘ wards to Heaven and downwards to Gehenna : for always, ‘ under one or the other figure it has two authentic Revela- ‘ tions, of a God and of a Devil ; the Pulpit, namely, and the ‘ Gallows.’

Indeed, we already heard him speak of ‘ Religion, in un- noticed nooks, weaving for herself new Vestures ;’—Teufels- dröckh himself being one of the loom-treadles ? Elsewhere he quotes without censure that strange aphorism of Saint-Simon’s, concerning which and whom so much were to be said : ‘ *L’age ‘ d’or, qu’une aveugle tradition a placé jusqu’ici dans le passé, est ‘ devant nous ;* The golden age, which a blind tradition has ‘ hitherto placed in the Past, is Before us.’—But listen again :

‘ When the Phoenix is fanning her funeral pyre, will there ‘ not be sparks flying ! Alas, some millions of men, and among ‘ them such as a Napoleon, have already been licked into that ‘ high-eddy Flame, and like moths consumed there. Still ‘ also have we to fear that incautious beards will get singed.

‘ For the rest, in what year of grace such Phoenix-cremation ‘ will be completed, you need not ask. The law of Persever- ‘ ance is among the deepest in man : by nature he hates ‘ change ; seldom will he quit his old house till it has actually ‘ fallen about his ears. Thus have I seen Solemnities linger ‘ as Ceremonies, sacred Symbols as idle Pageants, to the ex- ‘ tent of three hundred years and more after all life and sacred- ‘ ness had evaporated out of them. And then, finally, what

‘time the Phœnix Death-Birth itself will require, depends on ‘unseen contingencies.—Meanwhile, would Destiny offer Mankind that after, say two centuries of convulsion and conflagration, more or less vivid, the fire-creation should be accomplished, and we find ourselves again in a Living Society, and ‘no longer fighting but working,—were it not perhaps prudent ‘in Mankind to strike the bargain?’

Thus is Teufelsdröckh content that old sick Society should be deliberately burnt (alas! with quite other fuel than spice-wood); in the faith that she is a Phœnix; and that a new heavenborn young one will rise out of her ashes! We ourselves, restricted to the duty of Indicator shall forbear commentary. Meanwhile, will not the judicious reader shake his head, and reproachfully, yet more in sorrow than in anger, say or think: From a *Doctor utriusque Juris*, titular Professor in a University, and man to whom hitherto, for his services, Society, bad as she is, has given not only food and raiment (of a kind) but books, tobacco and gukguk, we expected more gratitude to his benefactress; and less of a blind trust in the future, which resembles that rather of a philosophical Fatalist and Enthusiast, than of a solid householder paying scot and lot in a Christian country.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### OLD CLOTHES.

As mentioned above, Teufelsdröckh, though a Sansculottist, is in practice probably the politest man extant: his whole heart and life are penetrated and informed with the spirit of Politeness: a noble natural Courtesy shines through him, beautifying his vagaries: like sunlight, making a rosy-fingered, rainbow-dyed Aurora out of mere aqueous clouds; nay, brightening London-smoke itself into gold vapour, as from the crucible of an alchemist. Hear in what earnest though fantastic wise he expresses himself on this head:

‘Shall Courtesy be done only to the rich, and only by the ‘rich? In Good-breeding, which differs, if at all, from High-

‘breeding, only as it gracefully remembers the rights of others, rather than gracefully insists on its own rights, I discern no special connexion with wealth or birth : but rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is due from all men towards all men. Of a truth, were your Schoolmaster at his post, and worth any thing when there, this, with so much else, would be reformed. Nay, each man were then also his neighbour’s schoolmaster ; till at length a rude-visaged, unmannered Peasant could no more be met with, than a Peasant unacquainted with botanical Physiology, or who felt not that the clod he broke was created in Heaven.

‘For whether thou bear a sceptre or a sledge-hammer, art thou not ALIVE ; is not this thy brother ALIVE ? “There is but one Temple in the world,” says Novalis, “and that Temple is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than this high Form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven, when we lay our hands on a human Body.”

‘On which ground, I would fain carry it farther than most do ; and whereas the English Johnson only bowed to every Clergyman, or man with a shovel-hat, I would bow to every Man with any sort of hat, or with no hat whatever. Is he not a Temple, then ; the visible Manifestation and Impersonation of the Divinity ? And yet, alas, such indiscriminate bowing serves not. For there is a Devil dwells in man, as well as a Divinity ; and too often the bow is but pocketed by the *former*. It would go to the pocket of Vanity (which is your clearest phasis of the Devil, in these times) ; therefore must we withhold it.

‘The gladder am I, on the other hand, to do reverence to those Shells and outer Husks of the Body, wherein no devilish passion any longer lodges, but only the pure emblem and effigies of Man : I mean, to Empty, or even to Cast Clothes. Nay, is it not to Clothes that most men do reverence : to the fine frogged broad-cloth, nowise to the “straddling animal with bandy legs” which it holds, and makes a Dignitary of ? Who ever saw any Lord my-lorded in tattered blanket, fastened with wooden skewer ? Nevertheless, I say, there is in such



‘worship a shade of hypocrisy, a practical deception : for  
 ‘how often does the Body appropriate what was meant for the  
 ‘Cloth only ! Whoso would avoid Falsehood, which is the  
 ‘essence of all Sin, will perhaps see good to take a different  
 ‘course. That reverence which cannot act without obstruc-  
 ‘tion and perversion when the Clothes are full, may have free  
 ‘course when they are empty. Even as, for Hindoo Worship-  
 ‘pers, the Pagoda is not less sacred than the God ; so do I  
 ‘too worship the hollow cloth Garment with equal fervour, as  
 ‘when it contained the Man ; nay, with more, for I now fear  
 ‘no deception, of myself or of others.

‘Did not King *Toomtabard*, or, in other words, John Balliol,  
 ‘reign long over Scotland ; the man John Balliol being quite  
 ‘gone, and only the “Toom Tabard” (Empty Gown) remain-  
 ‘ing ? What still dignity dwells in a suit of Cast Clothes !  
 ‘How meekly it bears its honours ! No haughty looks, no  
 ‘scornful gesture : silent and serene, it fronts the world ;  
 ‘neither demanding worship, nor afraid to miss it. The Hat  
 ‘still carries the physiognomy of its Head : but the vanity  
 ‘and the stupidity, and goose-speech which was the sign of  
 ‘these two, are gone. The Coat-arm is stretched out, but  
 ‘not to strike ; the Breeches, in modest simplicity, depend at  
 ‘ease, and now at last have a graceful flow ; the Waistcoat  
 ‘hides no evil passion, no riotous desire ; hunger or thirst now  
 ‘dwells not in it. Thus all is purged from the grossness of  
 ‘sense, from the carking cares and foul vices of the World ;  
 ‘and rides there, on its Clothes-horse ; as, on a Pegasus,  
 ‘might some skyey Messenger, or purified Apparition, visit-  
 ‘ing our low Earth.

‘Often, while I sojourned in that monstrous tuberosity of  
 ‘Civilized Life, the Capital of England ; and meditated and  
 ‘questioned Destiny, under that ink-sea of vapour, black,  
 ‘thick, and multifarious as Spartan broth ; and was one lone  
 ‘Soul amid those grinding millions ;—often have I turned in-  
 ‘to their Old-Clothes Market to worship. With awe-struck  
 ‘heart I walk through that Monmouth Street, with its empty  
 ‘Suits, as through a Sanhedrim of stainless Ghosts. Silent  
 ‘are they, but expressive in their silence : the past witnesses

‘and instruments of Woe and Joy, of Passions, Virtues, Crimes, and all the fathomless tumult of Good and Evil in “the Prison men call Life.” Friends! trust not the heart of that man for whom old Clothes are not venerable. Watch, too, with reverence, that bearded Jewish Highpriest, who with hoarse voice, like some Angel of Doom, summons them from the four winds! On his head, like the Pope, he has three Hats,—a real triple tiara; on either hand, are the similitude of wings, whereon the summoned Garments come to alight; and ever, as he slowly cleaves the air, sounds forth his deep fearful note, as if through a trumpet he were proclaiming: “Ghosts of Life, come to Judgment!” Reck not, ye fluttering Ghosts he will purify you in his Purgatory, with fire and with water; and, one day, new-created ye shall reappear. Oh! let him in whom the flame of Devotion is ready to go out, who has never worshipped, and knows not what to worship, pace and repace, with austere thought, the pavement of Monmouth Street, and say whether his heart and his eyes still continue dry. If Field Lane, with its long fluttering rows of yellow handkerchiefs, be a Dionysius’ Ear, where, in stifled jarring hubbub, we hear the Indictment which Poverty and Vice bring against lazy Wealth, that it has left them there cast out and trodden under foot of Want, Darkness, and the Devil,—then is Monmouth Street a Mirza’s Hill, where, in motley vision, the whole Pageant of Existence passes awfully before us; with its wail and jubilee, mad loves and mad hatreds, church-bells and gallows-ropes, farce-tragedy, beast-godhood,—the Bedlam of Creation!’

To most men, as it does to ourselves, all this will seem overcharged. We too have walked through Monmouth Street; but with little feeling of ‘Devotion:’ probably in part because the contemplative process is so fatally broken in upon by the brood of money-changers, who nestle in that Church, and importune the worshipper with merely secular proposals. Whereas Teufelsdröckh might be in that happy middle-state, which leaves to the Clothes-broker no hope either of sale or of purchase, and so be allowed to linger there without moles-

tation.—Something we would have given to see the little philosophical figure, with its steeple-hat and loose flowing skirts, and eyes in a fine frenzy, ‘pacing and repacing in austerest thought’ that foolish Street; which to him was a true Delphic avenue, and supernatural Whispering-gallery, where the ‘Ghost of Life’ rounded strange secrets in his ear. O thou philosophic Teufelsdröckh, that listenest while others only gabble, and with thy quick tympanum hearest the grass grow!

At the same time is it not strange that, in Paperbag Documents destined for an English Work, there exists nothing like an authentic diary of this his sojourn in London; and of his Meditations among the Clothes-shops only the obscurest emblematic shadows? Neither, in conversation (for, indeed, he was not a man to pester you with his Travels), have we heard him more than allude to the subject.

For the rest, however, it cannot be uninteresting that we here find how early the significance of Clothes had dawned on the now so distinguished Clothes-Professor. Might we but fancy it to have been even in Monmouth Street, at the bottom of our own English ‘ink-sea,’ that this remarkable Volume first took being, and shot forth its salient point in his soul,—as in Chaos did the Egg of Eros, one day to be hatched into a Universe!

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## CHAPTER VII.

### ORGANIC FILAMENTS.

For us, who happen to live while the World-Phoenix is burning herself, and burning so slowly that, as Teufelsdröckh calculates, it were a handsome bargain would she engage to have done ‘within two centuries,’ there seems to lie but an ashy prospect. Not altogether so, however, does the Professor figure it. ‘In the living subject,’ says he, ‘change is wont to be gradual: thus, while the serpent sheds its old skin, the new is already formed beneath. Little knowest thou of the burning of a World-Phoenix, who fanciest that she must first burn out, and lie as a dead cinereous heap; and there

‘ from the young one start up by miracle, and fly heavenward. Far otherwise ! In that Fire-whirlwind, Creation and Destruction proceed together ; ever as the ashes of the Old are blown about, do organic filaments of the New mysteriously spin themselves : and amid the rushing and the waving of the Whirlwind-Element, come tones of a melodious Death-song, which end not, but in tones of a more melodious Birth-song. Nay, look into the Fire-whirlwind with thy own eyes, and thou wilt see.’ Let us actually look, then : to poor individuals, who cannot expect to live two centuries, those same organic filaments, mysteriously spinning themselves, will be the best part of the spectacle. First, therefore, this of Mankind in general :

‘ In vain thou deniest it,’ says the Professor ; ‘ thou *art* my Brother. Thy very Hatred, thy very Envy, those foolish Lies thou tellest of me in thy splenetic humour : what is all this but an inverted Sympathy ? Were I a Steam-engine, wouldst thou take the trouble to tell Lies of me ? Not thou ! I should grind all unheeded, whether badly or well.

‘ Wondrous truly are the bonds that unite us one and all ; whether by the soft binding of Love, or the iron chaining of Necessity, as we like to choose it. More than once have I said to myself of some perhaps whimsically strutting Figure, such as provokes whimsical thoughts : “ Wert thou, my little Brotherkin, suddenly covered up within the largest imaginable Glass-bell,—what a thing it were, not for thyself only but for the world ! Post Letters, more or fewer, from all the four winds, impinge against thy Glass walls, but have to drop unread : neither from within comes there question or response into any Postbag ; thy Thoughts fall into no friendly ear or heart, thy Manufacture into no purchasing hand ; thou art no longer a circulating venous-arterial Heart, that, taking and giving, circulatest through all Space and all Time : there has a Hole fallen out in the immeasurable, universal World-tissue, which must be darned up again ! ”

‘ Such venous-arterial circulation, of Letters, verbal Messages, paper and other Packages, going out from him and coming in, are a blood-circulation, visible to the eye ; but

‘the finer nervous circulation, by which all things, the minutest that he does, minutely influence all men, and the very look of his face blesses or curses whomso it lights on, and so generates ever new blessing or new cursing : all this you cannot see, but only imagine. I say, there is not a red Indian, hunting by Lake Winnipic, can quarrel with his squaw, but the whole world must smart for it : will not the price of beaver rise ? It is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the centre-of-gravity of the Universe.

‘If now an existing generation of men stand so woven together, not less indissolubly does generation with generation. Hast thou ever meditated on that word, Tradition : how we inherit not Life only, but all the garniture and form of Life ; and work, and speak, and even think and feel, as our Fathers, and primeval grandfathers, from the beginning, have given it us ?—Who printed thee, for example, this unpretending Volume on the Philosophy of Clothes ? Not the Herren Stillschweigen and Company : but Cadmus of Thebes, Faust of Mentz, and innumerable others whom thou knowest not. Had there been no Mœsogothic Ulfila, there had been no English Shakspeare, or a different one. Simpleton ! it was Tubalcain that made thy very Tailor’s needle, and sewed that court suit of thine.

‘Yes, truly, if Nature is one, and a living indivisible whole, much more is Mankind, the Image that reflects and creates Nature, without which Nature were not. As palpable life-streams in that wondrous Individual Mankind, among so many life-streams that are not palpable, flow-on those main-currents of what we call Opinion ; as preserved in Institutions, Politics, Churches, above all in Books. Beautiful it is to understand and know that a Thought did never yet die ; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future. It is thus that the heroic Heart, the seeing Eye of the first times, still feels and sees in us of the latest ; that the Wise Man stands ever encompassed, and spiritually embraced, by a cloud of witnesses and brothers ;



‘and there is a living, literal *Communion of Saints*, wide as the World itself, and as the History of the World.

‘Noteworthy also, and serviceable for the progress of this same Individual, wilt thou find his subdivision into Generations. Generations are as the Days of toilsome Mankind ; Death and Birth are the vesper and the matin bells, that summon Mankind to sleep, and to rise refreshed for new advancement. What the Father has made, the Son can make and enjoy ; but has also work of his own appointed him. Thus all things wax, and roll onwards ; Arts, Establishments, Opinions, nothing is completed, but ever completing. Newton has learned to see what Kepler saw ; but there is also a fresh heaven-derived force in Newton ; he must mount to still higher points of vision. So to the Hebrew Lawgiver is, in due time, followed by an Apostle of the Gentiles. In the business of Destruction, as this also is from time to time a necessary work, thou findest a like sequence and perseverance : for Luther it was as yet hot enough to stand by that burning of the Pope’s Bull ; Voltaire could not warm himself at the glimmering ashes, but required quite other fuel. Thus likewise, I note, the English Whig has, in the second generation, become an English Radical ; who, in the third again, it is to be hoped, will become an English Rebuilder. Find mankind where thou wilt, thou findest it in living movement, in progress faster or slower : the Phoenix soars aloft, hovers with outstretched wings, filling Earth with her music ; or, as now, she sinks, and with spherul swan-song immolates herself in flame, that she may soar the higher and sing the clearer.’

Let the friends of social order, in such a disastrous period, lay this to heart, and derive from it any little comfort they can. We subjoin another passage, concerning Titles :

‘Remark, not without surprise,’ says Teufelsdröckh, ‘how all high Titles of Honour come hitherto from Fighting. Your *Herzog* (Duke, *Dux*) is Leader of Armies ; your Earl (*Jarl*) is Strong Man ; your Marshal cavalry Horse-shoer. A Millennium, or reign of Peace and Wisdom, having from of old been prophesied, and becoming now daily more and more

‘indubitable, may it not be apprehended that such Fighting-titles will cease to be palatable, and new and higher need to be devised?’

‘The only Title wherein I, with confidence, trace eternity, is that of King. *König* (King), anciently *Könning* means ‘Kenning (Cunning), or which is the same thing, Can-ning. Ever must the Sovereign of Mankind be fitly entitled ‘King.’

‘Well, also,’ says he elsewhere, ‘was it written by Theologians: a King rules by divine right. He carries in him an authority from God, or man will never give it him. Can I choose my own King? I can choose my own King Popinjay, and play what farce or tragedy I may with him: but he who is to be my Ruler, whose will is to be higher than my will, was chosen for me in Heaven. Neither except in such Obedience to the Heaven-chosen is Freedom so much as conceivable.’

The Editor will here admit that, among all the wondrous provinces of Teufelsdröckh’s spiritual world, there is none he walks in with such astonishment, hesitation, and even pain, as in the Political. How, with our English love of Ministry and Opposition, and that generous conflict of Parties, mind warming itself against mind in their mutual wrestle for the Public Good, by which wrestle, indeed, is our invaluable Constitution kept warm and alive; how shall we domesticate ourselves in this spectral Necropolis, or rather City both of the Dead and of the Unborn, where the Present seems little other than an inconsiderable Film dividing the Past and the Future? In those dim longdrawn expanses, all is so immeasurable; much so disastrous, ghastly; your very radiances, and straggling light-beams, have a supernatural character. And then with such an indifference, such a prophetic peacefulness (accounting the inevitably-coming as already here, to him all one whether it be distant by centuries or only by days), does he sit;—and live, you would say, rather in any other age than his own! It is our painful duty to announce, or repeat, that, looking into this man, we discern a deep, silent, slow-burning,

inextinguishable Radicalism, such as fills us with shuddering admiration.

Thus, for example, he appears to make little even of the Elective Franchise ; at least so we interpret the following : ‘ Satisfy yourselves,’ he says, ‘ by universal, indubitable experiment, even as ye are now doing or will do, whether FREEDOM, ‘ heavenborn and leading heavenward, and so vitally essential ‘ for us all, cannot peradventure be mechanically hatched and ‘ brought to light in that same Ballot-Box of yours ; or at worst ‘ in some other discoverable or devisable Box, Edifice, or Steam-mechanism. It were a mighty convenience ; and beyond all ‘ feats of manufacture witnessed hitherto.’ Is Teufelsdröckh acquainted with the British Constitution, even slightly ?—He says, under another figure : ‘ But after all, were the problem, ‘ as indeed it now everywhere is, To rebuild your old House ‘ from the top downwards (since you must live in it the while), ‘ what better, what other, than the Representative Machine ‘ will serve your turn ? Meanwhile, however, mock me not ‘ with the name of Free, “ when you have but knit up my ‘ chains into ornamental festoons.” ’—Or what will any member of the Peace Society make of such an assertion as this : ‘ The lower people everywhere desire War. Not so unwisely ; ‘ there is then a demand for lower people—to be shot ! ’

Gladly, therefore, do we emerge from those soul-confusing labyrinths of speculative Radicalism, into somewhat clearer regions. Here, looking round, as was our hest, for ‘ organic filaments,’ we ask, may not this, touching ‘ Hero-Worship,’ be of the number ? It seems of a cheerful character ; yet so quaint, so mystical, one knows not what, or how little, may lie under it. Our readers shall look with their own eyes :

‘ True is it that, in these days, man can do almost all things, ‘ only not obey. True likewise that whoso cannot obey cannot be free, still less bear rule ; he that is the inferior of ‘ nothing, can be superior of nothing, the equal of nothing. ‘ Nevertheless, believe not that man has lost his faculty of Reverence ; that if it slumber in him, it has gone dead. Painful for man is that same rebellious Independence, when it has ‘ become inevitable ; only in loving companionship with his

‘fellows does he feel safe ; only in reverently bowing down  
‘before the Higher does he feel himself exalted.

‘Or what if the character of our so troublous Era lay even in  
‘this : that man had forever cast away Fear, which is the  
‘lower ; but not yet risen into perennial Reverence, which is  
‘the higher and highest ?

‘Meanwhile, observe with joy, so cunningly has Nature  
‘ordered it, that whatsoever man ought to obey he cannot but  
‘obey. Before no faintest revelation of the Godlike did he  
‘ever stand irreverent ; least of all, when the Godlike shewed  
‘itself revealed in his fellow-man. Thus is there a true relig-  
‘ious Loyalty forever rooted in his heart ; nay, in all ages,  
‘even in ours, it manifests itself as a more or less orthodox  
‘*Hero-worship*. In which fact, that Hero-worship exists, has  
‘existed, and will for ever exist, universally among Mankind,  
‘mayest thou discern the corner-stone of living-rock, whereon  
‘all Politics for the remotest time may stand secure.’

Do our readers discern any such corner-stone, or even so much as what Teufelsdröckh is looking at ? He exclaims,  
‘Or hast thou forgotten Paris and Voltaire ? How the aged,  
‘withered man, though but a Sceptic, Mocker, and millinery  
‘Court-poet, yet because even he seemed the Wisest, Best,  
‘could drag mankind at his chariot-wheels, so that princes  
‘coveted a smile from him, and the loveliest of France would  
‘have laid their hair beneath his feet ! All Paris was one vast  
‘Temple of Hero-worship ; though their Divinity, moreover,  
‘was of feature too apish.

‘But if such things,’ continues he, ‘were done in the dry  
‘tree, what will be done in the green ? If, in the most parched  
‘season of Man’s History, in the most parched spot of Europe,  
‘when Parisian life was at best but a scientific *Hortus Siccus*,  
‘bedizened with some Italian Gumflowers, such virtue could  
‘come out of it ; what is to be looked for when Life again  
‘waves leafy and bloomy, and your Hero-Divinity shall have  
‘nothing apelike, but be wholly human ? Know that there is  
‘in man a quite indestructible Reverence for whatsoever holds  
‘of Heaven, or even plausibly counterfeits such holding.  
‘Shew the dullest clodpole, shew the haughtiest featherhead,

‘that a soul Higher than himself is actually here ; were his knees stiffened into brass, he must down and worship.’

Organic filaments, of a more authentic sort, mysteriously spinning themselves, some will perhaps discover in the following passage :

‘There is no Church, sayest thou ? The voice of Prophecy has gone dumb ? This is even what I dispute : but, in any case, hast thou not still Preaching enough ? A Preaching Friar settles himself in every village ; and builds a pulpit, which he calls Newspaper. Therefrom he preaches what most momentous doctrine is in him, for man’s salvation ; and dost not thou listen, and believe ? Look well, thou seest everywhere a new Clergy of the Mendicant Orders, some bare-footed, some almost bare-backed, fashion itself into shape, and teach and preach, zealously enough, for copper alms and the love of God. These break in pieces the ancient idols ; and, though themselves too often reprobate, as idol-breakers are wont to be, mark out the sites of new Churches, where the true God-ordained, that are to follow, may find audience, and minister. Said I not, Before the old skin was shed, the new had formed itself beneath it ?’

Perhaps, also, in the following ; wherewith we now hasten to knit up this ravelled sleeve :

‘But there is no Religion ?’ reiterates the Professor. Fool ! I tell thee, there is. Hast thou well considered all that lies in this immeasurable froth-ocean we name LITERATURE ? Fragments of a genuine Church-*Homiletic* lie scattered there, which Time will assort : nay fractions even of a *Liturgy* could I point out. And knowest thou no Prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age ? None to whom the Godlike had revealed itself, through all meanest and highest forms of the Common ; and by him been again prophetically revealed : in whose inspired melody, even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, Man’s Life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine ? Knowest thou none such ? I know him, and name him—Goethe.

‘But thou as yet standest in no Temple ; joinest in no Psalm-worship ; feelest well that, where there is no minister-



‘ing Priest, the people perish? Be of comfort! Thou art  
 ‘not alone, if thou have Faith. Spake we not of a Commun-  
 ‘ion of Saints, unseen, yet not unreal, accompanying and  
 ‘brother-like embracing thee, so thou be worthy? Their  
 ‘heroic Sufferings rise up melodiously together to Heaven,  
 ‘out of all lands, and out of all times, as a sacred *Miserere* ;  
 ‘their heroic Actions also, as a boundless, everlasting Psalm  
 ‘of Triumph. Neither say that thou hast now no Symbol of  
 ‘the Godlike. Is not God’s Universe a Symbol of the God-  
 ‘like ; is not Immensity a Temple ; is not Man’s History, and  
 ‘Men’s History, a perpetual Evangel? Listen, and for organ-  
 ‘music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the Morning Stars sing  
 ‘together.’

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM.

It is in his stupendous Section, headed *Natural Supernaturalism*, that the Professor first becomes a Seer ; and, after long effort, such as we have witnessed, finally subdues under his feet this refractory Clothes-Philosophy, and takes victorious possession thereof. Phantasms enough he has had to struggle with ; ‘Cloth-webs and Cob-webs,’ of Imperial Mantles, Superannuated Symbols, and what not : yet still did he courageously pierce through. Nay, worst of all, two quite mysterious, world-embracing Phantasms, TIME and SPACE, have ever hovered round him, perplexing and bewildering : but with these also he now resolutely grapples, these also he victoriously rends asunder. In a word, he has looked fixedly on Existence, till, one after the other, its earthly hulls and garnitures have all melted away ; and now, to his rapt vision, the interior celestial Holy of Holies lies disclosed.

Here therefore properly it is that the Philosophy of Clothes attains to Transcendentalism ; this last leap, can we but clear it, takes us safe into the promised land, where *Palingenesia*, in all senses, may be considered as beginning. ‘Courage, then!’ may our Diogenes exclaim, with better right than Diogenes the First once did. This stupendous Section we, after long

painful meditation, have found not to be unintelligible ; but on the contrary to grow clear, nay radiant, and all-illuminating. Let the reader, turning on it what utmost force of speculative intellect is in him, do his part ; as we, by judicious selection and adjustment, shall study to do ours :

‘Deep has been, and is, the significance of Miracles,’ thus quietly begins the Professor ; ‘far deeper perhaps than we ‘imagine. Meanwhile, the question of questions were : What ‘specially is a Miracle ? To that Dutch King of Siam, an ‘icicle had been a miracle ; whoso had carried with him an ‘air-pump, and vial of vitriolic ether, might have worked a ‘a miracle. To my horse again, who unhappily is still more ‘unscientific, do not I work a miracle, and magical “*Open ‘sesame !*” every time I please to pay twopence, and open for ‘him an impassable *Schlagbaum*, or shut Turnpike ?

‘“But is not a real Miracle simply a violation of the Laws ‘of Nature ?” ask several. Whom I answer by this new question : What are the Laws of Nature ? To me perhaps the ‘rising of one from the dead were no violation of these Laws, ‘but a confirmation ; were some far deeper Law, now first ‘penetrated into, and by Spiritual Force, even as the rest ‘have all been, brought to bear on us with its Material ‘Force.

‘Here too may some inquire, not without astonishment : ‘On what ground shall one, that can make Iron swim, come ‘and declare that therefore he can teach Religion ? To us, ‘truly, of the Nineteenth Century, such declaration were inept ‘enough ; which nevertheless to our fathers, of the First Century, was full of meaning.

‘“But is it not the deepest Law of Nature that she be constant ?” cries an illuminated class : “Is not the Machine of ‘the Universe fixed to move by unalterable rules ?” Probable ‘enough, good friends : nay, I too must believe that the God, ‘whom ancient inspired men assert to be “without variable- ‘ness or shadow of turning,” does indeed never change ; that ‘Nature, that the Universe, which no one whom it so pleases ‘can be prevented from calling a Machine, does move by the ‘most unalterable rules. And now of you too I make the old

‘inquiry: What those same unalterable rules, forming the  
‘complete Statute-Book of Nature, may possibly be?

‘They stand written in our Works of Science, say you; in  
‘the accumulated records of man’s Experience?—Was Man  
‘with his Experience present at the Creation, then, to see how  
‘it all went on? Have any deepest scientific individuals yet  
‘dived down to the foundations of the Universe, and gauged  
‘every thing there? Did the Maker take them into His  
‘counsel; that they read His ground-plan of the incompre-  
‘hensible All; and can say, This stands marked therein, and  
‘no more than this? Alas! not in anywise! These scientific  
‘individuals have been nowhere but where we also are; have  
‘seen some handbreadths deeper than we see into the Deep  
‘that is infinite, without bottom as without shore.

‘Laplace’s Book on the Stars, wherein he exhibits that cer-  
‘tain Planets, with their Satellites, gyrate round our worthy  
‘Sun, at a rate and in a course, which, by greatest good for-  
‘tune, he and the like of him have succeeded in detecting,—  
‘is to me as precious as to another. But is this what thou  
‘namest “Mechanism of the Heavens,” and “System of the  
‘World;” this, wherein Sirius and the Pleiades, and all Her-  
‘schel’s Fifteen thousand Suns per minute, being left out,  
‘some paltry handful of Moons, and inert Balls, had been—  
‘looked at, nicknamed, and marked in the Zodiacal Waybill;  
‘so that we can now prate of their Whereabout; their How,  
‘their Why, their What, being hid from us as in the signless  
‘Inane?

‘System of Nature! To the wisest man, wide as is his  
‘vision, Nature remains of quite *infinite* depth, of quite infinite  
‘expansion; and all Experience thereof limits itself to some  
‘few computed centuries, and measured square miles. The  
‘course of Nature’s phases, on this our little fraction of a  
‘Planet, is partially known to us: but who knows what deeper  
‘courses these depend on; what infinitely larger Cycle (of  
‘causes) our little Epicycle revolves on? To the Minnow  
‘every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its  
‘little native Creek may have become familiar: but does the  
‘Minnow understand the Ocean Tides and periodic Currents,

‘the Trade-winds, and Monsoons, and Moon’s Eclipses; by all  
 ‘which the condition of its little Creek is regulated, and may,  
 ‘from time to time (*unmiraculously* enough), be quite upset  
 ‘and reversed? Such a minnow is man; his Creek this  
 ‘Planet Earth; his Ocean the immeasurable All; his Mon-  
 ‘soons and periodic Currents the mysterious Course of Provi-  
 ‘dence through *Æons* of *Æons*.

‘We speak of the Volume of Nature: and truly a Volume  
 ‘it is,—whose Author and Writer is God. To read it! Dost  
 ‘thou, does man, so much as well know the Alphabet thereof?  
 ‘With its Words, Sentences, and grand descriptive Pages,  
 ‘poetical and philosophical, spread out through Solar Systems,  
 ‘and Thousand’s of Years, we shall not try thee. It is a Vol-  
 ‘ume written in celestial hieroglyphs, in the true Sacred-writ-  
 ‘ing; of which even Prophets are happy that they can read  
 ‘here a line and there a line. As for your Institutes, and  
 ‘Academies of Science, they strive bravely; and, from amid  
 ‘the thick-crowded, inextricably intertwined hieroglyphic  
 ‘writing, pick out, by dexterous combination, some Letters  
 ‘in the vulgar Character, and therefrom put together this and  
 ‘the other economic Recipe, of high avail in Practice. That  
 ‘Nature is more than some boundless Volume of such Recipes,  
 ‘or huge, well-nigh inexhaustible Domestic Cookery Book, of  
 ‘which the whole secret will in this manner one day evolve it-  
 ‘self, the fewest dream.

‘Custom,’ continues the Professor, ‘doth make dotards of  
 ‘us all. Consider well, thou wilt find that Custom is the  
 ‘greatest of Weavers; and weaves airy raiment for all the  
 ‘Spirits of the Universe; whereby indeed these dwell with  
 ‘us visibly, as ministering servants, in our houses and work-  
 ‘shops; but their spiritual nature becomes, to the most, for-  
 ‘ever hidden. Philosophy complains that Custom has hood-  
 ‘winked us, from the first; that we do every thing by  
 ‘Custom, even Believe by it; that our very Axioms, let us  
 ‘boast of Free-thinking as we may, are oftenest simply such  
 ‘Beliefs as we have never heard questioned. Nay, what is  
 ‘Philosophy throughout but a continual battle against Cus-

'tom ; an ever-renewed effort to *transcend* the sphere of blind Custom, and so become Transcendental?

'Innumerable are the illusions and legerdemain tricks of Custom : but of all these perhaps the cleverest is her knack of persuading us that the Miraculous, by simple repetition, ceases to be Miraculous. True, it is by this means we live ; for man must work as well as wonder : and herein is Custom so far a kind nurse, guiding him to his true benefit. But she is a fond foolish nurse, or rather we are false foolish nurslings, when in our resting and reflecting hours, we prolong the same deception. Am I to view the Stupendous with stupid indifference, because I have seen it twice, or two hundred, or two million times ? There is no reason in Nature or in Art why I should : unless indeed, I am a mere Work-Machine, for whom the divine gift of Thought were no other than the terrestrial gift of Steam is to the Steam-engine ; a power whereby Cotton might be spun, and money and money's worth realised.

'Notable enough too, here as elsewhere, wilt thou find the potency of Names ; which indeed are but one kind of such Custom-woven, wonder-hiding Garments. Witchcraft, and all manner of Spectre-work, and Demonology, we have now named Madness, and Diseases of the Nerves. Seldom reflecting that still the new question comes upon us : What is Madness, what are Nerves ? Ever, as before, does Madness remain a mysterious-terrific, altogether *infernal* boiling up of the Nether Chaotic Deep, through this fair-painted Vision of Creation, which swims thereon, which we name the Real. Was Luther's Picture of the Devil less a Reality, whether it were formed within the bodily eye, or without it ? In every the wisest soul lies a whole world of internal Madness, an authentic Demon-Empire ; out of which, indeed, his world of Wisdom has been creatively built together, and now rests there, as on its dark foundations does a habitable flowery Earth-rind.

'But deepest of all illusory Appearances, for hiding Wonder, as for many other ends, are your two grand fundamen-



'tal world-enveloping Appearances, SPACE and TIME. These, 'as spun and woven for us from before Birth itself, to clothe 'our celestial ME for dwelling here, and yet to blind it,—lie 'all-embracing, as the universal canvas, or warp and woof, 'whereby all minor Illusions, in this Phantasm Existence, 'weave and paint themselves. In vain, while here on Earth, 'shall you endeavour to strip them off; you can, at best, but 'rend them asunder for moments, and look through.

'Fortunatus had a wishing Hat, which when he put on, and 'wished himself Anywhere, behold he was there. By this 'means had Fortunatus triumphed over Space, he had anni- 'hilated Space; for him there was no Where, but all was 'Here. Were a Hatter to establish himself, in the Wahn- 'gasse of Weissnichtwo, and make felts of this sort for all 'mankind, what a world we should have of it! Still stranger, 'should, on the opposite side of the street, another Hatter 'establish himself; and, as his fellow-craftsman made Space- 'annihilating Hats, make Time annihilating! Of both would 'I purchase, were it with my last groschen; but chiefly of this 'latter. To clap on your felt, and, simply by wishing that 'you were *Anywhere*, straightway to be *There*! Next to clap 'on your other felt, and simply by wishing that you were Any- 'when, and straightway to be *Then*! This were indeed the 'grander: shooting at will from the Fire-Creation of the 'World to its Fire-Consummation; here historically present 'in the First Century, conversing face to face with Paul and 'Seneca; there prophetically in the Thirty-first, conversing 'also face to face with other Pauls and Senecas, who as yet 'stand hidden in the depth of that late Time!

'Or thinkest thou, it were impossible, unimaginable? Is 'the Past annihilated, then, or only past; is the Future non- 'extant or only future? Those mystic faculties of thine, 'Memory and Hope, already answer: already through those 'mystic avenues, thou the Earth-blinded summonest both 'Past and Future, and communest with them, though as yet 'darkly, and with mute beckonings. The curtains of Yester- 'day drop down, the curtains of To-morrow roll up; but 'Yesterday and To-morrow both *are*. Pierce through the

‘Time-Element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou  
 ‘findest written in the sanctuaries of Man’s Soul, even as all  
 ‘Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read it there : that Time  
 ‘and Space are not God, but creations of God ; that with God  
 ‘as it is a universal *HERE*, so it is an everlasting *Now*.

‘And seest thou therein any glimpse of IMMORTALITY?—O  
 ‘Heaven ! Is the white Tomb of our Loved One, who died  
 ‘from our arms, and had to be left behind us there, which  
 ‘rises in the distance, like a pale, mournfully receding Mile-  
 ‘stone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have  
 ‘journeyed on alone,—but a pale spectral Illusion ! Is the  
 ‘lost Friend still mysteriously *Here*, even as we are *Here* mys-  
 ‘teriously, with God !—Know of a truth that only the Time-  
 ‘shadows have perished, or are perishable ; that the real  
 ‘Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will  
 ‘be, *is* even now and forever. This, should it unhappily seem  
 ‘new, thou mayst ponder at thy leisure ; for the next twenty  
 ‘years, or the next twenty centuries : believe it thou must ;  
 ‘understand it thou canst not.

‘That the Thought-forms, Space and Time, wherein, once  
 ‘for all, we are sent into this Earth to live, should condition  
 ‘and determine our whole Practical reasonings, conceptions,  
 ‘and imagings or imaginings,—seems altogether fit, just, and  
 ‘unavoidable. But that they should, furthermore, usurp such  
 ‘sway over pure spiritual Meditation, and blind us to the  
 ‘wonder everywhere lying close on us, seems nowise so.  
 ‘Admit Space and Time to their due rank as Forms of  
 ‘Thought ; nay, even, if thou wilt, to their quite undue rank of  
 ‘Realities : and consider, then, with thyself how their thin dis-  
 ‘guises hide from us the brightest God-effulgences ! Thus,  
 ‘were it not miraculous, could I stretch forth my hand, and  
 ‘clutch the Sun ? Yet thou seest me daily stretch forth my  
 ‘hand, and therewith clutch many a thing, and swing it hither  
 ‘and thither. Art thou a grown baby, then, to fancy that the  
 ‘Miracle lies in miles of distance, or in pounds avoirdupois of  
 ‘weight ; and not to see that the true inexplicable God-reveal-  
 ‘ing Miracle lies in this, that I can stretch forth my hand at  
 ‘all : that I have free Force to clutch aught therewith ? In-

‘numerable other of this sort are the deceptions, and wonder  
‘hiding stupefactions, which Space practices on us.

‘Still worse is it with regard to Time. Your grand anti-ma-  
‘gician, and universal wonder-hider, is this same lying Time.  
‘Had we but the Time-annihilating Hat, to put on for once  
‘only, we should see ourselves in a World of Miracles, where-  
‘in all fabled or authentic Thaumaturgy, and feats of Magic,  
‘were outdone. But unhappily we have not such a Hat; and  
‘man, poor fool that he is, can seldom and scantily help him-  
‘self without one.

‘Were it not wonderful, for instance, had Orpheus, or An-  
‘phion, built the walls of Thebes by the mere sound of his  
‘Lyre? Yet tell me, Who built these walls of Weissnichtwo;  
‘summoning out all the sandstone rocks, to dance along from  
‘the *Stein-bruch* (now a huge Troglodyte Chasm, with fright-  
‘ful green-mantled pools); and shape themselves into Doric  
‘and Ionic pillars, squared ashlar houses, and noble streets?  
‘Was it not the still higher Orpheus, or Orpheuses, who, in  
‘past centuries, by the divine Music of Wisdom, succeeded  
‘in civilising man? Our highest Orpheus walked in Judea,  
‘eighteen hundred years ago: his sphere-melody, flowing in  
‘wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men;  
‘and, being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds,  
‘though now with thousandfold Accompaniments, and rich  
‘symphonies, through all our hearts; and modulates, and  
‘divinely leads them. Is that a wonder, which happens in  
‘two hours; and does it cease to be wonderful if happening  
‘in two million? Not only was Thebes built by the music of  
‘an Orpheus; but without the music of some inspired Or-  
‘pheus was no city ever built, no work that man glories in  
‘ever done.

‘Sweep away the Illusion of Time; glance, if thou have  
‘eyes, from the near moving-cause, to its far distant Mover:  
‘The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of  
‘elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only  
‘had been struck, and sent flying? Oh, could I (with the  
‘Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from the Begin-  
‘nings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed and

‘thy heart set flaming in the Light-sea of celestial wonder!  
 ‘Then sawest thou that this fair Universe, were it in the  
 ‘meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed  
 ‘City of God; that through every star, through every grass-  
 ‘blade, and most through every Living Soul, the glory of a  
 ‘present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-  
 ‘vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from  
 ‘the foolish.

‘Again, could anything be more miraculous than an actual  
 ‘authentic Ghost? The English Johnson longed, all his life  
 ‘to see one; but could not, though he went to Cock Lane,  
 ‘and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins.  
 ‘Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with the mind’s eye as well  
 ‘as with the body’s, look round him into that full tide  
 ‘of human Life he so loved; did he never so much as look  
 ‘into Himself? The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and  
 ‘authentic as heart could wish; well nigh a million of Ghosts  
 ‘were travelling the streets by his side. Once more I say,  
 ‘sweep away the illusion of Time; compress the threescore  
 ‘years into three minutes: what else was he, what else are  
 ‘we? Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into  
 ‘an Appearance; and that fade away again into air, and In-  
 ‘visibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific *fact*;  
 ‘we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions;  
 ‘round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity; and to  
 ‘Eternity minutes are as years and æons. Come there not  
 ‘tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like  
 ‘the Song of beatified Souls? And again, do we not squeak and  
 ‘gibber (in our discordant, screech-owlish debates and re-  
 ‘criminatings); and glide bodeful and feeble, and fearful; or  
 ‘uproar (*poltern*), and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead,—  
 ‘till the scent of the morning-air summons us to our still  
 ‘Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day? Where  
 ‘now is Alexander of Macedon: does the steel Host, that  
 ‘yelled in fierce battle-shouts, at Issus and Arbela, remain  
 ‘behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as per-  
 ‘turbed Goblins must? Napoleon too, and his Moscow Re-  
 ‘treats and Austerlitz Campaigns! Was it all other than the

‘veriest Spectre-hunt ; which has now, with its howling tumult  
 ‘that made night hideous, flitted away?—Ghosts! There  
 ‘are nigh a thousand million walking the Earth openly at  
 ‘noontide ; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some  
 ‘half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

‘O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we  
 ‘not only carry each a future Ghost within him ; but are, in  
 ‘very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we them ; this  
 ‘stormy Force ; this life-blood with its burning passion? They  
 ‘are dust and shadow ; a Shadow-system gathered round our  
 ‘ME ; wherein through some moments or years, the Divine  
 ‘Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his  
 ‘strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes ; force dwells  
 ‘in his arm and heart ; but warrior and war-horse are a vision ;  
 ‘a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the  
 ‘Earth, as if it were a firm substance : fool! the Earth is but  
 ‘a film ; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink  
 ‘beyond plummet’s sounding. Plummet’s? Fantasy herself  
 ‘will not follow them. A little while ago they were not ; a  
 ‘little while and they are not, their very ashes are not.

‘So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the  
 ‘end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form  
 ‘of a Body ; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on  
 ‘Heaven’s mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each  
 ‘he expends: one grinding in the mill of Industry ; one  
 ‘hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science ;  
 ‘one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war  
 ‘with his fellow :—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled ; his  
 ‘earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes  
 ‘a Vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-  
 ‘thundering train of Heaven’s Artillery, does this mysterious  
 ‘MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding  
 ‘grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-  
 ‘created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the  
 ‘Inane ; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth ; then  
 ‘plunge again into the Inane. Earth’s mountains are levelled,  
 ‘and her seas filled up, in our passage : can the Earth, which  
 ‘is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality



‘and are alive?’ On the hardest adamant some foot-print of  
 ‘us is stamped in ; the last Rear of the host will read traces  
 ‘of the earliest Van. But whence?—O Heaven, whither?  
 ‘Sense knows not ; Faith knows not ; only that it is through  
 ‘Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

“ ‘We are such stuff

‘As Dreams are made of, and our little Life

‘Is rounded with a sleep !’ ”

## CHAPTER IX.

### CIRCUMSPECTIVE.

Here then arises the so momentous question : Have many British Readers actually arrived with us at the new promised country ; is the Philosophy of Clothes now at last opening around them ? Long and adventurous has the journey been : from those outmost vulgar, palpable Woollen Hulls of Man ; through his wondrous Flesh-Garments, and his wondrous Social Garnitures ; inwards to the Garments of his very Soul’s Soul, to Time and Space themselves ! And now does the Spiritual, eternal Essence of Man, and of Mankind, bared of such wrappages, begin in any measure to reveal itself ? Can many readers discern, as through a glass darkly, in huge wavering outlines, some primeval rudiments of Man’s Being, what is changeable divided from what is unchangeable ? Does that Earth-Spirit’s speech in *Faust* :

“ ‘Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,

‘And weave for God the Garment thou see’st him by ;’

or that other thousand-times repeated speech of the Magician, Shakspeare :

‘And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
 ‘The cloudcapt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,  
 ‘The solemn Temples, the great Globe itself,  
 ‘And all which it inherit shall dissolve ;  
 ‘And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
 ‘Leave not a wrack behind ;’

begin to have some meaning for us? In a word, do we at length stand safe in the far region of Poetic Creation and Palingenesia, where that Phoenix Death-Birth of Human Society, and of all Human Things, appears possible, is seen to be inevitable?

Along this most insufficient, unheard-of Bridge, which the Editor, by Heaven's blessing, has now seen himself enabled to conclude if not complete, it cannot be his sober calculation, but only his fond hope, that many have travelled without accident. No firm arch, overspanning the Impassable with paved highway, could the Editor construct; only, as was said, some zigzag series of rafts floating tumultuously thereon. Alas, and the leaps from raft to raft were too often of a break-neck character; the darkness, the nature of the element, all was against us!

Nevertheless, may not here and there one of a thousand, provided with a discursiveness of intellect rare in our day, have cleared the passage, in spite of all? Happy few! little band of Friends! be welcome, be of courage. By degrees, the eye grows accustomed to its new Whereabout; the hand can stretch itself forth to work there: it is in this grand and indeed highest work of Palingenesia that ye shall labour, each according to ability. New labourers will arrive; new Bridges will be built; nay, may not our own poor rope-and-raft Bridge, in your passings and repassings be mended in many a point, till it grow quite firm, passable even for the halt?

Meanwhile, of the innumerable multitude that started with us, joyous and full of hope, where now is the innumerable remainder, whom we see no longer by our side? The most have recoiled, and stand gazing afar off, in unsympathetic astonishment, at our career: not a few, pressing forward with more courage, have missed footing, or leaped short; and now swim weltering in the Chaos-flood, some towards this shore, some towards that. To these also a helping hand should be held out; at least some word of encouragement be said.

Or, to speak without metaphor, with which mode of utterance Teufelsdröckh unhappily has somewhat infected us,—can it be hidden from the Editor that many a British Reader

sits reading quite bewildered in head, and afflicted rather than instructed by the present Work? Yes, long ago has many a British Reader been, as now, demanding, with something like a snarl: Whereto does all this lead; or what use is in it?

In the way of replenishing thy purse, or otherwise aiding thy digestive faculty, O British Reader, it leads to nothing, and there is no use in it; but rather the reverse, for it costs thee somewhat. Nevertheless, if through this unpromising Horn-gate, Teufelsdröckh, and we by means of him, have led thee into the true Land of Dreams; and through the Clothes-Screen, as through a magical *Pierre-Pertuis*, thou lookest, even for moments, into the region of the Wonderful, and seest and feelest that thy daily life is girt with Wonder, and based on Wonder, and thy very blankets and breeches are Miracles,—then art thou profited beyond money's worth; and hast a thankfulness towards our Professor; nay, perhaps in many a literary Tea-circle, wilt open thy kind lips, and audibly express that same.

Nay, farther, art not thou too perhaps by this time made aware that all Symbols are properly Clothes; that all Forms whereby Spirit manifests itself to Sense, whether outwardly or in the imagination, are Clothes; and thus not only the parchment Magna Charta, which a Tailor was nigh cutting into measures, but the Pomp and Authority of Law, the sacredness of Majesty, and all inferior Worships (Worthships) are properly a Vesture and Raiment; and the Thirty-nine Articles themselves are articles of wearing apparel (for the Religious Idea)? In which case, must it not also be admitted that this Science of Clothes is a high one, and may with infinitely deeper study on thy part yield richer fruit: that it takes scientific rank beside Codification, and Political Economy, and the Theory of the British Constitution; nay, rather, from its prophetic height looks down on all these, as on so many weaving-shops and spinning-mills, where the Vestures which *it* has to fashion, and consecrate, and distribute, are, too often by haggard hungry operatives who see no farther than their nose, mechanically woven and spun?

But omitting all this, much more all that concerns Natural

Supernaturalism, and indeed whatever has reference to the Ulterior or Transcendental Portion of the Science, or bears never so remotely on that promised Volume of the *Palingenesie der menschlichen Gesellschaft* (Newbirth of Society),—we humbly suggest that no province of Clothes-Philosophy, even the lowest, is without its direct value, but that innumerable inferences of a practical nature may be drawn therefrom. To say nothing of those pregnant considerations, ethical, political, symbolical, which crowd on the Clothes-Philosopher from the very threshold of his Science; nothing even of those ‘architectural ideas’ which, as we have seen, lurk at the bottom of all Modes, and will one day, better unfolding themselves, lead to important revolutions,—let us glance for a moment, and with the faintest light of Clothes-Philosophy, on what may be called the Habilitory Class of our fellow-men. Here too overlooking, where so much were to be looked on, the million spinners, weavers, fullers, dyers, washers, and wringers, that puddle and muddle in their dark recesses, to make us Clothes, and die that we may live,—let us but turn the reader’s attention upon two small divisions of mankind, who, like moths, may be regarded as Cloth-animals, creatures that live, move and have their being in Cloth: we mean, Dandies and Tailors.

In regard to both which small divisions it may be asserted, without scruple, that the public feeling, unenlightened by Philosophy, is at fault; and even that the dictates of humanity are violated. As will perhaps abundantly appear to readers of the two following Chapters.

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## CHAPTER X.

### THE DANDIACAL BODY.

First, touching Dandies, let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a Dandy specially is. A Dandy is a Clothes-wearing man, a Man whose trade, office, and existence consists in the wearing of Clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse, and person is heroically consecrated to this one object, the wearing of Clothes wisely and well: so that-as

others dress to live, he lives to dress. The all-importance of Clothes, which a German Professor, of unequalled learning and acumen, writes his enormous Volume to demonstrate, has sprung up in the intellect of the Dandy, without effort, like an instinct of genius; he is inspired with Cloth, a Poet of Cloth. What Teufelsdröckh would call a 'Divine Idea of Cloth' is born with him; and this, like other such Ideas, will express itself outwardly, or wring his heart asunder with unutterable throes.

But, like a generous, creative enthusiast, he fearlessly makes his Idea an Action; shews himself, in peculiar guise, to mankind; walks forth, a witness and living Martýr to the eternal Worth of Clothes. We call him a Poet: is not his body the (stuffed) parchment-skin whereon he writes, with cunning Huddersfield dyes, a Sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow? Say, rather, an Epos, and *Clotha Virumque cano*, to the whole world, in Macaronic verses, which he that runs may read. Nay, if you grant, what seems to be admissible, that the Dandy has a thinking-principle in him, and some notions of Time and Space, is there not in this Life-devotedness to Cloth, in this so willing sacrifice of the Immortal to the Perishable, something (though in reverse order) of that blending and identification of Eternity with Time, which, as we have seen, constitutes the Prophetic character?

And now, for all this perennial Martyrdom, and Poesy, and even Prophecy, what is it that the Dandy asks in return? Solely, we may say, that you would recognise his existence; would admit him to be a living object; or even failing this, a visual object, or thing that will reflect rays of light. Your silver or your gold (beyond what the niggardly Law has already secured him) he solicits not; simply the glance of your eyes. Understand his mystic significance, or altogether miss and misinterpret it; do but look at him, and he is contented. May we not well cry shame on an ungrateful world, which refuses even this poor boon; which will waste its optic faculty on dried Crocodiles, and Siamese Twins: and over the domestic wonderful wonder of wonders, a live Dandy, glance with hasty indifference, and a scarcely concealed contempt! Him no



Zoologist classes among the Mammalia, no Anatomist dissects with care : when did we see any injected Preparation of the Dandy, in our Museums ; any specimen of him preserved in spirits ? Lord Herringbone may dress himself in a snuff-brown suit, with snuff-brown shirt and shoes : it skills not ; the undiscerning public, occupied with grosser wants, passes by regardless on the other side.

The age of Curiosity, like that of Chivalry, is indeed, properly speaking, gone. Yet perhaps only gone to sleep : for here arises the Clothes-Philosophy to resuscitate, strangely enough, both the one and the other ! Should sound views of this Science come to prevail, the essential nature of the British Dandy, and the mystic significance that lies in him, cannot always remain hidden under laughable and lamentable hallucination. The following long Extract from Professor Teufelsdröckh may set the matter, if not in its true light, yet in the way towards such. It is to be regretted however that here, as so often elsewhere, the Professor's keen philosophic perspicacity is somewhat marred by a certain mixture of almost owlish purblindness, or else of some perverse, ineffectual, ironic tendency ; our readers shall judge which :

‘ In these distracted times,’ writes he, ‘ when the Religious Principle, driven out of most Churches, either lies unseen in the hearts of good men, looking and longing, and silently working there towards some new Revelation ; or else wanders homeless over the world, like a disembodied soul seeking its terrestrial organisation,—into how many strange shapes, of Superstition and Fanaticism, does it not tentatively and errantly cast itself ! The higher Enthusiasm of man's nature is for the while without Exponent ; yet does it continue indestructible, unweariedly active, and work blindly in the great chaotic deep : thus Sect after Sect, and Church after Church, bodies itself forth, and melts again into new metamorphosis. . . .

‘ Chiefly is this observable in England, which, as the wealthiest and worst-instructed of European nations, offers precisely the elements (of Heat, namely, and of Darkness),

‘ in which such moon-calves and monstrosities are best generated. Among the newer Sects of that country, one of the most notable, and closely connected with our present subject, is that of the *Dandies* ; concerning which, what little information I have been able to procure may fitly stand here.

‘ It is true, certain of the English Journalists, men generally without sense for the Religious Principle, or judgment for its manifestations, speak, in their brief enigmatic notices, as if this were perhaps rather a Secular Sect, and not a Religious one : nevertheless, to the psychologic eye its devotional and even sacrificial character plainly enough reveals itself. Whether it belongs to the class of Fetish-worships, or of Hero-worships or Polytheisms, or to what other class, may in the present state of our intelligence remain undecided (*schweben*). A certain touch of Manicheism, not indeed in the Gnostic shape, is discernible enough : also (for human Error walks in a cycle, and reappears at intervals) a not inconsiderable resemblance to that Superstition of the Athos Monks, who by fasting from all nourishment, and looking intensely for a length of time into their own navels, came to discern therein the true Apocalypse of Nature, and Heaven Unveiled. To my own surmise, it appears as if this Dandiacal Sect were but a new modification, adapted to the new time, of that primeval Superstition, *Self-Worship* ; which Zerdusht, Quangfoutchee, Mohamed, and others, strove rather to subordinate and restrain than to eradicate ; and which only in the purer forms of Religion has been altogether rejected. Wherefore, if any one chooses to name it revived Ahrimanism, or a new figure of Demon-Worship, I have, so far as is yet visible, no objection.

‘ For the rest, these people, animated with the zeal of a new Sect, display courage and perseverance, and what force there is in man’s nature, though never so enslaved. They affect great purity and separatism ; distinguish themselves by a particular costume (whereof some notices were given in the earlier part of this Volume) ; likewise, so far as possible, by a particular speech (apparently some broken *Lingua-franca*, or English-French) ; and, on the whole, strive to maintain a

‘true Nazarene deportment, and keep themselves unspotted from the world.

‘They have their Temples, whereof the chief, as the Jewish Temple did, stands in their metropolis ; and is named *Al-mack's*, a word of uncertain etymology. They worship principally by night ; and have their Highpriests and Highpriestesses, who, however, do not continue for life. The rites, by some supposed to be of the Menadic sort, or perhaps with an Eleusinian or Cabiric character, are held strictly secret. Nor are Sacred Books wanting to the Sect ; these they call *Fashionable Novels* : however, the Canon is not completed, and some are canonical and others not.

‘Of such Sacred Books I, not without expense, procured myself some samples ; and in hope of true insight, and with the zeal which beseems an Inquirer into Clothes, set to interpret and study them. But wholly to no purpose : that tough faculty of reading, for which the world will not refuse me credit, was here for the first time foiled and set at naught. In vain that I summoned my whole energies (*mich weidlich anstrengte*), and did my very utmost ; at the end of some short space, I was uniformly seized with not so much what I can call a drumming in my ears, as a kind of infinite, unsufferable Jew's-harping and scrannel-piping there ; to which the frightfullest species of Magnetic Sleep soon supervened. And if I strove to shake this away, and absolutely would not yield, came a hitherto unfelt sensation, as of *Delirium Tremens*, and a melting into total deliquium : till at last, by order of the Doctor, dreading ruin to my whole intellectual and bodily faculties, and a general breaking-up of the constitution, I reluctantly but determinedly forbore. Was there some miracle at work here ; like those Fire-balls, and supernal and infernal prodigies, which, in the case of the Jewish Mysteries, have also more than once scared back the Alien ? Be this as it may, such failure on my part, after best efforts, must excuse the imperfection of this sketch ; altogether incomplete, yet the completest I could give of a Sect too singular to be omitted.

‘Loving my own life and senses as I do, no power shall induce me, as a private individual, to open another *Fashionable*

' *Novel*. But luckily, in this dilemma, comes a hand from the ' clouds ; whereby if not victory, deliverance is held out to ' me. Round one of those Book-packages, which the *Stillschwei-* ' *gen'sche Buchhandlung* is in the habit of importing from ' England, come, as is usual, various waste printed-sheets ' (*macalatur-blätter*), by way of interior wrappage : into these ' the Clothes-Philosopher, with a certain Mohamedan reverence ' even for waste paper, where curious knowledge will some- ' times hover, disdains not to cast his eye. Readers may judge ' of his astonishment when on such a defaced stray, sheet, ' probably the outcast fraction of some English Periodical, ' such as they name *Magazine*, appears something like a Dis- ' sertation on this very subject of *Fashionable Novels* ! It sets ' out, indeed, chiefly from the Secular point of view ; directing ' itself, not without asperity, against some to me unknown in- ' dividual, named *Pelham*, who seems to be a *Mystagogue*, and ' leading Teacher and Preacher of the Sect ; so that, what in- ' deed otherwise was not to be expected in such a fugitive ' fragmentary sheet, the true secret, the Religious physiognomy ' and physiology of the Dandiacal Body, is nowise laid fully ' open there. Nevertheless, scattered lights do from time to ' time sparkle out, whereby I have endeavoured to profit. ' Nay, in one passage selected from the Prophecies, or Mythic ' Theogonies, or whatever they are (for the style seems very ' mixed) of this *Mystagogue*, I find what appears to be a Con- ' fession of Faith, or Whole Duty of Man, according to the ' tenets of that Sect. Which Confession or Whole Duty, there- ' fore, as proceeding from a source so authentic, I shall here ' arrange under Seven distinct Articles, and in very abridged ' shape lay before the German world ; therewith taking leave ' of this matter. Observe, also, that to avoid possibility of ' error, I, as far as may be, quote literally from the Original.'

#### ' ARTICLES OF FAITH.

" 1. Coats should have nothing of the triangle about them ; ' at the same time, wrinkles behind should be carefully avoided.

" 2. The collar is a very important point : it should be low ' behind, and slightly rolled.

“3. No license of fashion can allow a man of delicate taste to adopt the posterial luxuriance of a Hottentot.

“4. There is safety in a swallow-tail.

“5. The good sense of a gentleman is nowhere more finely developed than in his rings.

“6. It is permitted to mankind, under certain restrictions, to wear white waistcoats.

“7. The trowsers must be exceedingly tight across the hips.”

All which Propositions I, for the present, content myself with modestly but peremptorily and irrevocably denying.

In strange contrast with this Dandiacal Body stands another British Sect, originally, as I understand, of Ireland, where its chief seat still is; but known also in the main Island, and indeed everywhere rapidly spreading. As this Sect has hitherto emitted no Canonical Books, it remains to me in the same state of obscurity as the Dandiacal, which has published Books that the unassisted human faculties are inadequate to read. The members appear to be designated by a considerable diversity of names, according to their various places of establishment: in England they are generally called the *Drudge* Sect; also, unphilosophically enough, the *White Negroes*; and, chiefly in scorn by those of other communions, the *Ragged-Beggar* Sect. In Scotland, again, I find them entitled *Hallanshakers*, or the *Stook-of-Duds* Sect; any individual communicant is named *Stook-of-Duds* (that is, Shock of Rags), in allusion, doubtless, to their professional Costume. While in Ireland, which, as mentioned, is their grand parent hive, they go by a perplexing multiplicity of designations, such as *Bogtrotters*, *Redshanks*, *Ribbon-men*, *Cottiers*, *Peep-of-Day Boys*, *Babes in the Wood*, *Rockites*, *Poor-Slaves*: which last, however, seems to be the primary and generic name; whereto, probably enough, the others are only subsidiary species, or slight varieties; or, at most, propagated offsets from the parent stem, whose minute subdivisions, and shades of difference, it were here loss of time to dwell on. Enough for us to understand, what seems in-



‘dubitable, that the original Sect is that of the *Poor-Slaves* ;  
 ‘whose doctrines, practices, and fundamental characteristics  
 ‘pervade and animate the whole Body, howsoever denomi-  
 ‘nated or outwardly diversified.

‘The precise speculative tenets of this Brotherhood : how the  
 ‘Universe, and the Man, and Man’s Life, picture themselves  
 ‘to the mind of an Irish Poor-Slave ; with what feelings and  
 ‘opinions he looks forward on the Future, round on the  
 ‘Present, back on the Past, it were extremely difficult to  
 ‘specify. Something Monastic there appears to be in their  
 ‘Constitution : we find them bound by the two Monastic  
 ‘Vows of Poverty and Obedience ; which Vows, especially the  
 ‘former, it is said, they observe with great strictness ; nay, as  
 ‘I have understood it, they are pledged, and be it by any  
 ‘solemn Nazarene ordination or not, irrevocably consecrated  
 ‘thereto, even *before* birth. That the third Monastic Vow, of  
 ‘Chastity, is rigidly enforced among them, I find no ground  
 ‘to conjecture.

‘Furthermore, they appear to imitate the Dandiacal Sect  
 ‘in their grand Principle of wearing a peculiar Costume. Of  
 ‘which Irish Poor-Slave Costume no description will indeed  
 ‘be found in the present Volume ; for this reason, that by  
 ‘the imperfect organ of Language it did not seem describable.  
 ‘Their raiment consists of innumerable skirts, lappets, and  
 ‘irregular wings, of all cloths and of all colours ; through the  
 ‘labyrinthic intricacies of which their bodies are introduced  
 ‘by some unknown process. If is fastened together by a  
 ‘multiplex combination of buttons, thrums, and skewers ; to  
 ‘which frequently is added a girdle of leather, of hempen or  
 ‘even of straw rope, round the loins. To straw rope, indeed,  
 ‘they seem partial, and often wear it by way of sandals. In  
 ‘head-dress they affect a certain freedom ; hats with partial  
 ‘brim, without crown, or with only a loose, hinged, or valve  
 ‘crown ; in the former case, they sometimes invert the hat,  
 ‘and wear it brim uppermost, like a University cap, with  
 ‘what view is unknown.

‘The name Poor-Slaves, seems to indicate a Slavonic, Polish,  
 ‘or Russian origin : not so, however, the interior essence and

‘spirit of their Superstition, which rather displays a Teutonic  
 ‘or Druidical character. One might fancy them worshippers  
 ‘of Hertha, or the Earth: for they dig and affectionately work  
 ‘continually in her bosom; or else, shut up in private Ora-  
 ‘tories, meditate and manipulate the substances derived from  
 ‘her; seldom looking up towards the Heavenly Luminaries,  
 ‘and then with comparative indifference. Like the Druids,  
 ‘on the other hand, they live in dark dwellings; often even  
 ‘breaking their glass-windows, where they find such, and  
 ‘stuffing them up with pieces of raiment, or other opaque  
 ‘substances, till the fit obscurity is restored. Again, like all  
 ‘followers of Nature-Worship, they are liable to outbreaks  
 ‘of an enthusiasm rising to ferocity; and burn men, if not in  
 ‘wicker idols, yet in sod cottages.

‘In respect of diet, they have also their observances. All  
 ‘Poor-Slaves are Rhizophagous (or Root-eaters); a few are  
 ‘Ichthyophagous, and use Salted Herrings: other animal food  
 ‘they abstain from; except indeed, with perhaps some strange  
 ‘inverted fragment of a Brahminical feeling, such animals as  
 ‘die a natural death. Their universal sustenance is the root  
 ‘named Potato, cooked by fire alone; and generally without  
 ‘condiment or relish of any kind, save an unknown condiment  
 ‘named *Point*, into the meaning of which I have vainly in-  
 ‘quired; the victual *Potatoes-and-Point* not appearing, at least  
 ‘not with specific accuracy of description, in any European  
 ‘Cookery-Book whatever. For drink they use, with an almost  
 ‘epigrammatic counterpoise of taste, Milk, which is the mild-  
 ‘est of liquors, and *Potheen*, which is the fiercest. This latter  
 ‘I have tasted, as well as the English *Blue-Ruin*, and the Scotch  
 ‘*Whisky*, analogous fluids used by the Sect in those countries:  
 ‘it evidently contains some form of alcohol, in the highest state  
 ‘of concentration, though disguised with acrid oils: and is, on  
 ‘the whole, the most pungent substance known to me,—in-  
 ‘deed, a perfect liquid fire. In all their Religious Solemnities,  
 ‘*Potheen* is said to be an indispensable requisite, and largely  
 ‘consumed.

‘An Irish Traveller, of perhaps common veracity, who pre-  
 ‘sents himself under the to me unmeaning title of *The late*

‘*John Bernard*, offers the following sketch of a domestic establishment, the inmates whereof, though such is not stated expressly, appear to have been of that Faith. Thereby shall my German readers now behold an Irish Poor-Slave, as it were with their own eyes ; and even see him at meat. Moreover, in the so precious waste-paper sheet, above mentioned, I have found some corresponding picture of a Dandiacal Household, painted by that same Dandiacal Mystagogue, or Theogonist : this also, by way of counterpart and contrast, the world shall look into.

‘First, therefore, of the Poor-Slave, who appears likewise to have been a species of Innkeeper. I quote from the original : “The furniture of this Caravansera consisted of a large iron Pot, two oaken Tables, two Benches, two Chairs, and a Pot-been Noggin. There was a Loft above (attainable by a ladder), upon which the inmates slept ; and the space below was divided by a hurdle into two Apartments ; the one for their cow and pig, the other for themselves and guests. On entering the house we discovered the family, eleven in number, at dinner ; the father sitting at the top, the mother at bottom, the children on each side of a large oaken Board which was scooped out in the middle, like a Trough, to receive the contents of their Pot of Potatoes. Little holes were cut at equal distance to contain Salt ; and a bowl of Milk stood on the table : all the luxuries of meat and beer, bread, knives, and dishes were dispensed with.” The Poor-Slave himself our Traveller found, as he says, broad-backed, black-browed, of great personal strength, and mouth from ear to ear. His Wife was a sun-browned but well-featured woman ; and his young ones, bare and chubby, had the appetite of ravens. Of their Philosophical, or Religious tenets or observances, no notice or hint.

‘But now, secondly, of the Dandiacal Household ; in which, truly, that often-mentioned Mystagogue and inspired Penman himself has his abode : “A Dressing-room splendidly furnished ; violet-coloured curtains, chairs and ottomans of the same hue. Two full-length Mirrors are placed, one on each side of a table, which supports the luxuries of the Toi-

‘let. Several Bottles of Perfumes, arranged in a peculiar fashion, stand upon a smaller table of mother-of-pearl: opposite to these are placed the appurtenances of Lavation richly wrought in frosted silver. A Wardrobe of Buhl is on the left; the doors of which being partly open discover a profusion of Clothes; Shoes of a singularly small size monopolise the lower shelves. Fronting the wardrobe a door ajar gives some slight glimpse of a Bath-room. Folding-doors in the back-ground.—Enter the Author,” our Theogonist in person, “obsequiously preceded by a French Valet, in white silk Jacket and cambric Apron.”

‘Such are the two Sects which, at this moment, divide the more unsettled portion of the British People; and agitate, that ever-vexed country. To the eye of the political Seer, their mutual relation, pregnant with the elements of discord and hostility, is far from consoling. These two principles of Dandiacal Self-worship or Demon-worship, and Poor-Slavish or Drudgical Earth-worship, or whatever that same Drudgism may be, do as yet indeed manifest themselves under distant and nowise considerable shapes: nevertheless, in their roots and subterranean ramifications, they extend through the entire structure of Society, and work unweariedly in the secret depths of English national Existence; striving to separate and isolate it into two contradictory, uncommunicating masses.

‘In numbers, and even individual strength, the Poor-Slaves or Drudges, it would seem, are hourly increasing. The Dandiacal, again, is by nature no proselytising Sect; but it boasts of great hereditary resources, and is strong by union; whereas the Drudges, split into parties, have as yet no rallying-point; or at best, only co-operate by means of partial secret affiliations. If, indeed, there were to arise a *Communion of Drudges*, as there is already a *Communion of Saints*, what strangest effects would follow therefrom! Dandyism as yet affects to look down on Drudgism: but perhaps the hour of trial, when it will be practically seen which ought to look down, and which up, is not so distant.

‘To me it seems probable that the two Sects will one day

‘part England between them ; each recruiting itself from the  
‘intermediate ranks, till there be none left to enlist on  
‘either side. Those Dandiactal Manicheans, with the host of  
‘Dandyising Christians, will form one body : the Drudges,  
‘gathering round them whosoever is Drudgical, be he Chris-  
‘tian or Infidel Pagan ; sweeping up likewise all manner of  
‘Utilitarians, Radicals, refractory Potwalloppers, and so forth,  
‘into their general mass, will form another. I could liken  
‘Dandyism and Drudgism to two bottomless boiling Whirl-  
‘pools that had broken out on opposite quarters of the firm  
‘land : as yet they appear only disquieted, foolishly bubbling  
‘wells, which man’s art might cover in ; yet mark them, their  
‘diameter is daily widening ; they are hollow Cones that boil  
‘up from the infinite Deep, over which your firm land is but  
‘a thin crust or rind ! Thus daily is the intermediate land  
‘crumbling in, daily the empire of the two Buchan-Bullers  
‘extending ; till now there is but a foot-plank, a mere film of  
‘Land between them ; this too is washed away ; and then—  
‘we have the true Hell of Waters, and Noah’s Deluge is out-  
‘deluged !

‘Or better, I might call them two boundless, and indeed  
‘unexampled Electric Machines (turned by the “Machinery  
‘of Society”), with batteries of opposite quality ; Drudgism  
‘the Negative, Dandyism the Positive : one attracts hourly  
‘towards it and appropriates all the Positive Electricity of the  
‘Nation (namely, the Money thereof) ; the other is equally  
‘busy with the Negative (that is to say the Hunger), which is  
‘equally potent. Hitherto you see only partial transient  
‘sparkles and sputters ; but wait a little, till the entire nation  
‘is in an electric state ; till your whole vital Electricity, no  
‘longer healthfully Neutral, is cut into two isolated portions  
‘of Positive and Negative (of Money and of Hunger) ; and  
‘stands there bottled up in two World-Batteries ! The stir-  
‘ring of a child’s finger brings the two together ; and then—  
‘What then ? The Earth is but shivered into impalpable  
‘smoke by that Doom’s-thunderpeal ; the Sun misses one of  
‘his Planets in Space, and thenceforth there are no eclipses of  
‘the Moon.—Or better still, I might liken’——



Oh! enough, enough of likenings and similitudes; in excess of which, truly, it is hard to say whether Teufelsdröckh or ourselves sin the more.

We have often blamed him for a habit of wire-drawing and over-refining; from of old we have been familiar with his tendency to Mysticism and Religiosity, whereby in every thing he was still scenting out Religion: but never perhaps did these amaurosis-suffusions so cloud and distort his otherwise most piercing vision, as in this of the *Dandiacal Body*! Or was there something of intended satire; is the Professor and Seer not quite the blinkard he affects to be? Of an ordinary mortal we should have decisively answered in the affirmative; but with a Teufelsdröckh there ever hovers some shade of doubt. In the meanwhile, if satire were actually intended, the case is little better. There are not wanting men who will answer: Does your Professor take us for simpletons? His irony has overshot itself; we see through it, and perhaps through him.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### TAILORS.

Thus, however, has our first Practical Inference from the Clothes-Philosophy, that which respects Dandies, been sufficiently drawn; and we come now to the second, concerning Tailors. On this latter our opinion happily quite coincides with that of Teufelsdröckh himself, as expressed in the concluding page of his Volume; to whom therefore we willingly give place. Let him speak his own last words, in his own way:

‘Upwards of a century,’ says he, ‘must elapse, and still the ‘bleeding fight of Freedom be fought, whoso is noblest perishing in the van, and thrones be hurled on altars like Pelion ‘on Ossa, and the Moloch of Iniquity have his victims, and ‘the Michael of Justice his martyrs, before Tailors can be admitted to their true prerogatives of manhood, and this last ‘wound of suffering Humanity be closed.

‘If aught in the history of the world’s blindness could surprise us, here might we indeed pause and wonder. An idea has gone abroad, and fixed itself down into a wide-spreading rooted error, that Tailors are a distinct species in Physiology, not Men, but fractional Parts of a Man. Call any one a *Schneider* (Cutter, Tailor), is it not, in our dislocated, hood-winked, and indeed delirious condition of Society, equivalent to defying his perpetual fellest enmity? The epithet *Schneidermässig* (Tailor-like) betokens an otherwise unapproachable degree of pusillanimity: we introduce a *Tailor’s Melancholy*, more opprobrious than any Leprosy, into our Books of Medicine; and fable I know not what of his generating it by living on Cabbage. Why should I speak of Hans Sachs (himself a Shoemaker, or kind of Leather Tailor), with his *Schneider mit dem Panier*? Why of Shakspeare, in his *Taming of the Shrew*, and elsewhere? Does it not stand on record that the English Queen Elizabeth, receiving a deputation of Eighteen Tailors, addressed them with a “Good morning, gentlemen both!” Did not the same virago boast that she had a Cavalry Regiment, whereof neither horse nor man could be injured: her Regiment, namely, of Tailors on Mares? Thus everywhere is the falsehood taken for granted, and acted on as an indisputable fact.

‘Nevertheless, need I put the question to any Physiologist, whether it is disputable or not? Seems it not at least presumable, that, under his Clothes, the Tailor has bones, and viscera, and other muscles than the sartorius? Which function of manhood is the Tailor not conjectured to perform? Can he not arrest for debt? Is he not in most countries a tax-paying animal?

‘To no reader of this Volume can it be doubtful which conviction is mine. Nay, if the fruit of these long vigils, and almost preternatural Inquiries is not to perish utterly, the world will have approximated towards a higher Truth; and the doctrine, which Swift, with the keen forecast of genius, dimly anticipated, will stand revealed in clear light: that the Tailor is not only a Man, but something of a Creator or Divinity. Of Franklin it was said, that “he snatched

‘the Thunder from Heaven and the Sceptre from Kings :’  
 ‘but which is greater, I would ask, he that lends, or he that  
 ‘snatches? For, looking away from individual cases, and  
 ‘how a Man is by the Tailor new-created into a Nobleman,  
 ‘and clothed not only with Wool but with Dignity and  
 ‘a Mystic Dominion,—is not the fair fabric of Society it-  
 ‘self, with all its royal mantles and pontifical stoles, whereby,  
 ‘from nakedness and dismemberment, we are organised into  
 ‘Politics, into nations, and a whole co-operating Mankind,  
 ‘the creation, as has here been often irrefragably evinced,  
 ‘of the Tailor alone?—What too are all Poets, and moral  
 ‘Teachers, but a species of Metaphorical Tailors? Touching  
 ‘which high Guild the greatest living Guild-brother has tri-  
 ‘umphantly asked us : “Nay, if thou wilt have it, who but  
 ‘the Poet first made Gods for men ; brought them down to  
 ‘us ; and raised us up to them ?”

‘And this is he, whom sitting downcast, on the hard basis  
 ‘of his Shopboard, the world treats with contumely, as the  
 ‘ninth part of a man ! Look up, thou much-injured one,  
 ‘look up with the kindling eye of hope, and prophetic bod-  
 ‘ings of a nobler better time. Too long hast thou sat there,  
 ‘on crossed legs, wearing thy ancle-joints to horn ; like some  
 ‘sacred Anchorite, or Catholic Fakir, doing penance, drawing  
 ‘down Heaven’s richest blessings, for a world that scoffed at  
 ‘thee. Be of hope ! Already streaks of blue peer through  
 ‘our clouds ; the thick gloom of Ignorance is rolling asunder,  
 ‘and it will be day. Mankind will repay with interest their  
 ‘long-accumulated debt : the Anchorite that was scoffed at  
 ‘will be worshipped ; the Fraction will become not an In-  
 ‘teger only, but a Square and Cube. With astonishment the  
 ‘world will recognise that the Tailor is its Hierophant, and  
 ‘Hierarch, or even its God.

‘As I stood in the Mosque of St. Sophia, and looked upon  
 ‘these Four-and-Twenty Tailors, sewing and embroidering  
 ‘that rich Cloth, which the Sultan sends yearly for the Caaba  
 ‘of Mecca, I thought within myself : How many other Un-  
 ‘holies has your covering Art made holy, besides this Arabian  
 ‘Whinstone !

‘ Still more touching was it when, turning the corner of a lane, in the Scottish Town of Edinburgh, I came upon a Signpost, whereon stood written that such and such a one was “ Breeches-Maker to his Majesty ; ” and stood painted the Effigies of a Pair of Leather Breeches, and between the knees these memorable words, SIC ITUR AD ASTRA. Was not this the martyr prison-speech of a Tailor sighing indeed in bonds, yet sighing towards deliverance ; and prophetically appealing to a better day ? A day of justice, when the worth of Breeches would be revealed to man, and the Scissors become for ever venerable.

‘ Neither, perhaps, may I now say, has his appeal been altogether in vain. It was in this high moment, when the soul, rent as it were, and shed asunder, is open to inspiring influence, that I first conceived this Work on Clothes : the greatest I can ever hope to do ; which has already, after long retardations, occupied, and will yet occupy, so large a section of my Life ; and of which the Primary and simpler Portion may here find its conclusion.’

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## CHAPTER XII.

### FAREWELL.

So have we endeavoured, from the enormous, amorphous Plum-pudding, more like a Scottish Haggis, which Herr Teufelsdröckh had kneaded for his fellow mortals, to pick out the choicest Plums, and present them separately on a cover of our own. A laborious, perhaps a thankless enterprise ; in which, however, something of hope has occasionally cheered us, and of which we can now wash our hands not altogether without satisfaction. If hereby, though in barbaric wise, some morsel of spiritual nourishment have been added to the scanty ration of our beloved British world, what nobler recompense could the Editor desire ? If it prove otherwise, why should he murmur ? Was not this a Task which Destiny, in any case, had appointed him ; which having now done with, he sees his general Day’s-work so much the lighter, so much the shorter ?

Of Professor Teufelsdröckh it seems impossible to take leave without a mingled feeling of astonishment, gratitude and disapproval. Who will not regret that talents, which might have profited in the higher walks of Philosophy, or in Art itself, have been so much devoted to a rummaging among lumber-rooms ; nay, too often to a scraping in kennels, where lost rings and diamond-necklaces are nowise the sole conquests ? Regret is unavoidable ; yet censure were loss of time. To cure him of his mad humours British Criticism would essay in vain : enough for her if she can, by vigilance, prevent the spreading of such among ourselves. What a result, should this piebald, entangled, hyper-metaphorical style of writing, not to say of thinking, become general among our Literary men ! As it might so easily do. Thus has not the Editor himself, working over Teufelsdröckh's German, lost much of his own English purity ? Even as the smaller whirlpool is sucked into the larger, and made to whirl along with it, so has the lesser mind, in this instance, been forced to become portion of the greater, and, like it, see all things figuratively : which habit time and assiduous effort will be needed to eradicate.

Nevertheless, wayward as our Professor shews himself, is there any reader that can part with him in declared enmity ? Let us confess, there is that in the wild, much-suffering, much-inflicting man, which almost attaches us. His attitude, we will hope and believe, is that of a man who had said to Cant, Begone ; and to Dilettantism, Here thou canst not be : and to Truth, Be thou in place of all to me : a man who had manfully defied the 'Time-Prince,' or Devil, to his face ; nay, perhaps, Hannibal-like, was mysteriously consecrated from birth to that warfare, and now stood minded to wage the same, by all weapons, in all places, at all times. In such a cause, any soldier, were he but a Polack Scytheman, shall be welcome.

Still the question returns on us : How could a man occasionally of keen insight, not without keen sense of propriety, who had real Thoughts to communicate, resolve to emit them in a shape bordering so closely on the absurd ? Which question he were wiser than the present Editor who should satis-



factorily answer. Our conjecture has sometimes been, that perhaps Necessity as well as Choice was concerned in it. Seems it not conceivable that, in a Life like our Professor's, where so much bountifully given by Nature had in Practice failed and misgone, Literature also would never rightly prosper : that striving with his characteristic vehemence to paint this and the other Picture, and ever without success, he at last desperately dashes his sponge, full of all colours, against the canvass, to try whether it will paint Foam ? With all his stillness, there were perhaps in Teufelsdröckh desperation enough for this. •

A second conjecture we hazard with even less warranty. It is that Teufelsdröckh is not without some touch of the universal feeling, a wish to proselytise. How often already have we paused, uncertain whether the basis of this so enigmatic nature were really Stoicism and Despair, or Love and Hope only seared into the figure of these ! Remarkable, moreover, is this saying of his : 'How were Friendship possible ? In 'mutual devotedness to the Good and True : otherwise impossible ; except as Armed Neutrality, or hollow Commercial League. A man, be the Heavens ever praised, is sufficient 'for himself ; yet were ten men, united in Love, capable of 'being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. 'Infinite is the help man can yield to man.' And now in conjunction therewith consider this other : 'It is the Night of 'the World, and still long till it be Day : we wander amid the 'glimmer of smoking ruins, and the Sun and the Stars of 'Heaven are as if blotted out for a season ; and two immeasurable 'Fantoms, HYPOCRISY and ATHEISM, with the Gowle, 'SENSUALITY, stalk abroad over the Earth, and call it theirs : 'well at ease are the Sleepers for whom Existence is a shallow 'Dream.'

But what of the awestruck Wakeful who find it a Reality ? Should not these unite ; since even an authentic Spectre is not visible to Two ?—In which case were this enormous Clothes-Volume properly an enormous Pitchpan, which our Teufelsdröckh in his lone watchtower had kindled, that it might flame far and wide through the Night, and many a dis-

consolately wandering spirit be guided thither to a Brother's bosom !—We say as before, with all his malign Indifference, who knows what mad Hopes this man may harbour ?

Meanwhile there is one fact to be stated here, which harmonises ill with such conjecture ; and, indeed, were Teufelsdröckh made like other men, might as good as altogether subvert it. Namely, that while the Beacon-fire blazed its brightest, the Watchman had quitted it ; that no pilgrim could now ask him : Watchman, what of the Night ? Professor Teufelsdröckh, be it known, is no longer visibly present at Weissnichtwo, but again to all appearance lost in Space ! Some time ago, the Hofrath Heuschrecke was pleased to favor us with another copious Epistle ; wherein much is said about the ' Population-Institute ; ' much repeated in praise of the Paperbag Documents, the hieroglyphic nature of which our Hofrath still seems not to have surmised ; and, lastly, the strangest occurrence communicated, to us for the first time, in the following paragraph :

' *Ew. Wohlgebohren* will have seen, from the public Prints, ' with what affectionate and hitherto fruitless solicitude Weiss- ' nichtwo regards the disappearance of her Sage. Might ' but the united voice of Germany prevail on him to return ; ' nay, could we but so much as elucidate for ourselves by ' what mystery he went away ! But, alas, old Leischen ex- ' periences or affects the profoundest deafness, the profound- ' est ignorance : in the Wahngasse all lies swept, silent, sealed ' up ; the Privy Council itself can hitherto elicit no answer.

' It had been remarked that while the agitating news of ' those Parisian Three Days flew from mouth to mouth, and ' dinned every ear in Weissnichtwo, Herr Teufelsdröckh was ' not known, at the *Ganse* or elsewhere, to have spoken, for a ' whole week, any syllable except once these three : *Es geht an* ' (It is beginning). Shortly after, as *Ew. Wohlgebohren* knows, ' was the public tranquillity here, as in Berlin, threatened by ' a Sedition of the Tailors. For did there want Evil-wishers, ' or perhaps mere desperate Alarmist, who asserted that the ' closing Chapter of the Clothes-Volume was to blame. In ' this appalling crisis, the serenity of our Philosopher was

‘indescribable : nay, perhaps, through one humble individual, something thereof might pass into the *Rath* (Council) itself, and so contribute to the country’s deliverance. The Tailors are now entirely pacificated.—To neither of these two incidents can I attribute our loss : yet still comes there the shadow of a suspicion out of Paris and its Politics. For example, when the *Saint-Simonian Society* transmitted its Propositions hither, and the whole *Ganse* was one vast cackle of laughter, lamentation, and astonishment, our Sage sat mute ; and at the end of the third evening, said merely : “Here also are men who have discovered, not without amazement, that Man is still Man ; of which high, long-forgotten Truth you already see them make a false application.” Since then, as has been ascertained by examination of the Post-Director, there passed at least one Letter with its Answer between the Messieurs Bazard-Enfantin and our Professor himself ; of what tenor can now only be conjectured. On the fifth night following, he was seen for the last time !

‘Has this invaluable man, so obnoxious to most of the hostile Sects that convulse our Era, been spirited away by certain of their emissaries ; or did he go forth voluntarily to their headquarters to confer with them, and confront them ? Reason we have, at least of a negative sort, to believe the Lost still living : our widowed heart also whispers that ere long he will himself give a sign. Otherwise, indeed, must his archives, one day, be opened by Authority ; where much, perhaps the *Palingenesie* itself, is thought to be repositied.’

Thus far the Hofrath ; who vanishes, as is his wont, too like an *Ignis Fatuus*, leaving the dark still darker.

So that Teufelsdröckh’s public History were not done, then, or reduced to an even, unromantic tenor ; nay, perhaps, the better part thereof were only beginning ? We stand in a region of conjectures, where substance has melted into shadow, and one cannot be distinguished from the other. May Time, which solves or suppresses all problems, throw glad light on this also ! Our own private conjecture, now

amounting almost to certainty, is that, safe-moored in some stillest obscurity, not to lie always still, Teufelsdröckh is actually in London !

Here, however, can the present Editor, with an ambrosial joy as of over-weariness falling into sleep, lay down his pen. Well does he know, if human testimony be worth aught, that to innumerable British readers likewise, this is a satisfying consummation ; that innumerable British readers consider him, during these current months, but as an uneasy interruption to their ways of thought and digestion ; and indicate so much, not without a certain irritancy and even spoken invective. For which, as for other mercies, ought he not to thank the Upper Powers ? To one and all of you, O irritated readers, he, with outstretched arms and open heart, will wave a kind farewell. Thou too, miraculous Entity, who namest thyself YORKE and OLIVER, and with thy vivacities and genialities, with thy all too Irish mirth and madness, and odour of palled punch, makest such strange work, farewell ; long as thou canst, fare-*well* ! Have we not, in the course of Eternity, travelled some months of our Life-journey in partial sight of one another ; have we not existed together, though in a state of quarrel ?





# PAST AND PRESENT

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

*Ernst ist das Leben.*

*Schiller.*

NEW YORK:

JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER,

1885.

TROW'S  
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,  
NEW YORK.

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# PAST AND PRESENT.

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## BOOK I.

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### *PROEM.*

#### CHAPTER I.

##### MIDAS.

THE condition of England, on which many pamphlets are now in the course of publication, and many thoughts unpublished are going on in every reflective head, is justly regarded as one of the most ominous, and withal one of the strangest, ever seen in this world. England is full of wealth, of multifarious produce, supply for human want in every kind; yet England is dying of inanition. With unabated bounty the land of England blooms and grows; waving with yellow harvests; thick-studded with workshops, industrial implements, with fifteen millions of workers, understood to be the strongest, the cunningest and the willingest our Earth ever had; these men are here; the work they have done, the fruit they have realised is here, abundant, exuberant on every hand of us: and behold, some baleful fiat as of Enchantment has gone forth, saying, "Touch it not, ye workers, ye master-workers, ye master-idlers; none of you can touch it, no man of you shall be the better for it; this is enchanted fruit!" On the poor workers such fiat falls first, in its rudest shape; but on the rich master-workers too it falls; neither can the rich master-idlers, nor any richest or highest man escape, but all are



like to be brought low with it, and made 'poor' enough, in the money sense or a far fataller one.

Of these successful skilful workers some two millions, it is now counted, sit in Workhouses, Poor-law Prisons; or have 'out-door relief' flung over the wall to them,—the workhouse Bastille being filled to bursting, and the strong Poor-law broken asunder by a stronger.\* They sit there, these many months now; their hope of deliverance as yet small. In workhouses, pleasantly so named, because work cannot be done in them. Twelve hundred thousand workers in England alone: their cunning right-hand lamed, lying idle in their sorrowful bosom; their hopes, outlooks, share of this fair world, shut in by narrow walls. They sit there, pent up, as in a kind of horrid enchantment; glad to be imprisoned and enchanted, that they may not perish starved. The picturesque Tourist, in a sunny autumn day, through this bounteous realm of England, describes the Union Workhouse on his path. 'Passing by the Workhouse of St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, on a bright day last autumn,' says the picturesque Tourist, 'I saw sitting on wooden benches, in front of their Bastille and within their ring wall and its railings, some half-hundred or more of these men. Tall robust figures, young mostly or of middle age; of honest countenance, many of them thoughtful and even intelligent-looking men. They sat there, near by one another; but in a kind of torpor, especially in silence, which was very striking. In silence: for, alas, what word was to be said? An Earth all lying round, crying, Come and till me, come and reap me;—yet we here sit enchanted! In the eyes and brows of these men hung the gloomiest expression, not of anger, but of grief and shame and manifold inarticulate distress and weariness; they returned my glance with a glance that seemed to say, "Do not look at us. We sit enchanted here, we know not why. The Sun shines and the Earth calls; and, by the governing Powers and Impotences of this England, we are forbidden to obey. It is im-

\*The return of Paupers for England and Wales, at Ladyday, 1842, is 'In-door 221,687, Out-door 1,207,402, Total 1,429,089.'—(*Official Report.*)

‘possible, they tell us!’ There was something that reminded me of Dante’s Hell in the look of all this; and I rode swiftly away.’

So many hundred thousands sit in workhouses: and other hundred thousands have not yet got even workhouses; and in thrifty Scotland itself, in Glasgow or Edinburgh City, in their dark lanes, hidden from all but the eye of God, and of rare Benevolence the minister of God, there are scenes of woe and destitution and desolation, such as, one may hope, the Sun never saw before in the most barbarous regions where men dwelt. Competent witnesses, the brave and humane Dr. Alison, who speaks what he knows, whose noble Healing Art in his charitable hands becomes once more a truly sacred one, report these things for us: these things are not of this year, or of last year, have no reference to our present state of commercial stagnation, but only to the common state. Not in sharp fever-fits, but a chronic gangrene of this kind is Scotland suffering. A Poor-law, any and every Poor-law, it may be observed, is but a temporary measure; an anodyne, not a remedy: Rich and Poor, when once the naked facts of their condition have come into collision, cannot long subsist together on a mere Poor-law. True enough:—and yet, human beings cannot be left to die! Scotland too, till something better come, must have a Poor-law, if Scotland is not to be a byword among the nations. Oh, what a waste is there; of noble and thrice-noble national virtues; peasant Stoicisms, Heroisms; valiant manful habits, soul of a Nation’s worth,—which all the metal of Potosi cannot purchase back; to which the metal of Potosi, and all you can buy with it, is dross and dust!

Why dwell on this aspect of the matter? It is too indisputable, not doubtful now to any one. Descend where you will into the lower class, in Town or Country, by what avenue you will, by Factory Inquiries, Agricultural Inquiries, by Revenue Returns, by Mining-Labourer Committees, by opening your own eyes and looking, the same sorrowful result discloses itself: you have to admit that the working body of this rich English Nation has sunk or is fast sinking into a

state, to which, all sides of it considered, there was literally never any parallel. At Stockport Assizes,—and this too has no reference to the present state of trade, being of date prior to that,—a Mother and a Father are arraigned and found guilty of poisoning three of their children, to defraud a ‘burial-society’ of some 3*l.* 8*s.* due on the death of each child: they are arraigned, found guilty; and the official authorities, it is whispered, hint that perhaps the case is not solitary, that perhaps you had better not probe farther into that department of things. This is in the autumn of 1841; the crime itself is of the previous year or season. “Brutal savages, degraded Irish,” mutters the idle reader of Newspapers; hardly lingering on this incident. Yet it is an incident worth lingering on; the depravity, savagery and degraded Irishism being never so well admitted. In the British land, a human Mother and Father, of white skin and professing the Christian religion, has done this thing; they, with their Irishism and necessity and savagery, had been driven to do it. Such instances are like the highest mountain apex emerged into view; under which lies a whole mountain region and land, not yet emerged. A human Mother and Father had said to themselves, What shall we do to escape starvation? We are deep sunk here, in our dark cellar; and help is far.—Yes, in the Ugolino Hunger-tower stern things happen; best-loved little Gaddo fallen dead on his Father’s knees!—The Stockport Mother and Father think and hint: Our poor little starveling Tom, who cries all day for victuals, who will see only evil and not good in this world: if he were out of misery at once; he well dead, and the rest of us perhaps kept alive? It is thought, and hinted; at last it is done. And now Tom being killed, and all spent and eaten, Is it poor little starveling Jack that must go, or poor little starveling Will?—What a committee of ways and means!

In starved sieged cities, in the uttermost doomed ruin of old Jerusalem fallen under the wrath of God, it was prophesied and said, ‘The hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children.’ The stern Hebrew imagination could conceive no blacker gulf of wretchedness; that was the ulti-

matum of degraded god-punished man. And we here, in modern England, exuberant with supply of all kinds, besieged by nothing if it be not by invisible Enchantments, are we reaching that?—How come these things? Wherefore are they, wherefore should they be?

Nor are they of the St. Ives workhouses, of the Glasgow lanes, and Stockport cellars, the only unblessed among us. This successful industry of England, with its plethoric wealth, has as yet made nobody rich; it is an enchanted wealth, and belongs yet to nobody. We might ask, Which of us has it enriched? We can spend thousands where we once spent hundreds; but can purchase nothing good with them. In Poor and Rich, instead of noble thrift and plenty, there is idle luxury alternating with mean scarcity and inability. We have sumptuous garnitures for our Life, but have forgotten to *live* in the middle of them. It is an enchanted wealth; no man of us can yet touch it. The class of men who feel that they are truly better off by means of it, let them give us their name!

Many men eat finer cookery, drink dearer liquors,—with what advantage they can report, and their Doctors can: but in the heart of them, if we go out of the dyspeptic stomach, what increase of blessedness is there? Are they better, beautifuller, stronger, braver? Are they even what they call ‘happier?’ Do they look with satisfaction on more things and human faces in this God’s-Earth; do more things and human faces look with satisfaction on them? Not so. Human faces gloom discordantly, disloyally on one another. Things, if it be not mere cotton and iron things, are growing disobedient to man. The Master Worker is enchanted, for the present, like his Workhouse Workman; clamours, in vain hitherto, for a very simple sort of ‘Liberty:’ the liberty ‘to buy where he finds it cheapest, to sell where he finds it dearest.’ With guineas jingling in every pocket, he was no whit richer; but now, the very guineas threatening to vanish, he feels that he is poor indeed. Poor Master Worker! And the Master Unworker, is not he in a still fataller situation? Pausing amid his game-preserves, with awful eye,—as he well

may ! Coercing fifty-pound tenants ; coercing, bribing, cajoling ; doing what he likes with his own. His mouth full of loud futilities, and arguments to prove the excellence of his Corn-law ; and in his heart the blackest misgiving, a desperate half consciousness that his excellent Corn-law is *indefensible*, that his loud arguments for it are of a kind to strike men too literally *dumb*.

To whom, then, is this wealth of England wealth ? Who is it that it blesses ; makes happier, wiser, beautifuller, in any way better ? Who has got hold of it, to make it fetch and carry for him, like a true servant, not like a false mock-servant ; to do him any real service whatsoever ? As yet no one. We have more riches than any Nation ever had before ; we have less good of them than any Nation ever had before. Our successful industry is hitherto unsuccessful ; a strange success, if we stop here ! In the midst of plethoric plenty, the people perish ; with gold walls, and full barns, no man feels himself safe or satisfied. Workers, Master Workers, Unworkers, all men, come to a pause ; stand fixed, and cannot farther. Fatal paralysis spreading inwards, from the extremities, in St. Ives workhouses, in Stockport cellars, through all limbs, as if towards the heart itself. Have we actually got enchanted, then ; accursed by some god ?—

Midas longed for gold, and insulted the Olympians. He got gold, so that whatsoever he touched became gold,—and he, with his long ears, was little the better for it. Midas had misjudged the celestial music-tones ; Midas had insulted Apollo and the gods ; the gods gave him his wish, and a pair of long ears, which also were a good appendage to it. What a truth in these old Fables !

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE SPHINX.

How true, for example, is that other old Fable of the Sphinx, who sat by the wayside, propounding her riddle to the passengers, which if they could not answer she destroyed



them ! Such a Sphinx is this Life of ours, to all men and societies of men. Nature, like the Sphinx, is of womanly celestial loveliness and tenderness ; the face and bosom of a goddess, but ending in claws and the body of a lioness. There is in her a celestial beauty,—which means celestial order, pliancy to wisdom ; but there is also a darkness, a ferocity, fatality, which are infernal. She is a goddess, but one not yet disimprisoned ; one still half-imprisoned,—the articulate, lovely still encased in the inarticulate, chaotic. How true ! And does she not propound her riddles to us ? Of each man she asks daily, in mild voice, yet with a terrible significance, “ Knowest thou the meaning of this Day ? What thou canst do Today ; wisely attempt to do ? ” Nature, Universe, Destiny, Existence, howsoever we name this grand unnameable Fact in the midst of which we live and struggle, is as a heavenly bride and conquest to the wise and brave, to them who can discern her behests and do them ; a destroying fiend to them who cannot. Answer her riddle, it is well with thee. Answer it not, pass on regarding it not, it will answer itself ; the solution for thee is a thing of teeth and claws ; Nature is a dumb lioness, deaf to thy pleadings, fiercely devouring. Thou art not now her victorious bridegroom ; thou art her mangled victim, scattered on the precipices, as a slave found treacherous, recreant, ought to be and must.

With Nations it is as with individuals : Can they rede the riddle of Destiny ? This English Nation, will it get to know the meaning of *its* strange new Today ? Is there sense enough extant discoverable anywhere or anyhow, in our united twenty-seven million heads to discern the same ; valour enough in our twenty-seven million hearts to dare and do the bidding thereof ? It will be seen !—

The secret of gold Midas, which he with his long ears never could discover, was, That he had offended the Supreme Powers ; that he had parted company with the eternal inner Fact of this Universe, and followed the transient outer Appearances thereof ; and so was arrived *here*. Properly it is the secret of all unhappy men and unhappy nations. Had they known Nature’s right truth, Nature’s right truth would have

made them free. They have become enchanted ; stagger spell-bound, reeling on the brink of huge peril, because they were not wise enough. They have forgotten the right Inner True, and taken up with the Outer Sham-true. They answer the Sphinx's question *wrong*. Foolish men cannot answer it aright ! Foolish men mistake transitory semblance for eternal fact, and go astray more and more.

Foolish men imagine that because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice, but an accidental one, here below. Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed some day or two, some century or two, but it is sure as life, it is sure as death ! In the centre of the world-whirlwind, verily now as in the oldest days, dwells and speaks a God. The great soul of the world is *just*. O brother, can it be needful now, at this late epoch of experience, after eighteen centuries of Christian preaching for one thing, to remind thee of such a fact ; which all manner of Mahometans, old Pagan Romans, Jews, Scythians and heathen Greeks, and indeed more or less all men that God made, have managed at one time to see into ; nay which thou thyself, till 'redtape' strangled the inner life of thee, hadst once some inkling of : That there is justice here below ; and even at bottom, that there is nothing else but justice ! Forget that, thou hast forgotten all. Success will never more attend thee : how can it now ? Thou hast the whole Universe against thee. No more success : mere sham-success, for a day and days ; rising ever higher,—towards its Tarpeian Rock. Alas, how, in thy soft-hung Longacre vehicle, of polished leather to the bodily eye, of redtape philosophy, of expedencies, clubroom moralities, Parliamentary majorities to the mind's eye, thou beautifully rollest : but knowest thou whitherward ? It is towards the *road's end*. Old use-and-wont ; established methods, habits, *once* true and wise ; man's noblest tendency, his perseverance, and man's ignoblest, his inertia ; whatsoever of noble and ignoble Conservatism there is in men and Nations, strongest always in the strongest men and Nations : all this is as a road to thee, paved smooth through the abyss,—till all this *end*. Till men's bitter necessities can endure thee no more. Till

Nature's patience with thee is done ; and there is no road or footing any farther, and the abyss yawns sheer !—

Parliament and the Courts of Westminster are venerable to me ; how venerable ; grey with a thousand years of honourable age ! For a thousand years and more, Wisdom and faithful Valour, struggling amid much Folly and greedy Baseness, not without most sad distortions in the struggle, have built them up ; and they are as we see. For a thousand years, this English Nation has found them useful or supportable ; they have served this English Nation's want ; *been* a road to it through the abyss of Time. They are venerable, they are great and strong. And yet it is good to remember always that they are not the venerablest, nor the greatest, nor the strongest ! Acts of Parliament are venerable ; but if they correspond not with the writing on the 'Adamant Tablet,' what are they ? Properly their one element of venerableness, of strength or greatness, is, that they at all times correspond therewith as near as by human possibility they can. They are cherishing destruction in their bosom every hour that they continue otherwise.

Alas, how many causes that can plead well for themselves in the Courts of Westminster ; and yet in the general Court of the Universe, and free Soul of Man, have no word to utter ! Honourable Gentlemen may find this worth considering, in times like ours. And truly, the din of triumphant Law-logic, and all shaking of horse-hair wigs and learned-sergeant gowns having comfortably ended, we shall do well to ask ourselves withal, What says that high and highest Court to the verdict ? For it is the Court of Courts, that same ; where the universal soul of Fact and very Truth sits President ;—and thitherward, more and more swiftly, with a really terrible increase of swiftness, all causes do in these days crowd for revisal,—for confirmation, for modification, for reversal with costs. Dost thou know that Court ; hast thou had any Law-practice there ? What, didst thou never enter ; never file any petition of redress, reclaimer, disclaimer or demurrer, written as in thy heart's blood, for thy own behoof or another's ; and silently await the issue ? Thou knowest not such a Court ? Hast

merely heard of it by faint tradition as a thing that was or had been ? Of thee, I think, we shall get little benefit.

For the gowns of learned-sergeants are good : parchment records, fixed forms, and poor terrestrial Justice, with or without horse-hair, what sane man will not reverence these ? And yet, behold, the man is not sane but insane, who considers these alone as venerable. Oceans of horse-hair, continents of parchment, and learned-sergeant eloquence, were it continued till the learned tongue wore itself small in the indefatigable learned mouth, cannot make unjust just. The grand question still remains, Was the judgment just ? If unjust, it will not and cannot get harbour for itself, or continue to have footing in this Universe, which was made by other than One Unjust. Enforce it by never such statuting, three readings, royal assents ; blow it to the four winds with all manner of quilted trumpeters and pursuivants, in the rear of them never so many gibbets and hangmen, it will not stand, it cannot stand. From all souls of men, from all ends of Nature, from the Throne of God above, there are voices bidding it : Away, away ! Does it take no warning ; does it stand, strong in its three readings, in its gibbets and artillery-parks ? The more woe is to it, the frightfuller woe. It will continue standing, for its day, for its year, for its century, doing evil all the while ; but it has One enemy who is Almighty : dissolution, explosion, and the everlasting Laws of Nature incessantly advance towards it ; and the deeper its rooting, more obstinate its continuing, the deeper also and huger will its ruin and overturn be.

In this God's-world, with its wild-whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice ? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below : the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing ; and infinite bonfires

visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it,—I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, “In God’s name, No !” Thy ‘success?’ Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from North to South, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading-articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In few years thou wilt be dead and dark,—all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells or leading-articles visible or audible to thee again at all for-ever: What kind of success is that!—

It is true, all goes by approximation in this world; with any not insupportable approximation we must be patient. There is a noble Conservatism as well as an ignoble. Would to Heaven, for the sake of Conservatism itself, the noble alone were left, and the ignoble, by some kind severe hand, were ruthlessly lopped away, forbidden ever more to shew itself! For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all this confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest, sinking through complex fluctuating media and vortices, has its deflexions, its obstructions, nay at times its resiliences, its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating, “See, your Heaviest ascends!”—but at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the World, old as the Maker’s first Plan of the World, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over



him. He dies indeed ; but his work lives, very truly lives. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England : but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous unfair terms, a part of it ; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just real union as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland : no, because brave men rose there, and said, " Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves ; and ye shall not,—and cannot ! " Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no farther, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be : but the truth of it is part of Nature's own Laws, cooperates with the World's eternal Tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

The *dust* of controversy, what is it but the *falsehood* flying off from all manner of conflicting true forces, and making such a loud dust-whirlwind,—that so the truths alone may remain, and embrace brother-like in some true resulting-force ! It is ever so. Savage fighting Heptarchies : their fighting is an ascertainment, who has the right to rule over whom ; that out of such waste-bickering Saxondom a peacefully cooperating England may arise. Seek through this Universe ; if with other than owl's eyes, thou wilt find nothing nourished there, nothing kept in life, but what has right to nourishment and life. The rest, look at it with other than owl's eyes, is not living ; is all dying, all as good as dead ! Justice was ordained from the foundations of the world ; and will last with the world and longer.

From which I infer that the inner sphere of Fact, in this present England as elsewhere, differs infinitely from the outer sphere and spheres of Semblance. That the Temporary, here as elsewhere, is too apt to carry it over the Eternal. That he

who dwells in the temporary Semblances, and does not penetrate into the eternal Substance, will *not* answer the Sphinx-riddle of To-day, or of any Day. For the substance alone is substantial ; that *is* the law of Fact ; if you discover not that, Fact, who already knows it, will let you also know it by and by !

What is Justice ? that, on the whole, is the question of the Sphinx to us. The law of Fact is, that Justice must and will be done. The sooner the better ; for the Time grows stringent, frightfully pressing ! “ What is Justice ? ” ask many, to whom cruel Fact alone will be able to prove responsive. It is like jesting Pilate asking, What is Truth ? Jestings Pilate had not the smallest chance to ascertain what was Truth. He could not have known it, had a god shewn it to him. Thick serene opacity, thicker than amaurosis, veiled those smiling eyes of his to Truth ; the inner *retina* of them was gone paralytic, dead. He looked at Truth ; and discerned her not, there where she stood. “ What is Justice ? ” The clothed embodied Justice that sits in Westminster Hall, with penalties, parchments, tipstaves, is very visible. But the *unembodied* Justice, whereof that other is either an emblem, or else is a fearful indescribability, is not so visible ! For the unembodied Justice is of Heaven ; a Spirit, and Divinity of Heaven,—*invisible* to all but the noble and pure of soul. The impure ignoble gaze with eyes, and she is not there. They will prove it to you by logic, by endless Hansard Debatings, by bursts of Parliamentary eloquence. It is not consolatory to behold ! For properly, as many men as there are in a Nation who *can* withal see Heaven’s invisible Justice, and know it to be on Earth also omnipotent, so many men are there who stand between a Nation and perdition. So many, and no more. Heavy-laden England, how many hast thou in this hour ? The Supreme Power sends new and ever new, all *born* at least with hearts of flesh and not of stone ;—and heavy Misery itself, once heavy enough, will prove didactic !—

## CHAPTER III.

## MANCHESTER INSURRECTION.

BLUSTEROWSKI, Colacorde, and other Editorial prophets of the Continental Democratic Movement, have in their leading-articles shewn themselves disposed to vilipend the late Manchester Insurrection, as evincing in the rioters an extreme backwardness to battle ; nay as betokening, in the English People itself, perhaps a want of the proper animal-courage indispensable in these ages. A million hungry operative men started up, in utmost paroxysm of desperate protest against their lot ; and, ask Colacorde and company, How many shots were fired ? Very few in comparison ! Certain hundreds of drilled soldiers sufficed to suppress this million-headed hydra, and tread it down, without the smallest appeasement or hope of such, into its subterranean settlements again, there to reconsider itself. Compared with our revolts in Lyons, in Warsaw and elsewhere, to say nothing of incomparable Paris City past or present, what a lamblike Insurrection !—

The present Editor is not here, with his readers, to vindicate the character of Insurrections ; nor does it matter to us whether Blusterowski and the rest may think the English a courageous people or not courageous. In passing, however, let us mention that, to our view, this was not an unsuccessful Insurrection ; that as Insurrections go, we have not heard lately of any that succeeded so well.

A million of hungry operative men, as Blusterowski says, rose all up, came all out into the streets, and—stood there. What other could they do ? Their wrongs and griefs were bitter, insupportable, their rage against the same was just : but who are they that cause these wrongs, who that will honestly make effort to redress them ? Our enemies are we know not who or what ; our friends are we know not where ! How shall we attack any one, shoot or be shot by any one ? Oh, if the accursed invisible Nightmare, that is crushing out the life of us and ours, would take a shape ; approach us like the

Hyrceanian tiger, the Behemoth of Chaos, the Archfiend himself ; in any shape that we could see, and fasten on !—A man can have himself shot with cheerfulness ; but it needs first that he see clearly for what. Shew him the divine face of Justice, then the diabolic monster which is eclipsing that : he will fly at the throat of such monster, never so monstrous, and need no bidding to do it. Woolwich grapeshot will sweep clear all streets, blast into invisibility so many thousand men : but if your Woolwich grapeshot be but eclipsing Divine Justice, and the God's-radiance itself gleam recognisable athwart such grapeshot,—then, yes then is the time come for fighting and attacking. All artillery-parks have become weak, and are about to dissipate : in the God's-thunder, their poor thunder slackens, ceases ; finding that it is, in all senses of the term, a *brute* one !—

That the Manchester Insurrection stood still, on the streets, with an indisposition to fire and bloodshed, was wisdom for it even as an Insurrection. Insurrection, never so necessary, is a most sad necessity ; and governors who wait for that to instruct them, are surely getting into the fatallest courses,—proving themselves Sons of Nox and Chaos, of blind Cowardice, not of seeing Valour ! How can there be any remedy in insurrection ? It is a mere announcement of the disease,—visible now even to Sons of Night. Insurrection usually ‘gains’ little ; usually wastes how much ! One of its worst kinds of waste, to say nothing of the rest, is that of irritating and exasperating men against each other, by violence done ; which is always sure to be injustice done, for violence does even justice unjustly.

Who shall compute the waste and loss, the obstruction of every sort, that was produced in the Manchester region by Peterloo alone ! Some thirteen unarmed men and women cut down,—the number of the slain and maimed is very countable : but the treasury of rage, burning hidden or visible in all hearts ever since, more or less perverting the effort and aim of all hearts ever since, is of unknown extent. “How ye came among us, in your cruel armed blindness, ye unspeakable County Yeomanry, sabres flourishing, hoofs prancing,

and slashed us down at your brute pleasure ; deaf, blind to all *our* claims and woes and wrongs ; of quick sight and sense to your own claims only ! There lie poor sallow workworn weavers, and complain no more now ; women themselves are slashed and sabred, howling terror fills the air ; and ye ride prosperous, very victorious,—ye unspeakable : give *us* sabres too, and then come-on a little !” Such are Peterloos. In all hearts that witnessed Peterloo, stands written, as in fire-characters, or smoke-characters prompt to become fire again, a legible balance-account of grim vengeance : very unjustly balanced, much exaggerated, as is the way with such accounts : but payable readily at sight, in full with compound interest ! Such things should be avoided as the very pestilence ! For men’s hearts ought not be set against one another ; but set *with* one another, and all against the Evil Thing only. Men’s souls ought to be left to see clearly ; not jaundiced, blinded, twisted all awry, by revenge, mutual abhorrence, and the like. An Insurrection that can announce the disease, and then retire with no such balance-account opened anywhere, has attained the highest success possible for it.

And this was what these poor Manchester operatives, with all the darkness that was in them and round them, did manage to perform. They put their huge inarticulate question, “ What do you mean to do with us ? ” in a manner audible to every reflective soul in this kingdom ; exciting deep pity in all good men, deep anxiety in all men whatever ; and no conflagration or outburst of madness came to cloud that feeling anywhere, but everywhere it operates unclouded. All England heard the question : it is the first practical form of *our* Sphinx-riddle. England will answer it ; or, on the whole, England will perish ;—one does not yet expect the latter result !

For the rest, that the Manchester Insurrection could yet discern no radiance of Heaven on any side of its horizon ; but feared that all lights, of the O’Connor or other sorts, hitherto kindled, were but deceptive fish-oil transparencies, or bog will-o’-wisp lights, and no dayspring from on high : for this also we will honour the poor Manchester Insurrection, and



augur well of it. A deep unspoken sense lies in these strong men,—inconsiderable almost stupid, as all they can articulate of it is. Amid all violent stupidity of speech, a right noble instinct of what is doable and what is not doable never forsakes them: the strong inarticulate men and workers, whom *Fact* patronises; of whom, in all difficulty and work whatsoever, there is good augury! This work too is to be done: Governors and Governing Classes that *can* articulate and utter, in any measure, what the law of Fact and Justice is, may calculate that here is a Governed Class who will listen.

And truly this first practical form of the Sphinx-question, inarticulately and so audibly put there, is one of the most impressive ever asked in the world. "Behold us here, so many thousands, millions, and increasing at the rate of fifty every hour. We are right willing and able to work; and on the Planet Earth is plenty of work and wages for a million times as many. We ask, If you mean to lead us towards work; to try to lead us,—by ways new, never yet heard of till this new unheard-of Time? Or if you declare that you cannot lead us? And expect that we are to remain quietly unled, and in a composed manner perish of starvation? What is it you expect of us? What is it you mean to do with us?" This question, I say, has been put in the hearing of all Britain; and will be again put, and ever again, till some answer be given it.

Unhappy Workers, unhappy Idlers, unhappy men and women of this actual England! We are yet very far from an answer, and there will be no existence for us without finding one. "A fair day's-wages for a fair day's-work:" it is as just a demand as Governed men ever made of Governing. It is the everlasting right of man. Indisputable as Gospels, as arithmetical multiplication-tables: it must and will have itself fulfilled;—and yet, in these times of ours, with what enormous difficulty, next-door to impossibility! For the times are really strange; of a complexity intricate with all the new width of the ever-widening world; times here of half-frantic velocity of impetus, there of the deadest-looking stillness and paralysis; times definable as shewing two qualities, Dilettant-

ism and Mammonism;—most intricate obstructed times! Nay, if there were not a Heaven's radiance of Justice, prophetic, clearly of Heaven, discernible behind all these confused world-wide entanglements, of Landlord interests, Manufacturing interests, Tory-Whig interests, and who knows what other interests, expediences, vested interests, established possessions, inveterate Dilettantisms, Midas-eared Mammonisms,—it would seem to every one a flat impossibility, which all wise men might as well at once abandon. If you do not know eternal Justice from momentary Expediency, and understand in your heart of hearts how Justice, radiant, beneficent, as the all-victorious Light-element, is also in essence, if need be, an all-victorious Fire-element, and melts all manner of vested interests, and the hardest iron cannon, as if they were soft wax, and does ever in the long-run rule and reign, and allows nothing else to rule and reign,—you also would talk of impossibility! But it is only difficult, it is not impossible. Possible? It is, with whatever difficulty, very clearly inevitable.

Fair day's-wages for fair day's-work! exclaims a sarcastic man: Alas, in what corner of this Planet, since Adam first awoke on it, was that ever realised? The day's-wages of John Milton's day's-work, named *Paradise Lost* and *Milton's Works*, were Ten Pounds paid by instalments, and a rather close escape from death on the gallows. Consider that: it is no rhetorical flourish; it is an authentic, altogether quiet fact,—emblematic, quietly documentary of a whole world of such, ever since human history began. Oliver Cromwell quitted his farming; undertook a Hercules' Labour and lifelong wrestle with that Lernean Hydra-coil, wide as England, hissing heaven-high through its thousand crowned, coroneted, shovel-hatted, quack-heads; and he did wrestle with it, the truest and terriblest wrestle I have heard of; and he wrestled it, and mowed and cut it down a good many stages, so that its hissing is ever since pitiful in comparison, and one can walk abroad in comparative peace from it;—and his wages, as I understand, were burial under the gallows-tree near

Tyburn Turnpike, with his head on the gable of Westminster Hall, and two centuries now of mixed cursing and ridicule from all manner of men. His dust lies under the Edgeware Road, near Tyburn Turnpike, at this hour; and his memory is—Nay, what matters what his memory is? His memory, at bottom, is or yet shall be as that of a god, a terror and horror to all quacks and cowards and insincere persons; an everlasting encouragement, new memento, battleword, and pledge of victory to all the brave. It is the natural course and history of the Godlike, in every place, in every time. What god ever carried it with the Tenpound Franchisers; in Open Vestry, or with any Sanhedrim of considerable standing? When was a god found ‘agreeable’ to everybody? The regular way is to hang, kill, crucify your gods, and execrate and trample them under your stupid hoofs for a century or two; till you discover that they are gods,—and then take to braying over them, still in a very long-eared manner!—So speaks the sarcastic man; in his wild way, very mournful truths.

Day’s-wages for day’s-work? continues he: The Progress of Human Society consists even in this same, The better and better apportioning of wages to work. Give me this, you have given me all. Pay to every man accurately what he has worked for, what he has earned and done and deserved,—to this man broad lands and honours, to that man high gibbets and treadmills: what more have I to ask? Heaven’s Kingdom, which we daily pray for, *has* come; God’s will is done on Earth even as it is in Heaven! This *is* the radiance of celestial Justice; in the light or in the fire of which all impediments, vested interests, and iron cannon, are more and more melting like wax, and disappearing from the pathways of men. A thing ever struggling forward; irrepressible, advancing inevitable; perfecting itself, all days, more and more,—never to be *perfect* till that general Doomsday, the ultimate Consummation, and Last of earthly Days.

True, as to ‘perfection’ and so forth, answer we; true enough! And yet withal we have to remark, that imperfect Human Society holds itself together, and finds place under the Sun, in virtue simply of some *approximation* to perfection

being actually made and put in practice. We remark farther, that there are supportable approximations, and then likewise insupportable. With some, almost with any, supportable approximation men are apt, perhaps too apt, to rest indolently patient, and say, It will do. Thus these poor Manchester manual workers mean only, by day's-wages for day's-work, certain coins of money adequate to keep them living;—in return for their work, such modicum of food, clothes and fuel as will enable them to continue their work itself! They as yet clamour for no more; the rest, still inarticulate, cannot shape itself into a demand at all, and only lies in them as a dumb wish: perhaps only, still more inarticulate, as a dumb, altogether unconscious want. *This* is the supportable approximation they would rest patient with, That by their work they might be kept alive to work more!—*This* once grown unattainable, I think your approximation may consider itself to have reached the *insupportable* stage; and may prepare, with whatever difficulty, reluctance and astonishment, for one of two things, for changing or perishing! With the millions no longer able to live, how can the units keep living? It is too clear the Nation itself is on the way to suicidal death.

Shall we say then, The world has retrograded in its talent of apportioning wages to work, in late days? The world had always a talent of that sort, better or worse. Time was when the mere *handworker* needed not announce his claim to the world by Manchester Insurrections!—The world, with its Wealth of Nations, Supply-and-demand and such like, has of late days been terribly inattentive to that question of work and wages. We will not say, the poor world has retrograded even here: we will say rather, the world has been rushing on with such fiery animation to get work and ever more work done, it has had no time to think of dividing the wages; and has merely left them to be scrambled for by the Law of the Stronger, law of Supply-and-demand, law of *Laissez-faire*, and other idle Laws and Un-laws,—saying, in its dire haste to get the work done, That is well enough!

And now, the world will have to pause a little, and take up that other side of the problem, and in right earnest strive for

some solution of that. For it has become pressing. What is the use of your spun shirts? They hang there by the million unsaleable; and here, by the million, are diligent bare backs that can get no hold of them. Shirts are useful for covering human backs; useless otherwise, an unbearable mockery otherwise. You have fallen terribly behind with that side of the problem! Manchester Insurrections, French Revolutions, and thousandfold phenomena great and small, announce loudly that you must bring it forward a little again. Never till now, in the history of an Earth which to this hour nowhere refuses to grow corn if you will plough it, to yield shirts if you will spin and weave in it, did the mere manual two-handed worker (however it might fare with other workers) cry in vain for such 'wages' as *he* means by 'fair wages,' namely, food and warmth! The Godlike could not and cannot be paid; but the Earthly always could. Gurth, a mere swineherd, born thrall of Cedric the Saxon, tended pigs in the wood, and did get some parings of the pork. Why, the four-footed worker has already *got* all that this two-handed one is clamouring for! How often must I remind you? There is not a horse in England, able and willing to work, but *has* due food and lodging; and goes about sleek-coated, satisfied in heart. And you say, It is impossible. Brothers, I answer, if for you it be impossible, what is to become of you? It is impossible for us to believe it to be impossible. The human brain, looking at these sleek English horses, refuses to believe in such impossibility for English men. Do you depart quickly; clear the ways soon, lest worse befall. We for our share do purpose, with full view of the enormous difficulty, with total disbelief in the impossibility, to endeavour while life is in us, and to die endeavouring, we and our sons, till we attain it or have all died and ended.

Such a Platitude of a World, in which all working horses could be well fed, and innumerable working men should die starved, were it not best to end it; to have done with it, and restore it once for all to the *Jötuns*, Mud-giants, Frost-giants, and Chaotic Brute-gods of the Beginning? For the



old Anarchic Brute-gods it may be well enough ; but it is a Platitude which Men should be above countenancing by their presence in it. We pray you, let the word *impossible* disappear from your vocabulary in this matter. It is of awful omen ; to all of us, and to yourselves first of all.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### MORRISON'S PILL.

WHAT is to be done, what would you have us do? asks many a one, with a tone of impatience, almost of reproach ; and then, if you mention some one thing, some two things, twenty things that might be done, turns round with a satirical tehee, and, "These are your remedies!" The state of mind indicated by such question, and such rejoinder, is worth reflecting on.

It seems to be taken for granted, by these interrogative philosophers, that there is some 'thing,' or handful of 'things,' which could be done ; some Act of Parliament, 'remedial measure' or the like, which could be passed, whereby the social malady were fairly fronted, conquered, put an end to ; so that, with your remedial measure in your pocket, you could then go on triumphant, and be troubled no farther. "You tell us the evil," cry such persons, as if justly aggrieved, "and do not tell us how it is to be cured!"

How it is to be cured? Brothers, I am sorry I have got no Morrison's Pill for curing the maladies of Society. It were infinitely handier if we had a Morrison's Pill, Act of Parliament, or remedial measure, which men could swallow, one good time, and then go on in their old courses, cleared from all miseries and mischiefs! Unluckily we have none such; unluckily the Heavens themselves, in their rich pharmacopœia, contain none such. There will no 'thing' be done that will cure you. There will a radical universal alteration of your regimen and way of life take place; there will a most agonizing divorce between you and your chimeras, luxuries and falsities, take place; a most toilsome, all-but

'impossible' return to Nature, and her veracities and her integrities, take place : that so the inner fountains of life may again begin, like eternal Light-fountains, to irradiate and purify your bloated, swollen foul existence, drawing nigh, as at present, to nameless death ! Either death or else all this will take place. Judge if, with such diagnosis, any Morrison's Pill is like to be discoverable !

But the Life-fountain within you once again set flowing, what innumerable 'things,' whole sets and classes and continents of 'things,' year after year, and decade after decade, and century after century, will then be doable and done ! Not Emigration, Education, Corn Law Abrogation, Sanitary Regulation, Land Property-Tax ; not these alone, nor a thousand times as much as these. Good Heavens, there will then be light in the inner heart of here and there a man, to discern what is just, what is commanded by the Most High God, what *must* be done, were it never so 'impossible.' Vain jargon in favour of the palpably unjust will then abridge itself within limits. Vain jargon, on Hustings, in Parliaments or wherever else, when here and there a man has vision for the essential God's-Truth of the things jargoned of, will become very vain indeed. The silence of here and there such a man, how eloquent in answer to such jargon ! Such jargon, frightened at its own gaunt echo, will unspeakably abate ; nay, for a while, may almost in a manner disappear,—the wise answering it in silence, and even the simplest taking cue from them to hoot it down wherever heard. It will be a blessed time ; and many 'things' will become doable,—and when the brains are out, an absurdity will die ! Not easily again shall a Corn-Law argue ten years for itself ; and still talk and argue, when impartial persons have to say with a sigh that, for so long back, they have heard no 'argument' advanced for it but such as might make the angels and almost the very jackasses weep !—

Wholly a blessed time : when jargon might abate, and here and there some genuine speech begin. When to the noble opened heart, as to such heart they alone do, all noble things began to grow visible ; and the difference between just and

unjust, between true and false, between work and sham-work, between speech and jargon, was once more, what to our happier Fathers it used to be, *infinite*,—as between a Heavenly thing and an Infernal: the one a thing which you were *not* to do, which you were wise not to attempt doing; which it were better for you to have a millstone tied round your neck, and be cast into the sea, than concern yourself with doing!—Brothers, it will not be a Morrison's Pill, or remedial measure, that will bring all this about for us.

And yet, very literally, till, in some shape or other, it be brought about, we remain cureless; till it begin to be brought about, the cure does not begin. For Nature and Fact, not Red-tape and Semblance, are to this hour the basis of man's life; and on those, through never such strata of these, man and his life and all his interests do, sooner or later, infallibly come to rest,—and to be supported or be swallowed according as they agree with those. The question is asked of them, not, How do you agree with Downing-street and accredited Semblance? but, How do you agree with God's Universe and the actual Reality of things? This Universe *has* its Laws. If we walk according to the Law, the Law-Maker will befriend us; if not, not. Alas, by no Reform Bill, Ballot-box, Five-point Charter, by no boxes or bills or charters, can you perform this alchemy: 'Given a world of Knaves, to produce an Honesty from their united action!' It is a distillation, once for all, not possible. You pass it through alembic after alembic, it comes out still a Dishonesty, with a new dress on it, a new colour to it. 'While we ourselves continue valets, how *can* any hero come to govern us?' We are governed, very infallibly, by the 'sham-hero,'—whose name is Quack, whose work and governance is Plausibility, and also is Falsity and Fatuity; to which Nature says, and must say when it comes to *her* to speak, eternally No! Nations cease to be befriended of the Law-Maker, when they walk *not* according to the Law. The Sphinx-question remains unsolved by them, becomes ever more insoluble.

If thou ask again, therefore, on the Morrison's Pill hypoth-

esis, What is to be done? allow me to reply: By thee, for the present, almost nothing. Thou there, the thing for thee to do is, if possible, to cease to be a hollow sounding-shell of hearsays, egoisms, purblind dilettantisms; and become, were it on the infinitely small scale, a faithful discerning soul. Thou shalt descend into thy inner man, and see if there be any traces of a *soul* there; till then there can be nothing done! O brother, we must if possible resuscitate some soul and conscience in us, exchange our dilettantisms for sincerities, our dead hearts of stone for living hearts of flesh. Then shall we discern, not one thing, but, in clearer or dimmer sequence, a whole endless host of things that can be done. *Do* the first of these; do it; the second will already have become clearer, doabler; the second, third, and three-thousandth will then have begun to be possible for us. Not any universal Morrison's Pill shall we then, either as swallowers or as venders, ask after at all; but a far different sort of remedies: Quacks shall no more have dominion over us, but true Heroes and Healers!

Will not that be a thing worthy of 'doing;' to deliver ourselves from quacks, sham-heroes; to deliver the whole world more and more from such! They are the one bane of the world. Once clear the world of them, it ceases to be a Devil's-world, in all fibres of it wretched, accursed; and begins to be a God's world, blessed, and working hourly towards blessedness! Thou for one wilt not again vote for any quack, do honour to any edge-gilt vacuity in man's shape: cant shall be known to thee by the sound of it;—thou wilt fly from cant with a shudder never felt before; as from the opened litany of Sorcerers' Sabbaths, the true Devil-worship of this age, more horrible than any other blasphemy, profanity, or genuine blackguardism elsewhere audible among men. It is alarming to witness,—in its present completed state! And Quack and Dupe, as we must ever keep in mind, are upper-side and under of the self-same substance; convertible personages: turn up your dupe into the proper fostering element, and he himself can become a quack; there is in him the due prurient insincerity, open

voracity for profit, and closed sense for truth, whereof quacks too, in all their kinds, are made.

Alas, it is not to the hero, it is to the sham-hero that, of right and necessity, the valet-world belongs. 'What is to be done?' The reader sees whether it is like to be the seeking and swallowing of some 'remedial measure!'

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## CHAPTER V.

### ARISTOCRACY OF TALENT.

WHEN an individual is miserable, what does it most of all behove him to do? To complain of this man or of that, of this thing or of that? To fill the world and the street with lamentation, oburgation? Not so at all; the reverse of so. All moralists advise him not to complain of any person or of any thing, but of himself only. He is to know of a truth that being miserable he has been unwise, he. Had he faithfully followed Nature and her Laws, Nature, ever true to her Laws, would have yielded fruit and increase and felicity to him: but he has followed other than Nature's Laws; and now Nature, her patience with him being ended, leaves him desolate; answers with very emphatic significance to him: No. Not by this road, my son; by another road shalt thou attain well-being: this, thou perceivest, is the road to ill being; quit this!—So do all moralists advise: that the man penitently say to himself first of all, Behold I was not wise enough; I quitted the laws of Fact, which are also called the Laws of God, and mistook for them the Laws of Sham and Semblance, which are called the Devil's Laws; therefore am I here.

Neither with Nations that become miserable is it fundamentally otherwise. The ancient guides of Nations, Prophets, Priests, or whatever their name, were well aware of this; and, down to a late epoch, impressively taught and inculcated it. The modern guides of Nations, who also go under a great variety of names, Journalists, Political Economists, Politicians, Pamphleteers, have entirely forgotten this, and are ready to deny this. But it nevertheless remains eternally undeniable:



nor is there any doubt but we shall all be taught it yet, and made again to confess it: we shall all be striped and scourged till we do learn it; and shall at last either get to know it, or be striped to death in the process. For it is undeniable! When a Nation is unhappy, the old Prophet was right and not wrong in saying to it: Ye have forgotten God, ye have quitted the ways of God, or ye would not have been unhappy. It is not according to the laws of Fact that ye have lived and guided yourselves, but according to the laws of Delusion, Imposture, and wilful and unwilful *Mistake* of Fact; behold therefore the Unveracity is worn out; Nature's long-suffering with you is exhausted; and ye are here!

Surely there is nothing very inconceivable in this, even to the Journalist, to the Political Economist, Modern Pamphleteer, or any two-legged animal without feathers! If a country finds itself wretched, sure enough that country has been *misguided*: it is with the wretched Twenty-seven Millions, fallen wretched, as with the Unit fallen wretched: they as he have quitted the course prescribed by Nature and the Supreme Powers, and so are fallen into scarcity, disaster, infelicity; and pausing to consider themselves, have to lament and say: Alas, we were not wise enough! We took transient superficial Semblance for everlasting central Substance; we have departed far away from the *Laws* of this Universe, and behold now lawless Chaos and inane Chimera is ready to devour us!—'Nature in late centuries,' says Sauerteig, 'was universally supposed to be dead; an old eight-day clock, made many thousand years ago, and still ticking, but dead as brass,—which the Maker, at most, sat looking at, in a distant, singular, and indeed incredible manner: but now I am happy to observe, she is everywhere asserting herself to be not dead and brass at all, but alive and miraculous, celestial-infernal, with an emphasis that will again penetrate the thickest head of this Planet by and by!'—

Indisputable enough to all mortals now, the guidance of this country has not been sufficiently wise: men too foolish have been set to the guiding and governing of it, and have guided it *hither*: we must find wiser,—wiser, or else we

perish! To this length of insight all England has now advanced; but as yet no farther. All England stands wringing its hands, asking itself, nigh desperate, What farther? Reform Bill proves to be a failure; Benthamite Radicalism, the gospel of 'Enlightened Selfishness,' dies out, or dwindles into Five-point Chartism, amid the tears and hootings of men: what next are we to hope or try? Five-point Charter, Free-trade; Church-extension, Sliding-scale; what, in Heaven's name, are we next to attempt, that we sink not in inane Chimera, and be devoured of Chaos?—The case is pressing, and one of the most complicated in the world. A God's-message never came to thicker-skinned people; never had a God's-message to pierce through thicker integuments, into heavier ears. It is Fact, speaking once more, in miraculous thunder-voice, from out of the centre of the world;—how unknown its language to the deaf and foolish many;—how distinct, undeniable, terrible and yet beneficent, to the hearing few: Behold, ye shall grow wiser, or ye shall die! Truer to Nature's Fact, or inane Chimera will swallow you; in whirlwinds of fire, you and your Mammonisms, Dilettantisms, your Midas-eared philosophies, double-barrelled Aristocracies, shall disappear!—Such is the God's-message to *us*, once more, in these modern days.

We must have more Wisdom to govern us, we must be governed by the Wisest, we must have an Aristocracy of Talent! cry many. True, most true; but how to get it? The following extract from our young friend of the *Houndsditch Indicator* is worth perusing: 'At this time,' says he, 'while there is a cry everywhere, articulate or inarticulate, for an "Aristocracy of Talent," a Governing Class namely which did govern, not merely which took the wages of governing, and could not with all our industry be kept from misgoverning, corn-lawing, and playing the very deuce with us,—it may not be altogether useless to remind some of the greener-headed sort what a dreadfully difficult affair the getting of such an Aristocracy is! Do you expect, my friends, that your indispensable Aristocracy of Talent is to

‘be enlisted straightway, by some sort of recruitment afore-  
 ‘thought, out of the general population ; arranged in supreme  
 ‘regimental order ; and set to rule over us ? That it will be  
 ‘got sifted, like wheat out of chaff, from the Twenty-seven  
 ‘Million British subjects ; that any Ballot-box, Reform Bill,  
 ‘or other Political Machine, with Force of Public Opinion  
 ‘never so active on it, is likely to perform said process of  
 ‘sifting ? Would to Heaven that we had a sieve ; that we  
 ‘could so much as fancy any kind of sieve, wind-fanners, or ne-  
 ‘plus-ultra of machinery, devisable by man, that would do it !

‘Done nevertheless, sure enough, it must be ; it shall and  
 ‘will be. We are rushing swiftly on the road to destruction ;  
 ‘every hour bringing us nearer, until it be, in some measure,  
 ‘done. The doing of it is not doubtful ; only the method and  
 ‘the costs ! Nay I will even mention to you an infallible sift-  
 ‘ing-process whereby he that has ability will be sifted out to  
 ‘rule among us, and that same blessed Aristocracy of Talent  
 ‘be verily, in an approximate degree, vouchsafed us by and  
 ‘by : an infallible sifting-process ; to which, however, no soul  
 ‘can help his neighbour, but each must, with devout prayer  
 ‘to Heaven, endeavour to help himself. It is, O friends, that  
 ‘all of us, that many of us, should acquire the true *eye* for  
 ‘talent, which is dreadfully wanting at present ! The true  
 ‘eye for talent presupposes the true reverence for it,—O  
 ‘Heavens, presupposes so many things !

‘For example, you Bobus Higgins, Sausage-maker on the  
 ‘great scale, who are raising such a clamour for this Aristoc-  
 ‘racy of Talent, what is it that you do, in that big heart of  
 ‘yours, chiefly in very fact pay reverence to ? Is it to talent,  
 ‘intrinsic manly worth of any kind, you unfortunate Bobus ?  
 ‘The manliest man that you saw going in a ragged coat, did  
 ‘you ever reverence him ; did you so much as know that he  
 ‘was a manly man at all, till his coat grew better ? Talent !  
 ‘I understand you to be able to worship the fame of talent,  
 ‘the power, cash, celebrity or other success of talent ; but the  
 ‘talent itself is a thing you never saw with eyes. Nay what is  
 ‘it in yourself that you are proudest of, that you take most  
 ‘pleasure in surveying meditatively in thoughtful moments ?

‘Speak now, is it the bare Bobus stript of his very name and ‘shirt, and turned loose upon society, that you admire and ‘thank Heaven for; or Bobus with his cash-accounts and ‘larders dropping fatness, with his respectabilities, warm garnitures, and pony-chaise, admirable in some measure to certain of the flunkey species? Your own degree of worth and ‘talent, is it of *infinite* value to you; or only of finite,—measurable by the degree of currency, and conquest of praise or ‘pudding, it has brought you to? Bobus, you are in a vicious ‘circle, rounder than one of your own sausages; and will ‘never vote for or promote any talent, except what talent or ‘sham-talent has already *got* itself voted for!’—We here cut short the *Indicator*; all readers perceiving whither he now tends.

‘More Wisdom’ indeed: but where to find more Wisdom? We have already a Collective Wisdom, after its kind,—though ‘class-legislation,’ and another thing or two, affect it somewhat! On the whole, as they say, Like people like priest; so we may say, Like people like king. The man gets himself appointed and elected who is ablest—to be appointed and elected. What can the incorruptiblest *Bobuses* elect, if it be not some *Bobissimus*, should they find such?

Or, again, perhaps there is not, in the whole Nation, Wisdom enough, ‘collect’ it as we may, to make an adequate Collective! That too is a case which may befall: a ruined man staggers down to ruin because there was not wisdom enough in him; so, clearly also, may Twenty-seven Million collective men!—But indeed one of the infalliblest fruits of Unwisdom in a Nation is that it cannot get the use of what Wisdom is actually in it: that it is not governed by the wisest it has, who alone have a divine right to govern in all Nations; but by the sham-wisest, or even by the openly not-so-wise if they are handiest otherwise! This is the infalliblest result of Unwisdom; and also the balefullest, immeasurablest,—not so much what we can call a poison-*fruit*, as a universal death-disease, and poisoning of the whole tree. For hereby are fostered, fed into gigantic bulk, all manner of Unwisdoms, poison-

fruits ; till, as we say, the life-tree everywhere is made a upas-tree, deadly Unwisdom overshadowing all things ; and there is done what lies in human skill to stifle all Wisdom everywhere in the birth, to smite our poor world barren of Wisdom,—and make your utmost Collective Wisdom, were it collected and elected by Rhadamanthus, Æacus and Minos, not to speak of drunken Tenpound Franchisers with their ballot-boxes, an inadequate Collective ! The Wisdom is not now there : how will you ‘collect’ it ? As well wash Thames mud, by improved methods, to find more gold in it.

Truly, the first condition is indispensable, That Wisdom be there : but the second is like unto it, is properly one with it ; these two conditions act and react through every fibre of them, and go inseparably together. If you have much Wisdom in your Nation, you will get it faithfully collected ; for the wise love Wisdom, and will search for it as for life and salvation. If you have little Wisdom, you will get even that little ill-collected, trampled under foot, reduced as near as possible to annihilation ; for fools do not love Wisdom ; they are foolish, first of all, because they have never loved Wisdom,—but have loved their own appetites, ambitions, their coroneted coaches, tankards of heavy-wet. Thus is your candle lighted at both ends, and the progress towards consummation is swift. Thus is fulfilled that saying in the Gospel : To him that hath shall be given ; and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. Very literally, in a very fatal manner, that saying is here fulfilled.

Our ‘Aristocracy of Talent’ seems at a considerable distance yet ; does it not, O Bobus ?

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## CHAPTER VI.

### HERO-WORSHIP.

To the present Editor, not less than to Bobus, a Government of the Wisest, what Bobus calls an Aristocracy of Talent, seems the one healing remedy : but he is not so sanguine as Bobus with respect to the means of realising it. He thinks that we have at once missed realising it, and come to need it



so pressingly, by departing far from the inner eternal Laws and taking up with the temporary outer semblances of Laws. He thinks that 'enlightened Egoism,' never so luminous, is not the rule by which man's life can be led. That 'Laissez-faire,' 'Supply-and-demand,' 'Cash-payment for the sole nexus,' and so forth, were not, are not, and will never be, a practicable Law of Union for a Society of Men. That Poor and Rich, that Governed and Governing, cannot long live together on any such Law of Union. Alas, he thinks that man has a soul in him *different* from the stomach in any sense of this word; that if said soul be asphyxied, and lie quietly forgotten, the man and his affairs are in a bad way. He thinks that said soul will have to be resuscitated from its asphyxia; that if it prove irresuscitable, the man is not long for this world. In brief, that Midas-eared Mammonism, double-barrelled Dilettantism, and their thousand adjuncts and corollaries, are *not* the Law by which God Almighty has appointed this his Universe to go. That, once for all, these are not the Law: and then farther that we shall have to return to what *is* the Law,—not by smooth flowery paths, it is like, and with 'tremendous cheers' in our throat; but over steep untrodden places, through stormclad chasms, waste oceans, and the bosom of tornadoes; thank Heaven, if not through very Chaos and the Abyss! The resuscitating of a soul that has gone to asphyxia is no momentary or pleasant process, but a long and terrible one.

To the present Editor, 'Hero-worship,' as he has elsewhere named it, means much more than an elected Parliament, or stated Aristocracy, of the Wisest; for, in his dialect, it is the summary, ultimate essence, and supreme practical perfection of all manner of 'worship,' and true worthships and noblenesses whatsoever. Such blessed Parliament and, were it once in perfection, blessed Aristocracy of the Wisest, god-honoured and man-honoured, he does look for, more and more perfected,—as the topmost blessed practical apex of a whole world reformed from sham-worship, informed anew with worship, with truth and blessedness! He thinks that Hero-worship, done differently in every different epoch of the

world, is the soul of all social business among men ; that the doing of it well, or the doing of it ill, measures accurately what degree of well-being or of ill-being there is in the world's affairs. He thinks that we, on the whole, do our Hero-worship worse than any Nation in this world ever did it before : that the Burns an Exciseman, the Byron a Literary Lion, are intrinsically, all things considered, a baser and falser phenomenon than the Odin a God, the Mahomet a prophet of God. It is this Editor's clear opinion, accordingly, that we must learn to do our Hero-worship better ; that to do it better and better, means the awakening of the Nation's soul from its asphyxia, and the return of blessed life to us,—Heaven's blessed life, not Mammon's galvanic accursed one. To resuscitate the Asphyxied, apparently now moribund, and in the last agony if not resuscitated : such and no other seems the consummation.

‘Hero-worship,’ if you will,—yes, friends ; but, first of all, by being ourselves of heroic mind. A whole world of Heroes ; a world not of Flunkeys, where no Hero-King *can* reign : that is what we aim at ! We, for our share, will put away all Flunkeyism, Baseness, Unveracity from us ; we shall then hope to have Noblenesses and Veracities set over us ; never till then. Let Bobus and Company sneer, “That is your Reform !” Yes, Bobus, that is our Reform ; and except in that, and what will follow out of that, we have no hope at all. Reform, like Charity, O Bobus, must begin at home. Once well at home, how will it radiate outwards, irrepressible, into all that we touch and handle, speak and work ; kindling ever new light, by incalculable contagion, spreading in geometric ratio, far and wide,—doing good only, wheresoever it spreads, and not evil.

By Reform Bills, Anti Corn-Law Bills, and thousand other bills and methods, we will demand of our Governors, with emphasis, and for the first time not without effect, that they cease to be quacks, or else depart ; that they set no quackeries and blockheadisms anywhere to rule over us, that they utter or act no cant to us,—it will be better if they do not. For we shall now know quacks when we see them ; cant,

when we hear it, shall be horrible to us ! We will say, with the poor Frenchman at the Bar of the Convention, though in wiser style than he, and ‘for the space’ not ‘of an hour’ but of a lifetime : “ *Je demande l’arrestation des coquins et des lâches.* ” ‘Arrestment of the knaves and dastards :’ ah, we know what a work that is ; how long it will be before *they* are all or mostly got ‘arrested :’—but here is one ; arrest him in God’s name ; it is one fewer ! We will, in all practicable ways, by word and silence, by act and refusal to act, energetically demand that arrestment,—“ *je demande cette arrestation-là !* ”—and by degrees infallibly attain it. Infallibly : for light spreads ; all human souls, never so bedarkened, love light ; light once kindled spreads, till all is luminous ; till the cry, “ *Arrest your knaves and dastards* ” rises imperative from millions of hearts, and rings and reigns from sea to sea. Nay, how many of them may we not ‘arrest’ with our own hands, even now ; we ! Do not countenance them, thou there : turn away from their lackered sumptuosities, their belauded sophistries, their serpent graciousities, their spoken and acted cant, with a sacred horror, with an *Apape Satanas*.—Bobus and Company, and all men will gradually join us. We demand arrestment of the knaves and dastards, and begin by arresting our own poor selves out of that fraternity. There is no other reform conceivable. Thou and I, my friend, can, in the most flunkey world, make, each of us, *one* non-flunkey, one hero, if we like : that will be two heroes to begin with :—Courage ! even that is a whole world of heroes to end with, or what we poor Two can do in furtherance thereof !

Yes, friends : Hero-kings and a whole world not unheroic,—there lies the port and happy haven, towards which, through all these stormtost seas, French Revolutions, Chartisms, Manchester Insurrections, that make the heart sick in these bad days, the Supreme Powers are driving us. On the whole, blessed be the Supreme Powers, stern as they are ! Towards that haven will we, O friends ; let all true men, with what of faculty is in them, bend valiantly, incessantly, with thousandfold endeavour, thither, thither ! There, or else in the Ocean-abysses, it is very clear to me, we shall arrive.

Well; here truly is no answer to the Sphinx-question; not the answer a disconsolate Public, inquiring at the College of Health, was in hopes of! A total change of regimen, change of constitution and existence from the very centre of it; a new body to be got, with resuscitated soul,—not without convulsive travail-throes; as all birth and new-birth presupposes travail! This is sad news to a disconsolate discerning Public, hoping to have got off by some Morrison's Pill, some Saint-John's corrosive mixture and perhaps a little blistery friction on the back!—We were prepared to part with our Corn-Law, with various Laws and Unlaws: but this, what is this?

Nor has the Editor forgotten how it fares with your ill-boding Cassandras in Sieges of Troy. Imminent perdition is not usually driven away by words of warning. Didactic Destiny has other methods in store; or these would fail always. Such words should, nevertheless, be uttered, when they dwell truly in the soul of any man. Words are hard, are importunate; but how much harder the importunate events they foreshadow! Here and there a human soul may listen to the words,—who knows how many human souls? whereby the importunate events, if not diverted and prevented, will be rendered *less* hard. The present Editor's purpose is to himself full of hope.

For though fierce travails, though wide seas and roaring gulfs lie before us, is it not something if a Loadstar, in the eternal sky, do once more disclose itself; an everlasting light, shining through all cloud-tempests and roaring billows, ever as we emerge from the trough of the sea: the blessed beacon, far off on the edge of far horizons, towards which we are to steer incessantly for life? Is it not something; O Heavens, is it not all? There lies the Heroic Promised Land; under that Heaven's-light, my brethren, bloom the Happy Isles,—there, O there! Thither will we;

‘There dwells the great Achilles whom we knew.’\*

There dwell all Heroes, and will dwell: thither, all ye heroic-minded!—The Heaven's Loadstar once clearly in our eye,

\*Tennyson's Poems (*Ulysses*).

how will each true man stand truly to *his* work in the ship ; how, with undying hope, will all things be fronted, all be conquered. Nay, with the ship's prow once turned in that direction, is not all, as it were, already well? Sick wasting misery has become noble manful effort with a goal in our eye. 'The choking Nightmare chokes us no longer ; for we *stir* under it ; the Nightmare has already fled.'—

Certainly, could the present Editor instruct men how to know Wisdom, Heroism, when they see it, that they might do reverence to *it* only, and loyally make it ruler over them, —yes, he were the living epitome of all Editors, Teachers, Prophets, that now teach and prophesy ; he were an *Apollo-Morrison*, a Trismegistus and *effective* Cassandra! Let no Able Editor hope such things. It is to be expected the present laws of copyright, rate of reward per sheet, and other considerations, will save him from that peril. Let no Editor hope such things : no ;—and yet let all Editors aim towards such things, and even towards such alone! One knows not what the meaning of editing and writing is, if even this be not it.

Enough, to the present Editor it has seemed possible some glimmering of light, for here and there a human soul, might lie in these confused Paper-Masses now intrusted to him ; wherefore he determines to edit the same. Out of old Books, new Writings, and much Meditation not of yesterday, he will endeavour to select a thing or two ; and from the Past, in a circuitous way, illustrate the Present and the Future. The Past is a dim indubitable fact : the Future too is one, only dimmer ; nay properly it is the *same* fact in new dress and development. For the Present holds in it both the whole Past and the whole Future ;—as the LIFE-TREE IGDRASIL, wide-waving, many toned, has its roots down deep in the Death-kingdoms, among the oldest dead dust of men, and with its boughs reaches always beyond the stars ; and in all times and places is one and the same Life-tree!



## BOOK II.

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### *THE ANCIENT MONK.*

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#### CHAPTER I.

JOCELIN OF BRAKELOND.

WE will, in this Second Portion of our Work, strive to penetrate a little, by means of certain confused Papers, printed and other, into a somewhat remote Century; and to look face to face on it, in hope of perhaps illustrating our own poor Century thereby. It seems a circuitous way; but it may prove a way nevertheless. For man has ever been a striving, struggling, and, in spite of wide-spread calumnies to the contrary, a veracious creature: the Centuries too are all lineal children of one another; and often, in the portrait of early grandfathers, this and the other enigmatic feature of the newest grandson shall disclose itself, to mutual elucidation. This Editor will venture on such a thing.

Besides, in Editors' Books, and indeed everywhere else in the world of Today, a certain latitude of movement grows more and more becoming for the practical man. Salvation lies not in tight lacing, in these times;—how far from that, in any province whatsoever! Readers and men generally are getting into strange habits of asking all persons and things, from poor Editors' Books up to Church Bishops and State Potentates, not, By what designation art thou called; in what wig and black triangle dost thou walk abroad? Heavens, I know thy designation and black triangle well enough! But, in God's name, what *art* thou? Not Nothing, sayest thou! Then, How much and what? This is the thing I would know:

and even *must* soon know, such a pass am I come to!—What weather-symptoms,—not for the poor Editor of Books alone! The Editor of Books may understand withal that if, as is said, ‘many kinds are permissible,’ there is one kind not permissible, ‘the kind that has nothing in it, *le genre ennuyeux* ;’ and go on his way accordingly. .

A certain Jocelinus de Brakelonda, a natural-born Englishman, has left us an extremely foreign Book,\* which the labours of the Camden Society have brought to light in these days. Jocelin’s Book, the ‘Chronicle,’ or private Boswellian Notebook, of Jocelin, a certain old St. Edmundsbury Monk and Boswell, now seven centuries old, how remote is it from us ; exotic, extraneous ; in all ways, coming from far abroad ! The language of it is not foreign only but dead : Monk-Latin lies across not the British Channel, but the ninefold Stygian Marshes, Stream of Lethe, and one knows not where ! Roman Latin itself, still alive for us in the Elysian Fields of Memory, is domestic in comparison. And then the ideas, life-furniture, whole workings and ways of this worthy Jocelin ; covered deeper than Pompeii with the lava-ashes and inarticulate wreck of seven hundred years !

Jocelin of Brakelond cannot be called a conspicuous literary character ; indeed few mortals that have left so visible a work, or footmark, behind them can be more obscure. One other of those vanished Existences, whose work has not yet vanished ;—almost a pathetic phenomenon, were not the whole world full of such ! The builders of Stonehenge, for example :—or alas, what say we, Stonehenge and builders ? The writers of the *Universal Review* and *Homer’s Iliad* ; the paviors of London streets ;—sooner or later, the entire Posterity of Adam ! It is a pathetic phenomenon ; but an irremediable, nay, if well meditated, a consoling one.

By his dialect of Monk-Latin, and indeed by his name, this Jocelin seems to have been a Norman Englishman ; the surname *de Brakelonda* indicates a native of St. Edmundsbury

\* *Chronica JOCELINI DE BRAKELONDA, de rêbus gestis Samsonis Abbatidis Monasterii Sancti Edmundi : nunc primum typis mandata, curante JOHANNE GAGE ROKEWOOD.* (Camden Society, London, 1840.)

itself, *Brakelond* being the known old name of a street or quarter in that venerable Town. Then farther, sure enough, our Jocelin was a Monk of St. Edmundsbury Convent; held some '*obedientia*,' subaltern officiality there, or rather, in succession several; was, for one thing, 'chaplain to my Lord Abbot, living beside him night and day for the space of six years;'—which last, indeed, is the grand fact of Jocelin's existence, and properly the origin of this present Book, and of the chief meaning it has for us now. He was, as we have hinted, a kind of born *Boswell*, though an infinitesimally small one; neither did he altogether want his *Johnson* even there and then. Johnsons are rare; yet, as has been asserted, Boswells perhaps still rarer,—the more is the pity on both sides! This Jocelin, as we can discern well, was an ingenious and ingenuous, a cheery-hearted, innocent, yet withal shrewd, noticing, quick-witted man; and from under his monk's cowl has looked out on that narrow section of the world in a really *human* manner; not in any *simial*, canine, ovine, or otherwise *inhuman* manner,—afflictive to all that have humanity! The man is of patient, peaceable, loving, clear-smiling nature; open for this and that. A wise simplicity is in him; much natural sense; a *veracity* that goes deeper than words. *Veracity*: it is the basis of all; and, some say, means genius itself; the prime essence of all genius whatsoever. Our Jocelin, for the rest, has read his classical manuscripts, his Virgilius, his Flaccus, Ovidius Naso; of course still more, his Homilies and Breviaries, and if not the Bible, considerable extracts of the Bible. Then also he has a pleasant wit; and loves a timely joke, though in mild subdued manner: very amiable to see. A learned grown man, yet with the heart as of a good child; whose whole life indeed has been that of a child,—St. Edmundsbury Monastery a larger kind of cradle for him, in which his whole prescribed duty was to *sleep* kindly, and love his mother well! This is the Biography of Jocelin; 'a man of excellent religion,' says one of his contemporary Brother Monks, '*eximice religionis, potens sermone et opere.*'

For one thing, he had learned to write a kind of Monk or Dog Latin, still readable to mankind; and, by good luck for

us, had bethought him of noting down thereby what things seemed notablist to him. Hence gradually resulted a *Chronica Jocelini*; new Manuscript in the *Liber Albus* of St. Edmundsbury. Which Chronicle, once written in its childlike transparency, in its innocent good-humour, not without touches of ready pleasant wit and many kinds of worth, other men liked naturally to read: whereby it failed not to be copied, to be multiplied, to be inserted in the *Liber Albus*; and so surviving Henry the Eighth, Putney Cromwell, the Dissolution of Monasteries, and all accidents of malice and neglect for six centuries or so, it got into the *Harleian Collection*,—and has now therefrom, by Mr. Rokewood of the Camden Society, been deciphered into clear print; and lies before us, a dainty thin quarto, to interest for a few minutes whomsoever it can.

Here too it will behove a just Historian gratefully to say that Mr. Rokewood, Jocelin's Editor, has done his editorial function well. Not only has he deciphered his crabbed Manuscript into clear print; but he has attended, what his fellow editors are not always in the habit of doing, to the important truth that the Manuscript so deciphered ought to have a meaning for the reader. Standing faithfully by his text, and printing its very errors in spelling, in grammar or otherwise, he has taken care by some note to indicate that they are errors, and what the correction of them ought to be. Jocelin's Monk-Latin is generally transparent, as shallow limpid water. But at any stop that may occur, of which there are a few, and only a very few, we have the comfortable assurance that a meaning does lie in the passage, and may by industry be got at; that a faithful editor's industry had already got at it before passing on. A compendious useful Glossary is given; nearly adequate to help the uninitiated through: sometimes one wishes it had been a trifle larger; but, with a Spelman and Ducange at your elbow, how easy to have made it far too large! Notes are added, generally brief; sufficiently explanatory of most points. Lastly, a copious correct Index; which no such Book should want, and which unluckily very few possess. And so, in a word, the *Chronicle of Jocelin* is,

as it professes to be, unwrapped from its thick cerements, and fairly brought forth into the common daylight, so that he who runs, and has a smattering of grammar, may read.

We have heard so much of Monks ; everywhere, in real and fictitious History, from Muratori Annals to Radcliffe Romances, these singular two-legged animals, with their rosaries and breviaries, with their shaven crowns, hair-cilices, and vows of poverty, masquerade so strangely through our fancy ; and they are in fact so very strange an extinct species of the human family,—a veritable Monk of Bury St. Edmunds is worth attending to, if by chance made visible and audible. Here he is, and in his hand a magical speculum, much gone to rust indeed, yet in fragments still clear ; wherein the marvellous image of his existence does still shadow itself, though fitfully, and as with an intermittent light ! Will not the reader peep with us into this singular *camera lucida*, where an extinct species, though fitfully, can still be seen alive ? Extinct species, we say ; for the live specimens which still go about under that character are too evidently to be classed as spurious in Natural History : the Gospel of Richard Arkwright once promulgated, no Monk of the old sort is any longer possible in this world. But fancy a deep-buried Mastodon, some fossil Megatherion, Ichthyosaurus, were to begin to *speak* from amid its rock-swathings, never so indistinctly ! The most extinct fossil species of Men or Monks can do, and does, this miracle,—thanks to the Letters of the Alphabet, good for so many things.

Jocelin, we said, was somewhat of a Boswell ; but unfortunately, by Nature, he is none of the largest, and distance has now dwarfed him to an extreme degree. His light is most feeble, intermittent, and requires the intensest kindest inspection ; otherwise it will disclose mere vacant haze. It must be owned, the good Jocelin, spite of his beautiful child-like character, is but an altogether imperfect ‘mirror’ of these old-world things ! The good man, he looks on us so clear and cheery, and in his neighbourly soft-smiling eyes we see so well our *own* shadow,—we have a longing always to cross-



question him, to force from him an explanation of much. But no ; Jocelin, though he talks with such clear familiarity, like a next-door neighbour, will not answer any questions ; that is the peculiarity of him, dead these six hundred and fifty years, and quite deaf to us, though still so audible ! The good man, he cannot help it, nor can we.

But truly it is a strange consideration this simple one, as we go on with him, or indeed with any lucid simple-hearted soul like him : Behold therefore, this England of the Year 1200 was no chimerical vacuity or dreamland, peopled with mere vaporous Fantasms, Rymer's *Fœdera*, and Doctrines of the Constitution ; but a green solid place, that grew corn and several other things. The Sun shone on it ; the vicissitude of seasons and human fortunes. Cloth was woven and worn ; ditches were dug, furrow-fields ploughed, and houses built. Day by day all men and cattle rose to labour, and night by night returned home weary to their several lairs. In wondrous Dualism, then as now, lived nations of breathing men ; alternating, in all ways, between Light and Dark ; between joy and sorrow, between rest and toil,—between hope, hope reaching high as heaven, and fear deep as very Hell. Not vapour Fantasms, Rymer's *Fœdera* at all ! Cœur-de-Lion was not a theatrical popinjay with greaves and steel-cap on it, but a man living upon victuals,—*not* imported by Peel's Tariff. Cœur-de-Lion came palpably athwart this Jocelin at St. Edmundsbury ; and had almost peeled the sacred gold '*Feretrum*,' or St. Edmund Shrine itself, to ransom him out of the Danube Jail.

These clear eyes of neighbour Jocelin looked on the bodily presence of King John ; the very John *Sansterre*, or Lackland, who signed *Magna Charta* afterwards in Runnymede. Lackland, with a great retinue, boarded once, for the matter of a fortnight, in St. Edmundsbury Convent ; daily in the very eye-sight, palpable to the very fingers of our Jocelin : O Jocelin, what did he say, what did he do ; how looked he, lived he ;—at the very lowest, what coat or breeches had he on ? Jocelin is obstinately silent. Jocelin marks down what interests *him* ; entirely deaf to *us*. With Jocelin's eyes we dis-

cern almost nothing of John Lackland. As through a glass darkly, we with our own eyes and appliances, intensely looking, discern at most: A blustering, dissipated human figure, with a kind of blackguard quality air, in cramoisy velvet, or other uncertain texture, uncertain cut, with much plumage and fringing; amid numerous other human figures of the like; riding abroad with hawks; talking noisy nonsense;—tearing out the bowels of St. Edmundsbury Convent (its larders namely and cellars) in the most ruinous way, by living at rack and manger there. Jocelin notes only, with a slight subacidity of manner, that the King's Majesty, *Dominus Rex*, did leave, as gift for our St. Edmund Shrine, a handsome enough silk-cloak—or rather pretended to leave, for one of his retinue borrowed it of us, and *we* never got sight of it again; and, on the whole, that the *Dominus Rex*, at departing, gave us 'thirteen *sterlingii*,' one shilling and one penny, to say a mass for him; and so departed,—like a shabby Lackland as he was! 'Thirteen pence sterling,' this was what the Convent got from Lackland, for all the victuals he and his had made away with. We of course said our mass for him, having covenanted to do it,—but let impartial posterity judge with what degree of fervour!

And in this manner vanishes King Lackland; traverses swiftly our strange intermittent magic-mirror, jingling the shabby thirteen pence merely; and rides with his hawks into Egyptian night again. It is Jocelin's manner with all things; and it is men's manner and men's necessity. How intermittent is our good Jocelin; marking down, without eye to *us*, what *he* finds interesting! How much in Jocelin, as in all History, and indeed in all Nature, is at once inscrutable and certain; so dim, yet so indubitable; exciting us to endless considerations. For King Lackland *was* there, verily he; and did leave these *tredecim sterlingii*, if nothing more, and did live and look in one way or the other, and a whole world was living and looking along with him! There, we say, is the grand peculiarity; the immeasurable one; distinguishing, to a really infinite degree, the poorest historical Fact from all Fiction whatsoever. Fiction, 'Imagination,' 'Imaginative

Poetry,' &c. &c., except as the vehicle for truth, or *fact* of some sort,—which surely a man should first try various other ways of vehiculating and conveying safe,—what is it? Let the Minerva and other Presses respond!—

But it is time we were in St. Edmundsbury Monastery, and Seven good Centuries off. If indeed it be possible, by any aid of Jocelin, by any human art, to get thither, with a reader or two still following us?

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## CHAPTER II.

### ST. EDMUNDSBURY.

THE *Burg*, Bury, or 'Berry' as they call it, of St. Edmund is still a prosperous brisk Town; beautifully diversifying, with its clear brick houses, ancient clean streets, and twenty or fifteen thousand busy souls, the general grassy face of Suffolk; looking out right pleasantly, from its hill-slope, towards the rising Sun: and on the eastern edge of it, still runs, long, black and massive, a range of monastic ruins: into the wide internal spaces of which the stranger is admitted on payment of one shilling. Internal spaces laid out, at present, as a botanic garden. Here stranger or townsman, sauntering at his leisure amid these vast grim venerable ruins, may persuade himself that an Abbey of St. Edmundsbury did once exist; nay, there is no doubt of it: see here the ancient massive Gateway, of architecture interesting to the eye of Dilettantism; and farther on, that other ancient Gateway, now about to tumble, unless Dilettantism, in these very months, can subscribe money to cramp it and prop it!

Here, sure enough, is an Abbey; beautiful in the eye of Dilettantism. Giant Pedantry also will step in, with its huge *Dugdale* and other enormous *Monasticons* under its arm, and cheerfully apprise you, That this was a very great Abbey, owner and indeed creator of St. Edmund's Town itself, owner of wide lands and revenues; nay that its lands were once a county of themselves; that indeed King Canute or Knut was very kind to it, and gave St. Edmund his own gold crown off his head, on one occasion; for the rest, that the Monks were of

such and such a genus, such and such a number ; that they had so many carucates of land in this hundred, and so many in that ; and then farther, that the large Tower or Belfry was built by such a one, and the smaller Belfry was built by &c. &c.—Till human nature can stand no more of it ; till human nature desperately take refuge in forgetfulness, almost in flat disbelief of the whole business, Monks, Monastery, Belfries, Carucates and all ! Alas, what mountains of dead ashes, wreck and burnt bones, does assiduous Pedantry dig up from the Past Time, and name it History, and Philosophy of History ; till, as we say, the human soul sinks wearied and bewildered ; till the Past Time seems all one infinite incredible grey void, without sun, stars, hearth-fires, or candle-light : dim offensive dust-whirlwinds filling Universal Nature ; and over your Historical Library, it is as if all the Titans had written for themselves DRY RUBBISH SHOT HERE !

And yet these grim old walls are not a dilettantism and dubiety ; they are an earnest fact. It was a most real and serious purpose they were built for ! Yes, another world it was, when these black ruins, white in their new mortar and fresh chiselling, first saw the sun as walls, long ago. Gauge not, with thy dilettante compasses, with that placid dilettante simper, the Heaven's Watchtower of our Fathers, the fallen God's-Houses, the Golgotha of true Souls departed !

Their architecture, belfries, land-carucates ? Yes,—and that is but a small item of the matter. Does it never give thee pause, this other strange item of it, that men then had a *soul*,—not by hearsay alone, and as a figure of speech ; but as a truth that they *knew*, and practically went upon ! Verily it was another world then. Their Missals have become incredible, a sheer platitude, sayest thou ? Yes, a most poor platitude ; and even, if thou wilt, an idolatry and blasphemy, should any one persuade *thee* to believe them, to pretend praying by them. But yet it is pity we had lost tidings of our souls :—actually we shall have to go in quest of them again, or worse in all ways will befall ! A certain degree of soul, as Ben Jonson reminds us, is indispensable to keep the very body from

destruction of the frightfullest sort ; to 'save us,' says he, 'the expense of *salt*.' Ben has known men who had soul enough to keep their body and five senses from becoming carrion, and save salt :--men, and also Nations. You may look in Manchester Hunger mobs and Corn-law Commons Houses, and various other quarters, and say whether either soul or else salt is not somewhat wanted at present !

Another world, truly : and this present poor distressed world might get some profit by looking wisely into it, instead of foolishly. But at lowest, O dilettante friend, let us know always that it *was* a world, and not a void infinite of grey haze with fantasms swimming in it. These old St. Edmundsbury walls, I say, were not peopled with fantasms ; but with men of flesh and blood, made altogether as we are. Had thou and I then been, who knows but we ourselves had taken refuge from an evil Time, and fled to dwell here, and meditate on an Eternity, in such fashion as we could ? Alas, how like an old osseous fragment, a broken blackened shin-bone of the old dead Ages, this black ruin looks out, not yet covered by the soil : still indicating what a once gigantic Life lies buried there ! It is dead now, and dumb ; but was alive once, and spake. For twenty generations, here was the earthly arena where painful living men worked out their life-wrestle,—looked at by Earth, by Heaven and Hell. Bells tolled to prayers ; and men, of many humours, various thoughts, chanted vespers, matins ;—and round the little islet of their life rolled forever (as round ours still rolls, though we are blind and deaf) the illimitable Ocean, tinting all things with *its* eternal hues and reflexes ; making strange prophetic music ! How silent now ; all departed, clean gone. The World-Dramaturgist has written : *Exeunt*. The devouring Time-Demons have made away with it all : and in its stead, there is either nothing ; or what is worse, offensive universal dust-clouds, and grey eclipse of Earth and Heaven, from 'dry rubbish shot here !'—

Truly, it is no easy matter to get across the chasm of Seven Centuries, filled with such material. But here, of all helps,



is not a Boswell the welcomest ; even a small Boswell ? Veracity, true simplicity of heart, how valuable are these always ! He that speaks what *is* really in him, will find men to listen, though under never such impediments. Even gossip, springing free and cheery from a human heart, this too is a kind of veracity and *speech* ;—much preferable to pedantry and inane grey haze ! Jocelin is weak and garrulous, but he is human. Through the thin watery gossip of our Jocelin, we do get some glimpses of that deep-buried Time ; discern veritably, though in a fitful intermittent manner, these antique figures and their life-method, face to face ! Beautifully, in our earnest loving glance, the old centuries melt from opaque to partially translucent, transparent here and there ; and the void black Night, one finds, is but the summing-up of innumerable peopled luminous *Days*. Not parchment Chartularies, Doctrines of the Constitution, O Dryasdust ; not altogether, my erudite friend !—

Readers who please to go along with us into this poor *Jocelini Chronica* shall wander inconveniently enough, as in wintry twilight, through some poor stript hazel-grove, rustling with foolish noises, and perpetually hindering the eyesight ; but across which here and there, some real human figure is seen moving : very strange ; whom we could hail if he would answer ;—and we look into a pair of eyes deep as our own, *imagining* our own, but all unconscious of us ; to whom we for the time are become as spirits and invisible !

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### CHAPTER III.

LANDLORD EDMUND.

SOME three centuries or so had elapsed since *Beodric's-worth*\* became St. Edmund's *Stow*, St. Edmund's *Town* and Monastery, before Jocelin entered himself a Novice there. 'It was,'

\* Dryasdust puzzles and pokes for some biography of this Beodric ; and repugns to consider him a mere East-Anglian Person of Condition, not in need of a biography, whose *peopð*, *weorth* or *worth*, that is to say, *Growth*, Increase, or as we should now name it, *Estate*, that same Ham-

says he, 'the year after the Flemings were defeated at Fornham St. Genevieve.'

Much passes away into oblivion : this glorious victory over the Flemings at Fornham has, at the present date, greatly dimmed itself out of the minds of men. A victory and battle nevertheless it was, in its time : some thrice-renowned Earl of Leicester, not of the De Montfort breed, (as may be read in Philosophical and other Histories, could any human memory retain such things), had quarrelled with his sovereign, Henry Second of the name ; had been worsted, it is like, and maltreated, and obliged to fly to foreign parts : but had rallied there into new vigour ; and so, in the year 1173, returns across the German Sea, with a vengeful army of Flemings. Returns, to the coast of Suffolk ; to Framlingham Castle, where he is welcomed ; westward towards St. Edmundsbury and Fornham Church, where he is met by the constituted authorities with *posse comitatus* ; and swiftly cut in pieces, he and his, or laid by the heels ; on the right bank of the obscure river Lark,—as traces still existing will verify.

For the river Lark, though not very discoverably, still runs or stagnates in that country ; and the battle-ground was there ; serving at present as a pleasure-ground to his Grace of Northumberland. Copper pennies of Henry II. are still found there ;—rotted out of the pouches of poor slain soldiers, who had not had *time* to buy liquor with them. In the river Lark itself was fished up, within man's memory, an antique gold ring ; which fond Dilettantism can almost believe may have been the very ring Countess Leicester threw away in her

let and wood Mansion, now St. Edmund's Bury, originally was. For, adds our erudite Friend, the Saxon *peopðan*, equivalent to the German *werden*, means to *grow*, to *become* ; traces of which old vocable are still found in the North-country dialects, as, 'What is *word* of him ?' meaning 'What is *become* of him ?' and the like. Nay we in modern English still say, 'Wo *worth* the hour' (Wo *befall* the hour), and speak of the 'Weird Sisters ;' not to mention the innumerable other names of places still ending in *weorth* or *worth*. And indeed, our common noun *worth* in the sense of *value*, does not this mean simply, What a thing has *grown* to, What a man has *grown* to, How much he amounts to,—by the Threadneedle-street standard or another !

flight, into that same Lark river or ditch.\* Nay, few years ago, in tearing out an enormous superannuated ash-tree, now grown quite corpulent, bursten, superfluous, but long a fixture in the soil, and not to be dislodged without revolution,—there was laid bare, under its roots, ‘a circular mound of skeletons wonderfully complete,’ all radiating from a centre, faces upwards, feet inwards; a ‘radiation’ not of Light, but of the Nether Darkness rather; and evidently the fruit of battle; for ‘many of the heads were cleft, or had arrow-holes in them.’ The Battle of Fornham, therefore, is a fact, though a forgotten one; no less obscure than undeniable,—like so many other facts.

Like the St. Edmund’s Monastery itself! Who can doubt, after what we have said, that there was a Monastery here at one time? No doubt at all there was a Monastery here: no doubt, some three centuries prior to this Fornham Battle, there dwelt a man in these parts, of the name of Edmund, King, Landlord, Duke or whatever his title was, of the Eastern Counties;—and a very singular man and landlord he must have been.

For his tenants, it would appear, did not in the least complain of him; his labourers did not think of burning his wheatstacks, breaking into his game-preserves; very far the reverse of all that. Clear evidence, satisfactory even to my friend Dryasdust, exists that, on the contrary, they honoured, loved, admired this ancient Landlord to a quite astonishing degree,—and indeed at last to an immeasurable and inexpressible degree; for, finding no limits or utterable words for their sense of his worth, they took to beatifying and adoring him! ‘Infinite admiration,’ we are taught, ‘means worship.’

Very singular,—could we discover it! What Edmund’s specific duties were; above all, what his method of discharging them with such results was, would surely be interesting to know; but are *not* very discoverable now. His Life has become a poetic, nay a religious *Mythus*; though, undeniably enough, it was once a prose Fact, as our poor lives are; and

\* Lyttelton’s History of Henry II. (2d Edition), v. 169, &c.

even a very rugged unmanageable one. This landlord Edmund did go about in leather shoes, with *femoralia* and bodycoat of some sort on him; and daily had his breakfast to procure; and daily had contradictory speeches, and most contradictory facts not a few, to reconcile with himself. No man becomes a Saint in his sleep. Edmund, for instance, instead of *reconciling* those same contradictory facts and speeches to himself; which means *subduing*, and, in a manlike and godlike manner, conquering them to himself,—might have merely thrown new contention into them, new un wisdom into them, and so been conquered *by* them; much the commoner case! In that way he had proved no ‘Saint,’ or Divine-looking Man, but a mere Sinner, and unfortunate, blameable, more or less Diabolic looking man! No landlord Edmund becomes infinitely admirable in his sleep.

With what degree of wholesome rigour his rents were collected we hear not. Still less by what methods he preserved his game, whether by ‘bushing’ or how,—and if the partridge-seasons were ‘excellent,’ or were indifferent. Neither do we ascertain what kind of Corn-bill he passed, or wisely-adjusted Sliding scale:—but indeed there were few spinners in those days; and the nuisance of spinning, and other dusty labour, was not yet so glaring a one.

How then, it may be asked, did this Edmund rise into favour; become to such astonishing extent a recognised Farmer’s Friend? Really, except it were by doing justly and loving mercy, to an unprecedented extent, one does not know. The man, it would seem, ‘had walked,’ as they say, ‘humbly with God;’ humbly and valiantly with God; struggling to make the Earth heavenly, as he could: instead of walking sumptuously and pridefully with Mammon, leaving the Earth to grow hellish as it liked. Not sumptuously with Mammon? How then could he ‘encourage trade,’—cause Howel and James, and many wine-merchants to bless him, and the tailor’s heart (though in a very short-sighted manner) to sing for joy? Much in this Edmund’s Life is mysterious.

That he could, on occasion, do what he liked with his own is, meanwhile, evident enough. Certain Heathen Physical-

Force Ultra-Chartists, 'Danes,' as they were then called, coming into his territory with their 'five points,' or rather with their five-and-twenty thousand *points* and edges too, of pikes namely and battle-axes; and proposing mere Heathenism, confiscation, spoliation, and fire and sword,—Edmund answered that he would oppose to the utmost such savagery. They took him prisoner; again required his sanction to said proposals. Edmund again refused. Cannot we kill you? cried they.—Cannot I die? answered he. My life, I think, is my own to do what I like with! And he died, under barbarous tortures, refusing to the last breath; and the Ultra-Chartist Danes *lost* their propositions;—and went with their 'points' and other apparatus, as is supposed, to the Devil, the Father of them. Some say, indeed, these Danes were not Ultra-Chartists, but Ultra-Tories, demanding to reap where they had not sown, and live in this world without working, though all the world should starve for it; which likewise seems a possible hypothesis. Be what they might, they went, as we say, to the Devil; and Edmund doing what he liked with his own, the Earth was got cleared of them.

Another version is, that Edmund on this and the like occasions stood by his order; the oldest, and indeed only true order of Nobility known under the stars, that of Just Men and Sons of God, in opposition to Unjust and Sons of Belial,—which latter indeed are *second*-oldest, but yet a very unwelcome order. This, truly, seems the likeliest hypothesis of all. Names and appearances alter so strangely, in some half-score centuries; and all fluctuates chameleon-like, taking now this hue, now that. Thus much is very plain, and does not change hue: Landlord Edmund was seen and felt by all men to have done verily a man's part in this life-pilgrimage of his; and benedictions, and outflowing love and admiration from the universal heart, were his meed. Well-done! Well-done! cried the hearts of all men. They raised his slain and martyred body; washed its wounds with fast-flowing universal tears; tears of endless pity, and yet of a sacred joy and triumph. The beautifullest kind of tears,—indeed perhaps the beautifullest kind of thing: like a sky all flashing dia-



monds and prismatic radiance ; all weeping, yet shone on by the everlasting Sun :—and *this* is not a sky, it is a Soul and living Face ! Nothing liker the *Temple of the Highest*, bright with some real effulgence of the Highest, is seen in this world.

O, if all Yankee-land follow a small good ‘Schnüspel the distinguished Novelist’ with blazing torches, dinner-invitations, universal hep hep-hurrah, feeling that he, though small, *is* something ; how might all Angle-land once follow a hero-martyr and great true Son of Heaven ! It is the very joy of man’s heart to admire, where he can ; nothing so lifts him from all his mean imprisonments, were it but for moments, as true admiration. Thus it has been said, ‘all men, especially all women, are born worshippers :’ and will worship, if it be but possible. Possible to worship a Something, even a small one ; not so possible a mere loud-blaring Nothing ! What sight is more pathetic than that of poor multitudes of persons met to gaze at King’s Progresses, Lord Mayor’s Shews, and other gilt-gingerbread phenomena of the worshipful sort, in these times ; each so eager to worship ; each, with a dim fatal sense of disappointment, finding that he cannot rightly here ! These be thy gods, O Israel ? And thou art so *willing* to worship,—poor Israel !

In this manner, however, did the men of the Eastern Counties take up the slain body of their Edmund, where it lay cast forth in the village of Hoxne ; seek out the severed head, and reverently reunite the same. They embalmed him with myrrh and sweet spices, with love, pity, and all high and awful thoughts ; consecrating him with a very storm of melodious adoring admiration, and sun-dyed showers of tears ;—joyfully, yet with awe (as all deep joy has something of the awful in it), commemorating his noble deeds and godlike walk and conversation while on Earth. Till, at length, the very Pope and Cardinals at Rome were forced to hear of it ; and they, summing up as correctly as they well could, with *Advocatus-Diabol*i pleadings and their other forms of process, the general verdict of mankind, declared : That he had, in very fact, led a hero’s life in this world ; and being now *gone*,

was gone as they conceived to God above, and reaping his reward *there*. Such, they said, was the best judgment they could form of the case ;—and truly not a bad judgment. Acquiesced in, zealously adopted, with full assent of ‘private judgment,’ by all mortals.

The rest of St. Edmund’s history, for the reader sees he has now become a *Saint*, is easily conceivable. Pious munificence provided him a *loculus*, a *feretrum* or shrine ; built for him a wooden chapel, a stone temple, ever widening and growing by new pious gifts ;—such the overflowing heart feels it a blessedness to solace itself by giving. St. Edmund’s Shrine glitters now with diamond flowerages, with a plating of wrought gold. The wooden chapel, as we say, has become a stone temple. Stately masonries, long-drawn arches, cloisters, sounding aisles buttress it, begirdle it far and wide. Regimented companies of men, of whom our Jocelin is one, devote themselves, in every generation, to meditate here on man’s Nobleness and Awfulness, and celebrate and shew forth the same, as they best can,—thinking they will do it better here, in presence of God the Maker, and of the so Awful and so Noble made by Him. In one word, St. Edmund’s Body has raised a Monastery round it. To such length, in such manner, has the Spirit of the Time visibly taken body, and crystallised itself here. New gifts, houses, farms, *katalla* \*—come ever in. King Knut, whom men call Canute, whom the Ocean-tide would not be forbidden to wet,—we heard already of this wise King, with his crown and gifts ; but of many others, Kings, Queens, wise men, and noble loyal women, let Dryasdust and divine Silence be the record ! Beodric’s Worth has become St. Edmund’s *Bury* ;—and lasts visible to this hour. All this that thou now seest, and namest Bury Town, is properly the Funeral Monument of Saint or Landlord Edmund. The present respectable Mayor of Bury may be said, like a Fakeer (little as he thinks of it), to have his dwelling in the extensive, many-sculptured Tombstone of St.

\* Goods, properties ; what we now call *chuttels*, and still more singularly *cattle*, says my erudite friend !

Edmund ; in one of the brick niches thereof dwells the present respectable Mayor of Bury.

Certain times do crystallise themselves in a magnificent manner ; and others, perhaps, are like to do it in rather a shabby one !—But Richard Arkwright too will have his Monument, a thousand years hence : all Lancashire and Yorkshire, and how many other shires and countries, with their machineries and industries, for his monument ! A true *pyramid* or ‘*flame-mountain*,’ flaming with steam fires and useful labour over wide continents, usefully towards the Stars, to a certain height ;—how much grander than your foolish Cheops Pyramids or Sakhara clay ones ! Let us withal be hopeful, be content or patient.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

ABBOT HUGO.

It is true, all things have two faces, a light one and a dark. It is true, in three centuries much imperfection accumulates ; many an Ideal, monastic or other, shooting forth into practice as it can, grows to a strange enough Reality ; and we have to ask with amazement, Is this your Ideal ! For, alas, the Ideal always has to grow in the Real, and to seek out its bed and board there, often in a very sorry way. No beautifullest Poet is a Bird-of-Paradise, living on perfumes ; sleeping in the æther with outspread wings. The Heroic, *independent* of bed and board, is found in Drury-Lane Theatre only ; to avoid disappointments, let us bear this in mind.

By the law of Nature, too, all manner of Ideals have their fatal limits and lot ; their appointed periods of youth, of maturity or perfection, of decline, degradation, and final death and disappearance. There is nothing born but has to die. Ideal monasteries, once grown real, do seek bed and board in this world ; do find it more and more successfully ; do get at length too intent on finding it, exclusively intent on that. They are then like diseased corpulent bodies fallen idiotic, which merely eat and sleep ; *ready* for ‘dissolution,’ by a Henry the Eighth or some other. Jocelin’s St. Edmunds-

bury is still far from this last dreadful state : but here too the reader will prepare himself to see an Ideal not sleeping in the æther like a bird-of-paradise, but roosting as the common woodfowl do, in an imperfect, uncomfortable, more or less contemptible manner !—

Abbot Hugo, as Jocelin, breaking at once into the heart of the business, apprises us, had in those days grown old, grown rather blind, and his eyes were somewhat darkened, *aliquantulum caligaverunt oculi ejus*. He dwelt apart very much, in his *Thalamus* or peculiar Chamber ; got into the hands of flatterers, a set of mealy-mouthed persons who strove to make the passing hour easy for him,—for him easy, and for themselves profitable ; accumulating in the distance mere mountains of confusion. Old Dominus Hugo sat inaccessible in this way, far in the interior, wrapt in his warm flannels and delusions ; inaccessible to all voice of Fact ; and bad grew ever worse with us. Not that our worthy old *Dominus Abbas* was inattentive to the divine offices, or to the maintenance of a devout spirit in us or in himself ; but the Account-Books of the Convent fell into the frightfullest state, and Hugo's annual Budget grew yearly emptier, or filled with futile expectations, fatal deficit, wind and debts !

His one worldly care was to raise ready money ; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. And how he raised it : From usurious insatiable Jews ; every fresh Jew sticking on him like a fresh horseleech, sucking his and our life out ; crying continually, Give, give ! Take one example instead of scores. Our *Camera* having fallen into ruin, William the Sacristan received charge to repair it ; strict charge, but no money ; Abbot Hugo would, and indeed could, give him no fraction of money. The *Camera* in ruins, and Hugo penniless and inaccessible, Willelmus Sacrista borrowed Forty Marcs (some Seven-and-twenty Pounds) of Benedict the Jew, and patched up our *Camera* again. But the means of repaying him ? There were no means. Hardly could *Sacrista*, *Cellerarius*, or any public officer, get ends to meet, on the indispensablest scale, with their shrunk allowances : ready money had vanished.

Benedict's Twenty-seven pounds grew rapidly at compound interest; and at length, when it had amounted to a Hundred pounds, he, on a day of settlement, presents the account to Hugo himself. Hugo already owed him another hundred of his own; and so here it has become Two Hundred! Hugo, in a fine frenzy, threatens to depose the Sacristan, to do this and do that; but, in the mean while, How to quiet your insatiable Jew? Hugo, for this couple of hundreds, grants the Jew his bond for Four hundred, payable at the end of four years. At the end of four years there is, of course, still no money; and the Jew now gets a bond for Eight hundred and eighty pounds, to be paid by instalments Four-score pounds every year. Here was a way of doing business!

Neither yet is this insatiable Jew satisfied or settled with: he had papers against us of 'small debts fourteen years old;' his modest claim amounts finally to 'Twelve hundred pounds besides interest;'—and one hopes he never got satisfied in this world; one almost hopes he was one of those beleaguered Jews who hanged themselves in York Castle shortly afterwards, and had his usances and quittances and horseleech papers summarily set fire to! For approximate justice will strive to accomplish itself; if not in one way, then in another. Jews, and also Christians and Heathens, who accumulate in this manner, though furnished with never so many parchments, do, at times, 'get their grinder-teeth successively 'pulled out of their head, each day a new grinder,' till they consent to disgorge again. A sad fact—worth reflecting on.

Jocelin, we see, is not without secularity: Our *Dominus Abbas* was intent enough on the divine offices; but then his Account-Books—?—One of the things that strikes us most, throughout, in Jocelin's *Chronicle*, and indeed in Eadmer's *Anselm*, and other old monastic Books, written evidently by pious men, is this, That there is almost no mention whatever of 'personal religion' in them; that the whole gist of their thinking and speculation seems to be the 'privileges of our order,' 'strict exaction of our dues,' 'God's honour' (meaning the honour of our Saint), and so forth. Is not this singular?



A body of men, set apart for perfecting and purifying their own souls, do not seem disturbed about that in any measure : the 'Ideal' says nothing about its idea ; says much about finding bed and board for itself ! How is this ?

Why, for one thing, bed and board are a matter very apt to come to speech : it is much easier to *speack* of them than of ideas ; and they are sometimes much more pressing with some ! Nay, for another thing, may not this religious reticence, in these devout good souls, be perhaps a merit, and sign of health in them ? Jocelin, Eadmer, and such religious men, have as yet nothing of 'Methodism ;' no Doubt, or even root of Doubt. Religion is not a diseased self-introspection, an agonising inquiry : their duties are clear to them, the way of supreme good plain, indisputable, and they are travelling on it. Religion lies over them like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere and life-element, which is not spoken of, which in all things is presupposed without speech. Is not serene or complete Religion the highest aspect of human nature ; as serene Cant, or complete No-religion, is the lowest and miserablest ? Between which two, all manner of earnest Methodisms, introspections, agonising inquiries, never so morbid, shall play their respective parts, not without approbation.

But let any reader fancy himself one of the Brethren in St. Edmundsbury Monastery under such circumstances ! How can a Lord Abbot, all stuck over with horseleeches of this nature, front the world ? He is fast losing his life-blood, and the Convent will be as one of Pharaoh's lean kine. Old monks of experience draw their hoods deeper down ; careful what they say : the monk's first duty is obedience. Our Lord the King, hearing of such work, sends down his Almoner to make investigations : but what boots it ? Abbot Hugo assembles us in Chapter ; asks, "If there is any complaint ?" Not a soul of us dare answer, "Yes, thousands !" but we all stand silent, and the Prior even says that things are in a very comfortable condition. Whereupon old Abbot Hugo, turning to the royal messenger, says, "You see !"—and the business

terminates in that way. I, as a brisk eyed, noticing youth and novice, could not help asking of the elders, asking of Magister Samson in particular : Why he, well instructed and a knowing man, had not spoken out, and brought matters to a bearing ? Magister Samson was Teacher of the Novices, appointed to breed us up to the rules, and I loved him well. "*Fili mi,*" answered Samson, "the burnt child shuns the fire. Dost thou not know, our Lord the Abbot sent me once to Acre in Norfolk, to solitary confinement and bread and water, already ? The Hinghams, Hugo and Robert, have just got home from banishment for speaking. This is the hour of darkness : the hour when flatterers rule and are believed. *Videat Dominus*, let the Lord see, and judge."

In very truth, what could poor old Abbot Hugo do ? A frail old man ; and the Philistines were upon him,—that is to say, the Hebrews. He had nothing for it but to shrink away from them ; get back into his warm flannels, into his warm delusions again. Happily, before it was quite too late, he bethought him of pilgriming to St. Thomas of Canterbury. He set out, with a fit train, in the autumn days of the year 1180 ; near Rochester City, his mule threw him, dislocated his poor kneepan, raised incurable inflammatory fever ; and the poor old man got his dismissal from the whole coil at once. St. Thomas à Becket, though in a circuitous way, had *brought* deliverance ! Neither Jew usurers, nor grumbling monks, nor other importunate despicability of men or mud elements afflicted Abbot Hugo any more ; but he dropt his rosaries, closed his account-books, closed his old eyes, and lay down into the long sleep. Heavy-laden hoary old Dominus Hugo, fare thee well.

One thing we cannot mention without a due thrill of horror : namely, that, in the empty exchequer of Dominus Hugo, there was not found one penny to distribute to the Poor that they might pray for his soul ! By a kind of godsend, Fifty shillings did, in the very nick of time, fall due, or seem to fall due, from one of his Farmers (the *Firmarius* de Palegrava), and he paid it, and the poor had it ; though, alas, this too only *seemed* to fall due, and we had it to pay again after-

wards. Dominus Hugo's apartments were plundered by his servants, to the last portable stool, in a few minutes after the breath was out of his body. Forlorn old Hugo, fare thee well forever.

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## CHAPTER V.

## TWELFTH CENTURY.

OUR Abbot being dead, the *Dominus Rex*, Henry II., or Rannulf de Glanvill *Justiciarius* of England for him, set Inspectors or Custodians over us ;—not in any breathless haste to appoint a new Abbot, our revenues coming into his own *Scaccarium*, or royal Exchequer, in the meanwhile. They proceeded with some rigour, these Custodians ; took written inventories, clapt-on seals, exacted everywhere strict tale and measure : but wherefore should a living monk complain ? The living monk has to do his devotional drill-exercise ; consume his allotted *pitantia*, what we call *pittance*, or ration of victual ; and possess his soul in patience.

Dim, as through a long vista of Seven Centuries, dim and very strange looks that monk-life to us ; the ever-surprising circumstance this, That it is a *fact* and no dream, that we see it there, and gaze into the very eyes of it ! Smoke rises daily from those culinary chimney-throats ; there are living human beings there, who chant, loud-braying, their matins, nones, vespers ; awakening *echoes*, not to the bodily ear alone. St. Edmund's Shrine, perpetually illuminated, glows ruddy through the Night, and through the Night of Centuries withal ; St. Edmundsbury Town paying yearly Forty pounds for that express end. Bells clang out ; on great occasions, all the bells. We have Processions, Preachings, Festivals, Christmas Plays, *Mysteries* shewn in the Churchyard, at which latter the Townsfolk sometimes quarrel. Time was, Time is, as Friar Bacon's Brass Head remarked ; and withal Time will be. There are three Tenses, *Tempora*, or Times ; and there is one Eternity ; and as for us,

' We are such stuff as Dreams are made of ! '

Indisputable, though very dim to modern vision, rests on its hill-slope that same *Bury, Stow*, or Town of St. Edmund; already a considerable place, not without traffic, nay manufactures, would Jocelin only tell us what. Jocelin is totally careless of telling: but, through dim fitful apertures, we can see *Fullones*, 'Fullers,' see cloth-making; looms dimly going, dye-vats, and old women spinning yarn. We have Fairs too, *Nundinæ*, in due course; and the Londoners give us much trouble, pretending that they, as a metropolitan people, are exempt from toll. Besides there is Field-husbandry, with perplexed settlement of Convent rents: corn-ricks pile themselves within burgh, in their season; and cattle depart and enter; and even the poor weaver has his cow,—'dungheaps' lying quiet at most doors (*ante foras*, says the incidental Jocelin), for the Town has yet no improved police. Watch and ward nevertheless we do keep, and have Gates,—as what Town must not; thieves so abounding; war, *werra*, such a frequent thing! Our thieves, at the Abbot's judgment-bar, deny; claim wager of battle; fight, are beaten, and then hanged. 'Ketel, the thief,' took this course; and it did nothing for him,—merely brought us, and indeed himself, new trouble!

Every way a most foreign Time. What difficulty, for example, has our *Cellerarius* to collect the *repselver*, 'reaping silver,' or penny, which each householder is by law bound to pay for cutting down the Convent grain! Richer people pretend that it is commuted, that it is this and the other; that, in short, they will not pay it. Our *Cellerarius* gives up calling on the rich. In the houses of the poor, our *Cellerarius* finding, in like manner, neither penny nor good promise, snatches, without ceremony, what *vadium* (pledge, *wad*) he can come at: a joint-stool, kettle, nay the very house-door, '*hostium*;' and old women, thus exposed to the unfeeling gaze of the public, rush out after him with their distaffs and the angriest shrieks: '*vetulæ exhibant cum colisuis*,' says Jocelin, '*minantes et exprobrantes*.'

What a historical picture, glowing visible, at St. Edmund's Shrine by night, after Seven long Centuries or so! *Vetulæ*

*cum colis*: My venerable ancient spinning grandmothers,—ah, and ye too have to shriek, and rush out with your distaffs; and become Female Chartists, and scold all evening with void doorway;—and in old Saxon, as we in modern, would fain demand some Five-point Charter, could it be fallen in with, the Earth being too tyrannous!—Wise Lord Abbots, hearing of such phenomena, did in time abolish or commute the reappenny, and one nuisance was abated. But the image of these justly offended old women, in their old wool costumes, with their angry features, and spindles brandished, lives forever in the historical memory. Thanks to thee, Jocelin Boswell. Jerusalem was taken by the Crusaders, and again lost by them; and Richard Cœur-de-Lion ‘veiled his face’ as he passed in sight of it: but how many other things went on, the while!

Thus, too, our trouble with the Lakenheath eels is very great. King Knut, namely, or rather his Queen who also did herself honour by honouring St. Edmund, decreed by authentic deed yet extant on parchment, that the Holders of the Town Fields, once Beodric’s, should, for one thing, go yearly and catch us four thousand eels in the marsh-pools of Lakenheath. Well, they went, they continued to go; but, in later times, got into the way of returning with a most short account of eels. Not the due six-score apiece; no, Here are two-score, Here are twenty, ten,—sometimes, Here are none at all; Heaven help us, we *could* catch no more, they were not there! What is a distressed *Cellerarius* to do? We agree that each Holder of so many acres shall pay one penny yearly, and let go the eels as too slippery. But alas, neither is this quite, effectual: the Fields, in my time, have got divided among so many hands, there is no catching of *them* either; I have known our Cellarer get seven and twenty pence formerly, and now it is much if he get ten pence farthing (*vix decem denarios et obolum*). And then their sheep, which they are bound to fold nightly in our pens, for the manure’s sake; and, I fear, do not always fold: and their *aver-pennies*, and their *avragiums*, and their *foder-corns*, and mill-and-market dues! Thus, in its undeniable but dim manner, does old St. Edmundsbury spin and till, and laboriously keep its pot boil-



ing, and St. Edmund's Shrine lighted, under such conditions and averages as it can.

How much is still alive in England ; how much has not yet come into life ! A Feudal Aristocracy is still alive, in the prime of life ; superintending the cultivation of the land, and less consciously the distribution of the produce of the land, the adjustment of the quarrels of the land ; judging, soldiering, adjusting ; everywhere governing the people,—so that even a Gurth, born thrall of Cedric, lacks not his due parings of the pigs he tends. Governing ;—and, alas, also game-preserving, so that a Robert Hood, a William Scarlet and others have, in these days, put on Lincoln coats, and taken to living, in some universal-suffrage manner, under the greenwood tree !

How silent, on the other hand, lie all Cotton-trades and such like ; not a steeple-chimney yet got on end from sea to sea ! North of the Humber, a stern Willelmus Conquestor burnt the Country, finding it unruly, into very stern repose. Wild fowl scream in those ancient silences, wild cattle roam in those ancient solitudes ; the scanty sulky Norse-bred population all coerced into silence,—feeling that, under these new Norman Governors, their history has probably as good as ended. Men and Northumbrian Norse populations know little what has ended, what is but beginning ! The Ribble and the Aire roll down, as yet unpolluted by dyers' chemistry ; tenanted by merry trouts and piscatory otters : the sunbeam and the vacant wind's-blast alone traversing those moors. Side by side sleep the coal-strata and the iron-strata for so many ages ; no Steam-Demon has yet risen smoking into being. Saint Mungo rules in Glasgow ; James Watt still slumbering in the deep of Time. *Mancunium*, Manceaster, what we now call Manchester, spins no cotton,—if it be not wool 'cottons,' clipped from the backs of mountain-sheep. The Creek of the Mersey gurgles, twice in the four-and-twenty hours, with eddying brine, clangorous with sea-fowl ; and is a *Lither-Pool*, a *lazy* or sullen Pool, no monstrous pitchy City, and Seahaven of the world ! The Centuries are big ; and the birth-hour is coming, not yet come. *Tempus ferax, tempus edax rerum.*

## CHAPTER VI.

MONK SAMSON.

WITHIN doors, down at the hill-foot, in our Convent here, we are a peculiar people,—hardly conceivable in the Arkwright Corn-Law ages, of mere Spinning-Mills and Joe-Mantons! There is yet no Methodism among us, and we speak much of Secularities: no Methodism; our Religion is not yet a horrible restless Doubt, still less a far horribler composed Cant; but a great heaven-high Unquestionability, encompassing, interpenetrating the whole of Life. Imperfect as we may be, we are here, with our litanies, shaven crowns, vows of poverty, to testify incessantly and indisputably to every heart, That this Earthly Life and *its* riches and possessions, and good and evil hap, are not intrinsically a reality at all, but *are* a shadow of realities eternal, infinite; that this Time-world, as an air-image, fearfully *emblematic*, plays and flickers in the grand still mirror of Eternity; and man's little Life has Duties that are great, that are alone great, and go up to Heaven and down to Hell. This, with our poor litanies, we testify and struggle to testify.

Which, testified or not, remembered by all men, or forgotten by all men, does verily remain the fact, even in Arkwright Joe-Manton ages! But it is incalculable, when litanies have grown obsolete; when *fodercorns*, *avragiums*, and all human dues and reciprocities have been fully changed into one great due of *cash payment*; and man's duty to man reduces itself to handing him certain metal coins, or covenanted money-wages, and then shoving him out of doors; and man's duty to God becomes a cant, a doubt, a dim inanity, a 'pleasure of virtue' or such like; and the thing a man does infinitely fear (the real *Hell* of a man) is 'that he do not make money and advance himself,'—I say, it is incalculable what a change has introduced itself everywhere into human affairs! How human affairs shall now circulate everywhere not healthy life-blood in them, but, as it

were, a detestable copperas banker's ink ; and all is grown acrid, divisive, threatening dissolution ; and the huge, tumultuous Life of Society is galvanic, devil-ridden, too truly possessed by a devil ! For, in short, Mammon is not a god at all ; but a devil, and even a very despicable devil. Follow the Devil faithfully, you are sure enough to go to the Devil : whither else can you go ?—In such situations, men look back with a kind of mournful recognition even on poor limited Monk-figures, with their poor litanies ; and reflect, with Ben Jonson, that soul is indispensable, some degree of soul, even to save you the expense of salt !—

For the rest, it must be owned, we Monks of St. Edmundsbury are but a limited class of creatures, and seem to have a somewhat dull life of it. Much given to idle gossip ; having indeed no other work, when our chanting is over. Listless gossip, for most part, and a mitigated slander ; the fruit of idleness, not of spleen. We are dull, insipid men, many of us ; easy-minded ; whom prayer and digestion of food will avail for a life. We have to receive all strangers in our Convent, and lodge them gratis ; such and such sorts go by rule to the Lord Abbot and his special revenues ; such and such to us and our poor Cellarer, however straitened. Jews themselves send their wives and little ones hither in war-time, into our *Pitanceria* ; where they abide safe, with due *pittances*,—for a consideration. We have the fairest chances for collecting news. Some of us have a turn for reading Books ; for meditation, silence ; at times we even write Books. Some of us can preach, in English-Saxon, in Norman-French, and even in Monk-Latin ; others cannot in any language or jargon, being stupid.

Failing all else, what gossip about one another ! This is a perennial resource. How one hooded head applies itself to the ear of another and whispers—*tacenda*. Willelmus Sacrista, for instance, what does he nightly, over in that Sacristy of his ? Frequent bibations, '*frequentes bibationes et quedam tacenda*,'—ehu ! We have '*tempora minutionis*,' stated seasons of blood-letting, when we are all let blood together ; and then there is a general free-conference, a sanhedrim of clatter.

Notwithstanding our vow of poverty, we can by rule amass to the extent of 'two shillings;' but it is to be given to our necessitous kindred, or in charity. Poor Monks! Thus too a certain Canterbury Monk was in the habit of 'slipping, *clanculo* from his sleeve,' five shillings into the hand of his mother, when she came to see him, at the divine offices, every two months. Once, slipping the money clandestinely, just in the act of taking leave, he slipt it not into her hand but on the floor, and another had it; whereupon the poor Monk, coming to know it, looked mere despair for some days; till Lanfranc the noble Archbishop, questioning his secret from him, nobly made the sum *seven shillings*,\* and said, Never mind!

One Monk of a taciturn nature distinguishes himself among these babbling ones: the name of him Samson; he that answered Jocelin, "*Fili mi*, a burnt child shuns the fire." They call him 'Norfolk Barrator,' or litigious person; for indeed, being of grave taciturn ways, he is not universally a favourite; he has been in trouble more than once. The reader is desired to mark this Monk. A personable man of seven-and-forty; stout made, stands erect as a pillar; with bushy eyebrows, the eyes of him beaming into you in a really strange way; the face massive, grave, with 'a very eminent nose;' his head almost bald, its auburn remnants of hair, and the copious ruddy beard, getting slightly streaked with grey. This is Brother Samson: a man worth looking at.

He is from Norfolk, as the nickname indicates; from Tottington in Norfolk, as we guess; the son of poor parents there. He has told me, Jocelin, for I loved him much, That once in his ninth year he had an alarming dream;—as indeed we are all somewhat given to dreaming here. Little Samson, lying uneasily in his crib at Tottington, dreamed that he saw the Arch Enemy in person, just alighted in front of some grand building, with outspread bat-wings, and stretching forth detestable clawed hands to grip him, little Samson, and fly off with him: whereupon the little dreamer shrieked desperate

\* Eadmeri Hist. p. 8.

to St. Edmund for help, shrieked and again shrieked ; and St. Edmund, a reverend heavenly figure, did come,—and indeed poor little Samson's mother awakened by his shrieking, did come ; and the Devil and the Dream both fled away fruitless. On the morrow, his mother pondering such an awful dream, thought it were good to take him over to St. Edmund's own Shrine, and pray with him there. See, said little Samson at sight of the Abbey-Gate ; see, mother, this is the building I dreamed of ! His poor mother dedicated him to St. Edmund,—left him there with prayers and tears : what better could she do ? The exposition of the dream, Brother Samson used to say, was this : *Diabolus* with outspread bat-wings shadowed forth the pleasures of this world, *voluptates hujus sæculi*, which were about to snatch and fly away with me, had not St. Edmund flung his arms round me, that is to say, made me a monk of his. A monk, accordingly, Brother Samson is ; and here to this day where his mother left him. A learned man, of devout grave nature ; has studied at Paris, has taught in the Town Schools here, and done much else ; can preach in three languages, and, like Dr. Caius, 'has had losses' in his time. A thoughtful, firm-standing man ; much loved by some, not loved by all ; his clear eyes flashing into you, in an almost inconvenient way !

Abbot Hugo, as we said, had his own difficulties with him ; Abbot Hugo had him in prison once, to teach him what authority was, and how to dread the fire in future. For Brother Samson, in the time of the Antipopes, had been sent to Rome on business ; and, returning successful, was too late,—the business had all misgone in the interim ! As tours to Rome are still frequent with us English, perhaps the reader will not grudge to look at the method of travelling thither in those remote ages. We happily have, in small compass, a personal narrative of it. Through the clear eyes and memory of Brother Samson, one peeps direct into the very bosom of that Twelfth Century, and finds it rather curious. The actual *Papa*, Father, or universal President of Christendom, as yet not grown chimerical, sat there ; think of that only ! Brother Samson went to Rome as to the real Light-fountain of this



lower world ; we now—!—But let us hear Brother Samson, as to his mode of travelling :

‘ You know what trouble I had for that Church of Wool-pit ; how I was despatched to Rome in the time of the Schism between Pope Alexander and Octavian ; and passed through Italy at that season, when all clergy carrying letters for our Lord Pope Alexander were laid hold of, and some were clapt in prison, some hanged ; and some, with nose and lips cut off, were sent forward to our Lord the Pope, for the disgrace and confusion of him (*in dedecus et confusionem ejus*). I, however, pretended to be Scotch, and putting on the garb of a Scotchman, and taking the gesture of one, walked along ; and when anybody mocked at me, I would brandish my staff in the manner of that weapon they call *gaveloc*,\* uttering comminatory words after the way of the Scotch. To those that met and questioned me who I was, I made no answer but : *Ride, ride Rome ; turne Cantwereberei*.† Thus did I, to conceal myself and my errand, and get safer to Rome under the guise of a Scotchman.

‘ Having at last obtained a letter from our Lord the Pope according to my wishes, I turned homewards again. I had to pass through a certain strong town on my road ; and lo, the soldiers thereof surrounded me, seizing me, and saying : “ This vagabond (*iste solivagus*), who pretends to be Scotch, is either a spy, or has Letters from the false Pope Alexander.” And whilst they examined every stitch and rag of me, my leggings (*caligas*), breeches, and even the old shoes that I carried over my shoulder in the way of the Scotch, —I put my hand into the leather scrip I wore, wherein our Lord the Pope’s Letter lay, close by a little jug (*ciffus*) I had for drinking out of ; and the Lord God so pleasing, and St. Edmund, I got out both the Letter and the jug together ; in such a way that, extending my arm aloft, I held the Let-

\* Javelin, missile pike. *Gaveloc* is still the Scotch name for *crowbar*.

† Does this mean, “ Rome forever ; Canterbury *not* ” (which claims an unjust Supremacy over us) ! Mr. Rokewood is silent. Dryasdust would perhaps explain it,—in the course of a week or two of talking ; did one dare to question him !

‘ter hidden between jug and hand : they saw the jug, but the Letter they saw not. And thus I escaped out of their hands in the name of the Lord. Whatever money I had they took from me ; wherefore I had to beg from door to door, without any payment (*sine omni expensa*) till I came to England again. But hearing that the Woolpit Church was already given to Geoffry Ridell, my soul was struck with sorrow because I had laboured in vain. Coming home, therefore, I sat me down secretly under the Shrine of St. Edmund, fearing lest our Lord Abbot should seize and imprison me, though I had done no mischief ; nor was there a monk who durst speak to me, nor a laic who durst bring me food except by stealth.’\*

Such resting and welcoming found Brother Samson, with his worn soles, and strong heart ! He sits silent, revolving many thoughts, at the foot of St. Edmund’s Shrine. In the wide Earth, if it be not Saint Edmund, what friend or refuge has he ? Our Lord Abbot, hearing of him, sent the proper officer to lead him down to prison, and clap ‘foot-gyves on him’ there. Another poor official furtively brought him a cup of wine ; bade him “be comforted in the Lord.” Samson utters no complaint ; obeys in silence. ‘Our Lord Abbot, taking counsel of it, banished me to Acre, and there I had to stay long.’

Our Lord Abbot next tried Samson with promotions ; made him Subsacristan, made him Librarian, which he liked best of all, being passionately fond of Books : Samson, with many thoughts in him, again obeyed in silence ; discharged his offices to perfection, but never thanked our Lord Abbot,—seemed rather as if looking into him, with those clear eyes of his. Whereupon Abbot Hugo said, *Se nunquam vidisse*, He had never seen such a man ; whom no severity would break to complain, and no kindness soften into smiles or thanks :—a questionable kind of man !

In this way, not without troubles, but still in an erect clear-standing manner, has Brother Samson reached his forty-

\* Jocelini Chronica, p. 26.

seventh year ; and his ruddy beard is getting slightly grizzled. He is endeavouring, in these days, to have various broken things thatched in ; nay perhaps to have the Choir itself completed, for he can bear nothing ruinous. He has gathered ‘heaps of lime and sand ;’ has masons, slaters working, he and *Warinus monachus noster*, who are joint keepers of the Shrine ; paying out the money duly,—furnished by charitable burghers of St. Edmundsbury, they say. Charitable burghers of St. Edmundsbury ? To me Jocelin it seems rather, Samson, and Warinus whom he leads, have privily hoarded the oblations at the Shrine itself, in these late years of indolent dilapidation, while Abbot Hugo sat wrapt inaccessible ; and are struggling, in this prudent way, to have the rain kept out !\*—Under what conditions, sometimes, has Wisdom to struggle with Folly ; get Folly persuaded to so much as thatch out the rain from itself ! For, indeed, if the Infant govern the Nurse, what dexterous practice on the Nurse’s part will not be necessary.

It is a new regret to us that, in these circumstances, our Lord the King’s Custodians, interfering, prohibited all building or thatching from whatever source ; and no Choir shall be completed, and Rain and Time, for the present, shall have their way. Willelmus Sacrista, he of ‘the frequent bibations and some things not to be spoken of ;’ he, with his red nose, I am of opinion, had made complaint to the Custodians ; wishing to do Samson an ill turn :—Samson his *Subsacristan*, with those clear eyes, could not be a prime favourite of his ! Samson again obeys in silence.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CANVASSING.

Now, however, come great news to St. Edmundsbury : That there is to be an Abbot elected ; that our interlunar obscuration is to cease ; St. Edmund’s Convent no more to be a doleful widow, but joyous and once again a bride ! Often in our widowed state had we prayed to the Lord and St. Edmund,

\* Jocelini Chronica, p. 7.

singing weekly a matter of 'one-and-twenty penitential Psalms, on our knees in the Choir,' that a fit Pastor might be vouchsafed us. And, says Jocelin, had some known what Abbot we were to get, they had not been so devout, I believe! —Bozzy Jocelin opens to mankind the floodgates of authentic Convent gossip; we listen, as in a Dionysius' Ear, to the inanest hubbub, like the voices at Virgil's Horn-Gate of Dreams. Even gossip, seven centuries off, has significance. List, list, how like men are to one another in all centuries;

'*Dixit quidam de quodam*, a certain person said of a certain person, "He, that *Frater*, is a good monk, *probabilis persona*; knows much of the order and customs of the church; and though not so perfect a philosopher as some others, would make a very good Abbot. Old Abbot Ording, still famed among us, knew little of letters. Besides, as we read in Fables, it is better to choose a log for king, than a serpent never so wise, that will venomously hiss and bite his subjects."—"Impossible!" answered the other: "How can such a man make a sermon in the Chapter, or to the people on festival days, when he is without letters? How can he have the skill to bind and to loose, he who does not understand the Scriptures? How—?"'

And then 'another said of another, *alius de alio*, "That *Frater* is a *homo literatus*, eloquent, sagacious; vigorous in discipline; loves the Convent much, has suffered much for its sake." To which a third party answers, "From all your great clerks good Lord deliver us! From Norfolk barrators, and surly persons, That it would please thee to preserve us, We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!" Then another *quidam* said of another *quodam*, "That *Frater* is a good manager (*husebondus*);" but was swiftly answered, "God forbid that a man who can neither read nor chant, nor celebrate the divine offices, an unjust person withal, and grinder of the faces of the poor, should ever be Abbot!"' One man, it appears, is nice in his victuals. Another is indeed wise; but apt to slight inferiors; hardly at the pains to answer, if they argue with him too foolishly. And so each *aliquis* concerning his *aliquo*,—through whole pages of electioneering

babble. 'For,' says Jocelin, 'So many men, so many minds.' Our Monks, 'at time of blood-letting, *tempore minutionis*,' holding their sanhedrim of babble, would talk in this manner: Brother Samson, I remarked, never said anything; sat silent, sometimes smiling; but he took good note of what others said, and would bring it up, on occasion, twenty years after. As for me Jocelin, I was of opinion that 'some skill in Dialectics, to distinguish true from false,' would be good in an Abbot. I spake as a rash Novice in those days, some conscientious words of a certain benefactor of mine; 'and behold, one of those sons of Belial' ran and reported them to him, so that he never after looked at me with the same face again! Poor Bozzy!—

Such is the buzz and frothy simmering ferment of the general mind and no-mind; struggling to 'make itself up,' as the phrase is, or ascertain what *it* does really want; no easy matter, in most cases. St. Edmundsbury, in that Candlemas season of the year 1182, is a busily fermenting place. The very clothmakers sit meditative at their looms; asking, Who shall be Abbot? The *sochemanni* speak of it, driving their ox-teams afield; the old women with their spindles: and none yet knows what the days will bring forth.

The Prior, however, as our interim chief, must proceed to work; get ready 'Twelve Monks,' and set off with them to his Majesty at Waltham, there shall the election be made. An election, whether managed directly by ballot-box on public hustings, or indirectly by force of public opinion, or were it even by open alehouses, landlords' coercion, popular club-law, or whatever electoral methods, is always an interesting phenomenon. A mountain tumbling in great travail, throwing up dustclouds and absurd noises, is visibly there; uncertain yet what mouse or monster it will give birth to.

Besides it is a most important social act; nay, at bottom, the one important social act. Given the men a People choose, the People itself, in its exact worth and worthlessness, is given. A heroic people chooses heroes, and is happy; a valet or flunkey people chooses sham-heroes, what are called quacks, think-



ing them heroes, and is not happy. The grand summary of a man's spiritual condition, what brings out all his heroism and insight, or all his flunkeyism and horn-eyed dimness, is this question put to him, What man dost thou honour? Which is thy ideal of a man; or nearest that? So too of a People: for a People too, every People, *speaks* its choice,—were it only by silently obeying, and not revolting,—in the course of a century or so. Nor are electoral methods, Reform Bills and such like, unimportant. A People's electoral methods are, in the long-run, the express image of its electoral *talent*; tending and gravitating perpetually, irresistibly, to a conformity with that: and are, at all stages, very significant of the People. Judicious readers, of these times, are not disinclined to see how Monks elect their Abbot in the Twelfth Century: how the St. Edmundsbury mountain manages its midwifery; and what mouse or man the outcome is.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE ELECTION.

ACCORDINGLY our Prior assembles us in Chapter; and, we adjuring him before God to do justly, nominates, not by our selection, yet with our assent, Twelve Monks, moderately satisfactory. Of whom are Hugo Third-Prior, Brother Dennis a venerable man, Walter the *Medicus*, Samson *Subsacrista*, and other esteemed characters,—though Willelmus *Sacrista*, of the red nose, too is one. These shall proceed straightway to Waltham; and there elect the Abbot as they may and can. Monks are sworn to obedience; must not speak too loud, under penalty of foot-gyves, limbo, and bread and water: yet monks too would know what it is they are obeying. The St. Edmundsbury Community has no hustings, ballot-box, indeed no open voting: yet by various vague manipulations, pulse-feelings, we struggle to ascertain what its virtual aim is, and succeed better or worse.

This question, however, rises; alas, a quite preliminary question: Will the *Dominus Rex* allow us to choose freely? It is

to be hoped ! Well, if so, we agree to choose one of our own Convent. If not, if the *Dominus Rex* will force a stranger on us, we decide on demurring, the Prior and his Twelve shall demur : we can appeal, plead, remonstrate ; appeal even to the Pope, but trust it will not be necessary. Then there is this other question, raised by Brother Samson : What if the Thirteen should not themselves be able to agree ? Brother Samson *Subsacrista*, one remarks, is ready oftenest with some question, some suggestion, that has wisdom in it. Though a servant of servants, and saying little, his words all tell, having sense in them ; it seems by his light mainly that we steer ourselves in this great dimness.

What if the Thirteen should not themselves be able to agree ? Speak, Samson, and advise.—Could not, hints Samson, Six of our venerablest elders be chosen by us, a kind of electoral committee, here and now : of these, ‘with their hand on the Gospels, with their eye on the *Sacrosancta*,’ we take oath that they will do faithfully ; let these, in secret and as before God, agree on Three whom they reckon fittest ; write their names in a Paper, and deliver the same sealed, forthwith, to the Thirteen : one of those Three the Thirteen shall fix on, if permitted. If not permitted, that is to say, if the *Dominus Rex* force us to demur,—the Paper shall be brought back unopened, and publicly burned, that no man’s secret bring him into trouble.

So Samson advises, so we act ; wisely, in this and in other crises of the business. Our electoral committee, its eye on the *Sacrosancta*, is soon named, soon sworn ; and we striking up the Fifth Psalm, ‘*Verba mea*,

‘ Give ear unto my words, O Lord,  
My meditation weigh,’

march out chanting, and leave the Six to their work in the Chapter here. Their work, before long, they announce as finished : they, with their eye on the *Sacrosancta*, imprecating the Lord to weigh and witness their meditation, had fixed on Three Names, and written them in this Sealed Paper. Let

Samson Subsacrista, general servant of the party, take charge of it. On the morrow morning, our Prior and his Twelve will be ready to get under way.

This then is the ballot-box and electoral winnowing-machine they have at St. Edmundsbury: a mind fixed on the Thrice Holy, an appeal to God on high to witness their meditation: by far the best, and indeed the only good electoral winnowing-machine,—if men have souls in them. Totally worthless, it is true, and even hideous and poisonous, if men have no souls. But without soul, alas, what winnowing-machine in human elections, can be of avail? We cannot get along without soul; we stick fast, the mournfullest spectacle; and salt itself will not save us!

On the morrow morning, accordingly, our Thirteen set forth; or rather our Prior and Eleven; for Samson, as general servant of the party, has to linger, settling many things. At length he too gets upon the road; and, ‘carrying the sealed ‘Paper in a leather pouch hung round his neck; and *froccum* ‘*bajulans in ulnis*’ (thanks to thee Bozzy Jocelin), ‘his frock-skirts looped over his elbow,’ showing substantial stern-works, tramps stoutly along. Away across the Heath, not yet of Newmarket and horse-jockeying; across your Fleam-dike and Devil’s-dike, no longer useful as a Mercian East-Anglian boundary or bulwark: continually towards Waltham, and the Bishop of Winchester’s House there, for his Majesty is in that. Brother Samson, as purse-bearer, has the reckoning always, when there is one, to pay; ‘delays are numerous,’ progress none of the swiftest.

But, in the solitude of the Convent, Destiny thus big and in her birthtime, what gossiping, what babbling, what dreaming of dreams! The secret of the Three our electoral elders alone know: some Abbot we shall have to govern us; but which Abbot, O which! One monk discerns in a vision of the night-watches, that we shall get an Abbot of our own body, without needing to demur: a prophet appeared to him clad all in white, and said, “Ye shall have one of yours, and he will rage among you like a wolf, *sæviet ut lupus*.” Verily!—

then which of ours? Another Monk now dreams: he has seen clearly which; a certain Figure taller by head and shoulders than the other two, dressed in alb and *pallium*, and with the attitude of one about to fight;—which tall Figure a wise Editor would rather not name at this stage of the business! Enough that the vision is true: that Saint Edmund himself, pale and awful, seemed to rise from his Shrine, with naked feet, and say audibly, “He, *ille*, shall veil my feet;” which part of the vision also proves true. Such guessing, visioning, dim perscrutation of the momentous future: the very clothmakers, old women, all townsfolk speak of it, ‘and ‘more than once it is reported in St. Edmundsbury, This one is ‘elected, and then, This one and That other.’ Who knows?

But now, sure enough, at Waltham ‘on the Second Sunday of Quadragesima,’ which Dryasdust declares to mean the 22d day of February, year 1182, Thirteen St. Edmundsbury Monks are, at last, seen processioning towards the Winchester Manorhouse; and in some high Presence-chamber, and Hall of State, get access to Henry II. in all his glory. What a Hall,—not imaginary in the least, but entirely real and indisputable, though so extremely dim to us; sunk in the deep distances of Night! The Winchester Manorhouse has fled bodily, like a Dream of the old Night; not Dryasdust himself can shew a wreck of it. House and people, royal and episcopal, lords, and varlets, where are they? Why *there*, I say, Seven Centuries off; sunk so far in the Night, *there they are*; peep through the blankets of the Old Night, and thou wilt see! King Henry himself is visibly there, a vivid, noble-looking man, with grizzled beard, in glittering uncertain costume; with earls round him, and bishops and dignitaries, in the like. The Hall is large, and has for one thing an altar near it—chapel and altar adjoining it; but what gilt seats, carved tables, carpeting of rush-cloth, what arras-hangings, and huge fire of logs:—alas, it has Human Life in it; and is not that the grand miracle, in what hangings or costume soever?—

The *Dominus Rex*, benignantly receiving our Thirteen with

their obeisance, and graciously declaring that he will strive to act for God's honour, and the Church's good, commands, 'by the Bishop of Winchester, and Geoffrey the Chancellor,'—*Galfridus Cancellarius*, Henry's and the Fair Rosamond's authentic Son present here!—commands, "That they, the said Thirteen, do now withdraw, and fix upon Three from their own Monastery." A work soon done; the Three hanging ready round Samson's neck, in that leather pouch of his. Breaking the seal, we find the names,—what think *ye* of it, *ye* higher dignitaries, thou indolent Prior, thou Willelmus *Sacrista* with the red bottle-nose?—the names in this order: of Samson *Subsacrista*, of Roger the distressed Cellarer, of Hugo *Tertius-Prior*.

The higher dignitaries, all omitted here, 'flush suddenly red in the face;' but have nothing to say. One curious fact and question certainly is, How Hugo Third-Prior, who was of the electoral committee, came to nominate *himself* as one of the Three? A curious fact, which Hugo Third-Prior has never yet entirely explained, that I know of!—However, we return, and report to the King our Three names; merely altering the order; putting Samson last, as lowest of all. The King, at recitation of our Three, asks us: "Who are they? Were they born in my domain? Totally unknown to me! You must nominate three others." Whereupon Willelmus *Sacrista* says, "Our Prior must be named, *quia caput nostrum est*, being already our head." And the Prior responds, "Willelmus *Sacrista* is a fit man, *bonus vir est*,"—for all his red nose. Tickle me, Toby, and I'll tickle thee! Venerable Dennis too is named; none in his conscience can say nay. There are now Six on our List. "Well," said the King, "they have done it swiftly, they! *Deus est cum eis*." The Monks withdraw again; and Majesty revolves, for a little, with his *Pares* and *Episcopi*, Lords or 'Law-wards' and Soul-Overseers, the thoughts of the royal breast. The Monks wait silent in an outer room.

In short while, they are next ordered, to add yet another three; but not from their own Convent; from other Convents,



“for the honour of my kingdom.” Here,—what is to be done here? We will demur, if need be! We do name three, however, for the nonce: the Prior of St. Faith’s, a good Monk of St. Neot’s, a good Monk of St. Alban’s: good men all; all made abbots and dignitaries since, at this hour. There are now Nine upon our List. What the thoughts of the Dominus Rex may be farther? The Dominus Rex, thanking graciously, sends out word that we shall now strike off three. The three strangers are instantly struck off. Willelmus Sacrista adds, that he will of his own accord decline,—a touch of grace and respect for the *Sacrosancta*, even in Willelmus! The King then orders us to strike off a couple more; then yet one more: Hugo Third-Prior goes, and Roger *Cellerarius*, and venerable Monk Dennis;—and now there remain on our List two only, Samson Subsacrista and the Prior.

Which of these two? It were hard to say,—by Monks who may get themselves foot-gyved and thrown into limbo, for speaking! We humbly request that the Bishop of Winchester and Geoffrey the Chancellor may again enter, and help us to decide. “Which do you want?” asks the Bishop. Venerable Dennis made a speech, ‘commending the persons of ‘the Prior and Samson; but always in the corner of his discourse, *in angulo sui sermonis*, brought Samson in.’ “I see!” said the Bishop: “We are to understand that your Prior is somewhat remiss; that you want to have him you call Samson for Abbot.” “Either of them is good,” said venerable Dennis, almost trembling; “but we would have the better, if it pleased God.” “Which of the two *do* you want?” inquires the Bishop pointedly. “Samson!” answered Dennis; “Samson!” echoed all of the rest that durst speak or echo anything: and Samson is reported to the King accordingly. His Majesty, advising of it for a moment, orders that Samson be brought in with the other Twelve.

The King’s Majesty, looking at us somewhat sternly, then says: “You present to me Samson; I do not know him: had it been your Prior, whom I do know, I should have accepted him: however, I will now do as you wish. But have a care of yourselves. By the true eyes of God, *per veros oculos*

*Dei*, if you manage badly, I will be upon you !” Samson, therefore, steps forward, kisses the King’s feet ; but swiftly rises erect again, swiftly turns towards the altar, uplifting with the other Twelve, in clear tenor note, the Fifty-first Psalm, ‘ *Miserere mei Deus*,

‘After thy loving-kindness, Lord,  
Have mercy upon *me* ;’

with firm voice, firm step and head, no change in his countenance whatever. “By God’s eyes,” said the King, “that one, I think, will govern the Abbey well.” By the same oath (charged to your Majesty’s account), I too am precisely of that opinion ! It is some while since I fell in with a likelier man anywhere than this new Abbot Samson. Long life to him, and may the Lord *have* mercy on him as Abbot.

Thus, then, have the St. Edmundsbury Monks, without express ballot-box or other good winnowing-machine, contrived to accomplish the most important social feat a body of men can do, to winnow out the man that is to govern them : and truly one sees not that, by any winnowing-machine whatever, they could have done it better. O ye kind Heavens, there is in every Nation and Community a *fittest*, a wisest, bravest, best ; whom could we find and make King over us, all were in very truth well ;—the best that God and Nature had permitted *us* to make it ! By what art discover him ? Will the Heavens in their pity teach us no art ; for our need of him is great !

Ballot-boxes, Reform Bills, winnowing machines : all these are good, or are not so good ;—alas, brethren, how *can* these, I say, be other than inadequate, be other than failures, melancholy to behold ? Dim all souls of men to the divine, the high and awful meaning of Human Worth and Truth, we shall never, by all the machinery in Birmingham, discover the True and Worthy. It is written, ‘if we are ourselves valets, there shall exist no hero for us ; we shall not know the hero when we see him ;’—we shall take the quack for a hero ; and cry, audibly through all ballot-boxes and machinery whatsoever, Thou art he : be thou King over us !

What boots it? Seek only deceitful Speciosity, money with gilt carriages, 'fame' with newspaper-paragraphs, whatever name it bear, you will find only deceitful Speciosity; god-like Reality will be forever far from you. The Quack shall be legitimate inevitable King of you; no earthly machinery able to exclude the Quack. Ye shall be born thralls of the Quack, and suffer under him, till your hearts are near broken, and no French Revolution or Manchester Insurrection, or partial or universal volcanic combustions and explosions, never so many, can do more than 'change the *figure* of your Quack;' the essence of him remaining, for a time and times.—“How long, O Prophet?” say some, with a rather melancholy sneer. Alas, ye *unprophetic*, ever till this come about: Till deep misery, if nothing softer will, have driven you out of your Speciosities, *into* your Sincerities; and you find that there either is a God-like in the world, or else ye are an unintelligible madness; that there is a God, as well as a Mammon and a Devil, and a Genuis of Luxuries and canting Dilettantisms and Vain Shows! How long that will be, compute for yourselves. My unhappy brothers!—

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## CHAPTER IX.

ABBOT SAMSON.

So then the bells of St. Edmundsbury clang out one and all, and in church and chapel the organs go: Convent and Town, and all the west side of Suffolk, are in gala; knights, viscounts, weavers, spinners, the entire population, male and female, young and old, the very sockmen with their chubby infants,—out to have a holiday, and see the Lord Abbot arrive! And there is 'stripping barefoot' of the Lord Abbot at the Gate, and solemn leading of him in to the High Altar and Shrine; with sudden 'silence of all the bells and organs,' as we kneel in deep prayer there; and again with outburst of all the bells and organs, and loud *Te Deum* from the general human windpipe; and speeches by the leading viscount, and giving of the kiss of brotherhood; the whole wound up

with popular games, and dinner within doors of more than a thousand strong, *plus quam mille comedentibus in gaudio magno*.

In such manner is the selfsame Samson once again returning to us, welcomed on *this* occasion. He that went away with his frock-skirts looped over his arm, comes back riding high ; suddenly made one of the dignitaries of this world. Reflective readers will admit that here was a trial for a man. Yesterday a poor mendicant, allowed to possess not above two shillings of money, and without authority to bid a dog run for him, this man to-day finds himself a *Dominus Abbas*, mitred Peer of Parliament, Lord of manorhouses, farms, manors, and wide lands ; a man with 'Fifty Knights under him,' and dependent, swiftly obedient multitudes of men. It is a change greater than Napoleon's ; so sudden withal. As if one of the Chandos day drudges had, on awakening some morning, found that *he* overnight was become Duke ! Let Samson with his clear-beaming eyes see into that, and discern it if he can. We shall now get the measure of him by a new scale of inches, considerably more rigorous than the former was. For if a noble soul is rendered tenfold beautifuller by victory and prosperity, springing now radiant as into his own due element and sun-throne ; an ignoble one is rendered tenfold and hundredfold uglier, pitifuller. Whatsoever vices, whatsoever weaknesses were in the man, the parvenu will shew us them enlarged, as in the solar microscope, into frightful distortion. Nay, how many mere seminal principles of vice, hitherto all wholesomely kept latent, may we now see unfolded, as in the solar hothouse, into growth, into huge universally-conspicuous luxuriance and development !

But is not this, at any rate, a singular aspect of what political and social capabilities, nay let us say what depth and opulence of true social vitality, lay in those old barbarous ages, That the fit Governor could be met with under such disguises, could be recognised and laid hold of under such ? Here he is discovered with a maximum of two shillings in

his pocket, and a leather scrip round his neck ; trudging along the highway, his frock-skirts looped over his arm. They think this is he nevertheless, the true Governor ; and he proves to be so. Brethren, have we no need of discovering true Governors, but will sham ones forever do for us ? These were absurd superstitious blockheads of Monks ; and we are enlightened Tenpound Franchisers, without taxes on knowledge ! Where, I say, are our superior, are our similar or at all comparable discoveries ? We also have eyes, or ought to have ; we have hustings, telescopes ; we have lights, link-lights and rush-lights of an enlightened free Press, burning and dancing everywhere, as in a universal torch-dance ; singeing your whiskers as you traverse the public thoroughfares in town and country. Great souls, true Governors, go about under all manner of disguises now as then. Such telescopes, such enlightenment,—and such discovery ! How comes it, I say ; how comes it ? Is it not lamentable ; is it not even, in some sense, amazing ?

Alas, the defect, as we must often urge and again urge, is less a defect of telescopes than of some eyesight. Those superstitious blockheads of the Twelfth Century had no telescopes, but they had still an eye ; not ballot-boxes ; only reverence for Worth, abhorrence of Unworth. It is the way with all barbarians. Thus Mr. Sale informs me, the old Arab Tribes would gather in liveliest *gaudeamus*, and sing, and kindle bonfires, and wreath crowns of honour, and solemnly thank the gods that, in their Tribe too, a Poet had shewn himself. As indeed they well might ; for what usefuller, I say not nobler and heavenlier thing could the gods, doing their very kindest, send to any Tribe or Nation, in any time or circumstances ? I declare to thee, my afflicted quack-ridden brother, in spite of thy astonishment, it is very lamentable ! We English find a Poet, as brave a man as has been made for a hundred years or so anywhere under the Sun ; and do we kindle bonfires, or thank the gods ? Not at all. We, taking due counsel of it, set the man to gauge ale-barrels in the Burgh of Dumfries ; and pique ourselves on our ‘patronage of genius.’



Genius, Poet : do we know what these words mean ? An inspired Soul once more vouchsafed us, direct from Nature's own great fire-heart, to see the Truth, and speak it, and do it ; Nature's own sacred voice heard once more athwart the dreary boundless element of hearsaying and canting, of twaddle and poltroonery, in which the bewildered Earth, nigh perishing, has *lost its way*. Hear once more, ye bewildered benighted mortals ; listen once again to a voice from the inner Light-sea and Flame-sea, Nature's and Truth's own heart ; know the Fact of your Existence what it is, put away the Cant of it which it is *not* ; and knowing, do, and let it be well with you !—

George the Third is Defender of something we call 'the Faith' in those years ; George the Third is head charioteer of the Destinies of England, to guide them through the gulf of French Revolutions, American Independence ; and Robert Burns is Gauger of ale in Dumfries. It is an Iliad in a nutshell. The physiognomy of a world now verging towards dissolution, reduced now to spasms and death-throes, lies pictured in that one fact,—which astonishes nobody, except at me for being astonished at it. The fruit of long ages of confirmed Valetthood, entirely confirmed as into a Law of Nature ; cloth-worship and quack-worship : entirely *confirmed* Valetthood,—which will have to *unconfirm* itself again ; God knows, with difficulty enough !—

Abbot Samson had found a Convent all in dilapidation ; rain beating through it, material rain and metaphorical, from all quarters of the compass. Willelmus Sacrista sits drinking nightly, and doing mere *tacenda*. Our larders are reduced to leanness, Jew Harpies and unclean creatures our purveyors ; in our basket is no bread. Old women with their distaffs rush out on a distressed Cellarer in shrill Chartism. 'You cannot stir abroad but Jews and Christians pounce upon you with unsettled bonds ;' debts boundless seemingly as the National Debt of England. For four years our new Lord Abbot never went abroad but Jew creditors and Christian, and all manner of creditors, were about him driving him to

very despair. Our Prior is remiss ; our Cellarers, officials are remiss, our monks are remiss : what man is not remiss ? Front this, Samson, thou alone art there to front it ; it is thy task to front and fight this, and to die or kill it. May the Lord have mercy on thee !

To our antiquarian interest in poor Jocelin and his Convent, where the whole aspect of existence, the whole dialect, of thought, of speech, of activity, is so obsolete, strange, long-vanished, there now superadds itself a mild glow of human interest for Abbot Samson ; a real pleasure, as at sight of man's work, especially of governing, which is man's highest work, done *well*. Abbot Samson had no experience in governing ; had served no apprenticeship to the trade of governing, —alas, only the hardest apprenticeship to that of obeying. He had never in any court given *vadium* or *plegium*, says Jocelin ; hardly ever seen a court, when he was set to preside in one. But it is astonishing, continues Jocelin, how soon he learned the ways of business ; and, in all sort of affairs, became expert beyond others. Of the many persons offering him their service ' he retained one Knight skilled in taking *vadia* and *plegia* ; ' and within the year was himself well skilled. Nay, by and by, the Pope appoints him Justiciary in certain causes ; the King one of his new Circuit Judges : official Osbert is heard saying, " That Abbot is one of your shrewd ones, *disputator est* ; if he go on as he begins, he will cut out every lawyer of us ! " \*

Why not ? What is to hinder this Samson from governing ? There is in him what far transcends all apprenticeships ; in the man himself there exists a model of governing, something to govern by ! There exists in him a heart-avhorrence of whatever is incoherent, pusillanimous, unvaracious, that is to say, chaotic, *ungoverned* ; of the Devil, not of God. A man of this kind cannot help governing ! He has the living ideal of a governor in him ; and the incessant necessity of struggling to unfold the same out of him. Not the Devil or Chaos, for any wages, will he serve ; no, this man is the born servant of Another than them. Alas, how little avail all apprenticeships,

\* Jocelini Chronica, p. 25.

when there is in your governor himself what we may well call *nothing* to govern by ;—a general grey twilight, looming with shapes of expediencies, parliamentary traditions, division-lists, election-funds, leading-articles ; this, with what of vulpine alertness and adroitness soever, is not much !

But indeed what say we, apprenticeship ? Had not this Samson served, in his way, a right good apprenticeship to governing ; namely, the harshest slave-apprenticeship to obeying ! Walk this world with no friend in it but God and St. Edmund, you will either fall into the ditch, or learn a good many things. To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing. How much would many a Serene Highness have learned, had he travelled through the world with water-jug and empty wallet, *sine omni expensa* ; and, at his victorious return, sat down not to newspaper-paragraphs and city-illuminations, but at the foot of St. Edmund's Shrine to shackles and bread and water ! He that cannot be servant of many, will never be master, true guide and deliverer of many ;—that is the meaning of true mastership. Had not the Monk-life extraordinary 'political capabilities' in it ; if not imitable by us, yet enviable ? Heavens, had a Duke of Logwood, now rolling sumptuously to his place in the Collective Wisdom, but himself happened to plough daily, at one time, on seven-and-six-pence a week, with no outdoor relief,—what a light, unquenchable by logic and statistic and arithmetic, would it have thrown on several things for him !

In all cases, therefore, we will agree with the judicious Mrs. Glass : 'First catch your hare !' First get your man ; all is got : he can learn to do all things, from making boots, to decreeing judgments, governing communities ; and will do them like a man. Catch your no-man,—alas, have you not caught the terriblest Tartar in the world ! Perhaps all the terriblest, the quieter and gentler he looks. For the mischief that one blockhead, that every blockhead does, in a world so feracious, teeming with endless results as ours, no ciphering will sum up. The quack bootmaker is considerable ; as corn-cutters can testify, and desperate men reduced to buckskin and list-shoes. But the quack priest, quack high-priest, the quack

king ! Why do not all just citizens rush, half-frantic, to stop him, as they would a conflagration ? Surely a just citizen *is* admonished by God and his own Soul, by all silent and articulate voices of this Universe, to do what in *him* lies towards relief of this poor blockhead-quack, and of a world that groans under him. Run swiftly ; relieve him,—were it even by extinguishing him ! For all things have grown so old, tinder-dry, combustible ; and he is more ruinous than conflagration. Sweep him *down*, at least ; keep him strictly within the hearth ; he will then cease to be conflagration ; he will then become useful, more or less as culinary fire. Fire is the best of servants ; but what a master ! This poor blockhead too is born for uses : why, elevating him to mastership, will you make a conflagration, a parish-curse or world-curse of him ?

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## CHAPTER X.

## GOVERNMENT.

How Abbot Samson, giving his new subjects seriatim the kiss of fatherhood in the St. Edmundsbury chapterhouse, proceeded with cautious energy to set about reforming their disjointed distracted way of life ; how he managed his Fifty rough *Milites* (Feudal Knights), with his lazy Farmers, remiss refractory Monks, with Pope's Legates, Viscounts, Bishops, Kings ; how on all sides he laid about him like a man, and putting consequence on premiss, and everywhere the saddle on the right horse, struggled incessantly to educe organic method out of lazily fermenting wreck,—the careful reader will discern, not without true interest, in these pages of Jocelin Boswell. In most antiquarian quaint costume, not of garments alone, but of thought, word, action, outlook and position, the substantial figure of a man with eminent nose, bushy brows and clear-flashing eyes, his russet beard growing daily greyer, is visible, engaged in true governing of men. It is beautiful how the chrysalis governing-soul, shaking off its dusty slough and prison, starts forth winged a true royal soul ! Our new Abbot has a right honest unconscious feeling,

without insolence as without fear or flutter, of what he is and what others are. A courage to quell the proudest, an honest pity to encourage the humblest. Withal there is a noble reticence in this Lord Abbot: much vain unreason he hears; lays up without response. He is not there to expect reason and nobleness of others; he is there to give them of his own reason and nobleness. Is he not their servant, as we said, who can suffer from them, and for them; bear the burden their poor spindle-limbs totter and stagger under; and in virtue *thereof* govern them, lead them out of weakness into strength, out of defeat into victory!

One of the first Herculean Labours Abbot Samson undertook, or the very first, was to institute a strenuous review and radical reform of his economies. It is the first labour of every governing man, from *Paterfamilias* to *Dominus Rex*. To get the rain thatched out from you is the preliminary of whatever farther, in the way of speculation or of action, you may mean to do. Old Abbot Hugo's budget, as we saw, had become empty, filled with deficit and wind. To see his account-books clear, be delivered from those ravening flights of Jew and Christian creditors, pouncing on him like obscene harpies wherever he shewed face, was a necessity for Abbot Samson.

On the morrow after his instalment, he brings in a load of money-bonds, all duly stamped, sealed with this or the other Convent Seal: frightful, unmanageable, a bottomless confusion of Convent finance. There they are; but there at least they all are; all that shall be of them. Our Lord Abbot demands that all the official seals in use among us be now produced and delivered to him. Three-and-thirty seals turn up; are straightway broken, and shall seal to more: the Abbot only, and those duly authorised by him shall seal any bond. There are but two ways of paying debt: increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying it out. With iron energy, in slow but steady undeviating perseverance, Abbot Samson sets to work in both directions. His troubles are manifold: cunning *milites*, unjust bailiffs, lazy sockmen, he an inexperienced Abbot; relaxed lazy monks, not disin-



clined to mutiny in mass : but continued vigilance, rigorous method, what we call ‘the eye of the master,’ work wonders. The clear-beaming eyesight of Abbot Samson, stedfast, severe, all-penetrating,—it is like *Fiat lux* in that inorganic waste whirlpool ; penetrates gradually to all nooks, and of the chaos makes a *kosmos* or ordered world !

He arranges everywhere, struggles unweariedly to arrange, and place on some intelligible footing, the ‘affairs and dues, *res ac redditus*,’ of his dominion. The Lakenheath eels cease to breed squabbles between human beings ; the penny of *reap-silver* to explode into the streets the Female Chartism of St. Edmundsbury. These and innumerable greater things. Wheresoever Disorder may stand or lie, let it have a care ; here is the man that has declared war with it, that never will make peace with it. Man is the Missionary of Order ; he is the servant not of the Devil and Chaos, but of God and the Universe ! Let all sluggards and cowards, remiss, false-spoken, unjust, and otherwise diabolic persons have a care : this is a dangerous man for them. He has a mild grave face ; a thoughtful sternness, a sorrowful pity : but there is a terrible flash of anger in him too ; lazy monks often have to murmur, “*Sævit ut lupus*, He rages like a wolf ; was not our Dream true !” ‘To repress and hold-in such sudden anger he was continually careful,’ and succeeded well :—right, Samson ; that it may become in thee as noble central heat, fruitful, strong, beneficent ; not blaze out, or the seldomest possible blaze out, as wasteful volcanoism to scorch and consume !

“We must first creep, and gradually learn to walk,” had Abbot Samson said of himself, at starting. In four years he has become a great walker ; striding prosperously along ; driving much before him. In less than four years, says Jocelin, the Convent Debts were all liquidated : the harpy Jews not only settled with, but banished, bag and baggage, out of the *Bannaleuca* (Liberties, *Banlieue*) of St. Edmundsbury,—so has the King’s Majesty been persuaded to permit. Farewell to you, at any rate ; let us, in no extremity, apply again to you ! Armed men march them over the borders, dismiss them

under stern penalties,—sentence of excommunication on all that shall again harbour them here : there were many dry eyes at their departure.

New life enters everywhere, springs up beneficent, the Incubus of Debt once rolled away. Samson hastes not ; but neither does he pause to rest. This of the Finance is a life-long business with him ; Jocelin's anecdotes are filled to weariness with it. As indeed to Jocelin it was of very primary interest.

But we have to record also, with a lively satisfaction, that spiritual rubbish is as little tolerated in Samson's Monastery as material. With due rigour, Willelmus Sacrista, and his bibations and *tacenda* are, at the earliest opportunity, softly, yet irrevocably put an end to. The bibations, namely, had to end ; even the building where they used to be carried on was razed from the soil of St. Edmundsbury, and 'on its place grow rows of beans : ' Willelmus himself, deposed from the Sacristy and all offices, retires into obscurity, into absolute taciturnity unbroken thenceforth to this hour. Whether the poor Willelmus did not still, by secret channels, occasionally get some slight wetting of vinous or alcoholic liquor,—now grown, in a manner, indispensable to the poor man ? Jocelin hints not ; one knows not how to hope, what to hope ! But if he did, it was in silence and darkness ; with an ever-present feeling that teetotalism was his only true course. Drunken dissolute Monks are a class of persons who had better keep out of Abbot Samson's way. *Sævit ut lupus* ; was not the Dream true ! murmured many a Monk. Nay, Ranulf de Glanville, Justiciary in Chief, took umbrage at him, seeing these strict ways ; and watched farther with suspicion : but discerned gradually that there was nothing wrong, that there was much the opposite of wrong.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE ABBOT'S WAYS.

ABBOT SAMSON shewed no extraordinary favour to the Monks who had been his familiars of old ; did not promote them to offices,—*nisi essent idonei*, unless they chanced to be fit men ! Whence great discontent among certain of these, who had contributed to make him Abbot : reproaches, open and secret, of his being ‘ungrateful, hard-tempered, unsocial, a Norfolk barrator and *paltenerius*.’

Indeed, except it were for *idonei*, ‘fit men,’ in all kinds, it was hard to say for whom Abbot Samson had much favour. He loved his kindred well, and tenderly enough acknowledged the poor part of them ; with the rich part, who in old days had never acknowledged him, he totally refused to have any business. But even the former he did not promote into offices ; finding none of them *idonei*. ‘Some whom he thought ‘suitable he put into situations in his own household, or made ‘keepers of his country places : if they behaved ill, he dismissed them without hope of return.’ In his promotions, nay almost in his benefits, you would have said there was a certain impartiality. ‘The official person who had, by Abbot ‘Hugo’s order, put the fetters on him at his return from Italy, ‘was now supported with food and clothes to the end of his ‘days at Abbot Samson’s expense.’

Yet he did not forget benefits ; far the reverse, when an opportunity occurred of paying them at his own cost. How pay them at the public cost ;—how, above all, by *setting fire* to the public, as we said ; clapping ‘conflagrations’ on the public, which the services of blockheads, *non-idonei*, intrinsically are ! He was right willing to remember friends, when it could be done. Take these instances : ‘A certain chaplain ‘who had maintained him at the Schools of Paris by the sale ‘of holy water, *quæstu aquæ benedictæ* ;—to this good chaplain ‘he did give a vicarage, adequate to the comfortable sustenance of him.’ ‘The Son of Elias, too, that is, of old Abbot

‘Hugo’s Cupbearer, coming to do homage for his Father’s land, our Lord Abbot said to him in full court : “I have, for these seven years, put off taking thy homage for the land which Abbot Hugo gave thy Father, because that gift was to the damage of Elmswell, and a questionable one : but now I must profess myself overcome ; mindful of the kindness thy Father did me when I was in bonds ; because he sent me a cup of the very wine his master had been drinking, and bade me be comforted in God.”’

‘To Magister Walter, son of Magister William de Dice. who wanted the vicarage of Chevington, he answered : “Thy Father was Master of the Schools ; and when I was an indigent *clericus*, he granted me freely and in charity an entrance to his School, and opportunity of learning ; wherefore I now, for the sake of God, grant to thee what thou askest.”’ Or lastly, take this good instance,—and a glimpse, along with it, into long-obsolete times : ‘Two *Milites* of Risby, Willelm and Norman, being adjudged in Court to come under his mercy, in *misericordia ejus*,’ for a certain very considerable fine of twenty shillings, ‘he thus addressed them publicly on the spot : “When I was a Cloister-monk, I was once sent to Durham on business of our Church ; and coming home again, the dark night caught me at Risby, and I had to beg a lodging there. I went to Dominus Norman’s, and he gave me a flat refusal. Going then to Dominus Willelm’s, and begging hospitality, I was by him honourably received. The twenty shillings therefore of *mercy*, I, without mercy, will exact from Dominus Norman ; to Dominus Willelm, on the other hand, I, with thanks, will wholly remit the said sum.”’ Men know not always to whom they refuse lodgings ; men have lodged Angels unawares !—

It is clear Abbot Samson had a talent ; he had learned to judge better than Lawyers, to manage better than bred Bailiffs :—a talent shining out indisputable, on whatever side you took him. ‘An eloquent man he was,’ says Jocelin, ‘both in French and Latin ; but intent more on the substance and method of what was to be said, than on the ornamental way

‘of saying it. He could read English Manuscripts very elegantly, *elegantissime* : he was wont to preach to the people ‘in the English tongue, though according to the dialect of ‘Norfolk, where he had been brought up ; wherefore indeed ‘he had caused a Pulpit to be erected in our Church both for ‘ornament of the same, and for the use of his audiences.’ There preached he, according to the dialect of Norfolk : a man worth going to hear.

That he was a just clear-hearted man, this, as the basis of all true talent, is presupposed. How can a man, without clear vision in his heart first of all, have any clear vision in the head ? It is impossible ! Abbot Samson was one of the justest of judges ; insisted on understanding the case to the bottom, and then swiftly decided without feud or favour. For which reason, indeed, the Dominus Rex, searching for such men, as for hidden treasure and healing to his distressed realm, had made him one of the new Itinerant Judges,—such as continue to this day. “My curse on that Abbot’s court,” a suitor was heard imprecating, “*Maledicta sit curia istius Abbatis*, where neither gold nor silver can help me to confound my enemy !” And old friendships and all connexions forgotten, when you go to seek an office from him ! “A kinless loon,” as the Scotch said of Cromwell’s new judges,—intent on mere indifferent fair-play !

Eloquence in three languages is good ; but it is not the best. To us, as already hinted, the Lord Abbot’s eloquence is less admirable than his *ineloquence*, his great invaluable ‘talent of silence !’ “*Deus, Deus*,” said the Lord Abbot to me once, ‘when he heard the Convent were murmuring at some act of ‘his, “I have much need to remember that Dream they had ‘of me, that I was to rage among them like a wolf. Above all ‘earthly things I dread their driving me to do it. How much ‘do I hold in, and wink at ; raging and shuddering in my own ‘secret mind, and not outwardly at all !” He would boast to ‘me at other times : “This and that I have seen, this and that ‘I have heard ; yet patiently stood it.” He had this way, too, ‘which I have never seen in any other man, that he affection-‘ately loved many persons to whom he never or hardly ever



‘shewed a countenance of love. Once on my venturing to ‘expostulate with him on the subject, he reminded me of Solomon : “ Many sons I have ; it is not fit that I should smile ‘on them.” He would suffer faults, damage from his servants, ‘and know what he suffered, and not speak of it ; but I think ‘the reason was, he waited a good time for speaking of it, and ‘in a wise way amending it. He intimated, openly in chapter ‘to us all, that he would have no eaves-dropping : “ Let none,” ‘said he, “ come to me secretly accusing another, unless he ‘will publicly stand to the same ; if he come otherwise, I will ‘openly proclaim the name of him. I wish, too, that every ‘Monk of you have free access to me, to speak of your needs ‘or grievances when you will.”’

The kinds of people Abbot Samson liked worst were these three : ‘ *Mendaces, ebriosi, verbosi*, Liars, drunkards, and wordy or windy persons ;’—not good kinds, any of them ! He also much condemned ‘persons given to murmur at their meat or drink, especially Monks of that disposition.’ We remark, from the very first, his strict anxious order to his servants to provide handsomely for hospitality, to guard ‘above all things ‘that there be no shabbiness in the matter of meat and drink ; ‘no look of mean parsimony, *in novitate mea*, at the beginning ‘of my Abbotship ;’ and to the last he maintains a due opulence of table and equipment for others : but he is himself in the highest degree indifferent to all such things.

‘Sweet milk, honey, and other naturally sweet kinds of food, ‘were what he preferred to eat : but he had this virtue,’ says Jocelin, ‘he never changed the dish (*ferculum*) you set before ‘him, be what it might. Once when I, still a novice, happened ‘to be waiting table in the refectory, it came into my head,’ (rogue that I was !) ‘to try if this were true ; and I thought I ‘would place before him a *ferculum* that would have displeased ‘any other person, the very platter being black and broken. ‘But he, seeing it, was as one that saw it not : and now some ‘little delay taking place, my heart smote me that I had done ‘this ; and so, snatching up the platter (*discus*), I changed ‘both it and its contents for a better, and put down that in- ‘stead ; which emendation he was angry at, and rebuked me

‘for,’—the stoical monastic man ! ‘For the first seven years he had commonly four sorts of dishes on his table ; afterwards only three, except it might be presents, or venison from his own parks, or fishes from his ponds. And if, at any time, he had guests living in his house at the request of some great person, or of some friend, or had public messengers, or had harpers (*citharædos*), or any one of that sort, he took the first opportunity of shifting to another of his Manor-houses, and so got rid of such superfluous individuals,’ \*—very prudently, I think.

As to his parks, of these, in the general repair of buildings, general improvement and adornment of the St. Edmund Domains, ‘he had laid out several, and stocked them with animals, retaining a proper huntsman with hounds : and, if any guest of great quality were there, our Lord Abbot with his monks would sit in some opening of the woods, and see the dogs run ; but he himself never meddled with hunting, that I saw.’ †

‘In an opening of the woods ;’—for the country was still dark with wood in those days ; and Scotland itself still rustled shaggy and leafy, like a damp black American Forest, with cleared spots and spaces here and there. Dryasdust advances several absurd hypotheses as to the insensible but almost total disappearance of these woods ; the thick wreck of which now lies as *peat*, sometimes with huge heart-of-oak timber logs imbedded in it, on many a height and hollow. The simplest reason doubtless is, that by increase of husbandry, there was increase of cattle ; increase of hunger for green spring food ; and so, more and more, the new seedlings got yearly eaten out in April ; and the old trees, having only a certain length of life in them, died gradually, no man heeding it and disappeared into *peat*.

A sorrowful waste of noble wood and umbrage ! Yes,—but a very common one ; the course of most things in this world. Monachism itself, so rich and fruitful once, is now all rotted into *peat* ; lies sleek and buried,—and a most feeble bog-grass

\* Jocelini Chronica, p. 31.

† Ibid., p. 21.

of Dilettantism all the crop we reap from it ! That also was frightful waste ; perhaps among the saddest our England ever saw. Why will men destroy noble Forests, even when in part a nuisance, in such reckless manner ; turning loose four-footed cattle and Henry-the-Eighths into them ! The fifth part of our English soil. Dryasdust computes, lay consecrated to 'spiritual uses,' better or worse ; solemnly set apart to foster spiritual growth and culture of the soul, by the methods then known : and now—it too, like the four-fifths, fosters what ? Gentle shepherd, tell me what !

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE ABBOT'S TROUBLES.

THE troubles of Abbot Samson, as he went along in this abstemious, reticent, rigorous way, were more than tongue can tell. The Abbot's mitre once set on his head he knew rest no more. Double, double toil and trouble ; that is the life of all governors that really govern : not the spoil of victory, only the glorious toil of battle can be theirs. Abbot Samson found all men more or less headstrong, irrational, prone to disorder ; continually threatening to prone ungovernable.

His lazy Monks gave him most trouble. 'My heart is tortured,' said he, 'till we get out of debt, *cor meum cruciatum est.*' Your heart, indeed ;—but not altogether ours ! By no devisable method, or none of three or four that he devised, could Abbot Samson get these Monks of his to keep their accounts straight ; but always, do as he might, the Cellarius at the end of the term is in a coil, in a flat deficit,—verging again towards debt and Jews. The Lord Abbot at last declares sternly he will keep our accounts too himself ; will appoint an officer of his own to see our Cellarius keep them. Murmurs thereupon among us : Was the like ever heard ? Our Cellarius a cipher ; the very Townsfolk know it : *sub-sannatio et derisio sumus*, we have become a laughingstock to mankind. The Norfolk barrator and paltener !

And consider, if the Abbot found such difficulty in the mere economic department, how much in more complex ones, in spiritual ones perhaps ! He wears a stern calm face ; raging and gnashing teeth, *fremens* and *frendens*, many times, in the secret of his mind. Withal, however, there is a noble slow perseverance in him ; a strength of 'subdued rage' calculated to subdue most things : always, in the long-run, he contrives to gain his point.

Murmurs from the Monks, meanwhile, cannot fail ; ever deeper murmurs, new grudges accumulating. At one time, on slight cause, some drop making the cup run over, they burst into open mutiny : the Cellarer will not obey, prefers arrest on bread and water to obeying ; the Monks thereupon strike work ; refuse to do the regular chanting of the day, at least the younger part of them with loud clamour and uproar refuse :—Abbot Samson has withdrawn to another residence, acting only by messengers : the awful report circulates through St. Edmundsbury that the Abbot is in danger of being murdered by the Monks with their knives ! How wilt thou appease this, Abbot Samson ? Return ; for the Monastery seems near catching fire !

Abbot Samson returns ; sits in his *Thalamus* or inner room, hurls out a bolt or two of excommunication : lo, one disobedient Monk sits in limbo, excommunicated, with foot-shackles on him, all day ; and three more our Abbot has gyved 'with the lesser sentence, to strike fear into the others !' Let the others think with whom they have to do. The others think ; and fear enters into them. 'On the morrow morning we decide on humbling ourselves before the Abbot, by word and gesture, in order to mitigate his mind. And so accordingly was done. He, on the other side, replying with much humility, yet always alleging his own justice and turning the blame on us, when he saw that we were conquered, became himself conquered. And bursting into tears, *perfusus lachrymis*, he swore that he had never grieved so much for anything in the world as for this, first on his own account, and then secondly and chiefly for the public scandal which had gone abroad, that St. Edmund's Monks

‘were going to kill their Abbot. And when he had narrated how he went away on purpose till his anger should cool, repeating this word of the philosopher, “I would have taken vengeance on thee, had not I been angry,” he arose weeping, and embraced each and all of us with the kiss of peace. He wept; we all wept:’\*—what a picture! Behave better, ye remiss Monks, and thank Heaven for such an Abbot; or know at least that ye must and shall obey him.

Worn down in this manner, with incessant toil and tribulation, Abbot Samson had a sore time of it; his grizzled hair and beard grew daily greyer. Those Jews, in the first four years, had ‘visibly emaciated him:’ Time, Jews, and the task of Governing, will make a man’s beard very grey! ‘In twelve years,’ says Jocelin, ‘our Lord Abbot had grown wholly white as snow, *totus efficitur albus sicut nix.*’ White, atop, like the granite mountains:—but his clear beaming eyes still look out, in their stern clearness, in their sorrow and pity; the heart within him remains unconquered.

Nay sometimes there are gleams of hilarity too; little snatches of encouragement granted even to a Governor. ‘Once my Lord Abbot and I, coming down from London through the Forest, I inquired of an old woman whom we came up to, Whose wood this was, and of what manor; who the master, who the keeper?’—All this I knew very well beforehand, and my Lord Abbot too, Bozzy that I was! But the old woman answered, The wood belonged to the new Abbot of St. Edmunds, was of the manor of Harlow, and the keeper of it was one Arnald. How did he behave to the people of the manor? I asked farther. She answered that he used to be a devil incarnate, *dæmon vivus*, an enemy of God, and flayer of the peasants’ skins,—skinning them like live eels, as the manner of some is: ‘but that now he dreads the new Abbot, knowing him to be a wise and sharp man, and so treats the people reasonably, *tractat homines pacifice.*’ Whereat the Lord Abbot *factus est hilaris*,—could not but take a triumphant laugh for himself; and determines to leave that Harlow manor yet unmeddled with, for a while.†

\* Jocelini Chronica, p. 85.

† Ibid., p. 24.



A brave man, strenuously fighting, fails not of a little triumph, now and then, to keep him in heart. Everywhere we try at least to give the adversary as good as he brings; and, with swift force or slow watchful manœuvre, extinguish this and the other solecism, leave one solecism less in God's Creation; and so *proceed* with our battle, not slacken or surrender in it! The Fifty feudal Knights, for example, were of unjust greedy temper, and cheated us, in the Installation day, of ten knight's-fees;—but they know now whether that has profited them aught, and I Jocelin know. Our Lord Abbot for the moment had to endure it, and say nothing; but he watched his time.

Look also how my Lord of Clare, coming to claim his *undue* 'debt' in the Court at Witham, with barons and apparatus, gets a Rowland for his Oliver! Jocelin shall report: 'The Earl, crowded round (*constipatus*) with many barons and men at arms, Earl Alberic and others standing by him, said, "That his bailiffs had given him to understand they were wont annually to receive for his behoof, from the Hundred of Risebridge and the bailiffs thereof, the sum of five shillings, which sum was now unjustly held back;" and he alleged farther that his predecessors had been infeft, at the Conquest, in the lands of Alfric son of Wisgar, who was Lord of that Hundred, as may be read in Domesday Book by all persons. —The Abbot, reflecting for a moment, without stirring from his place, made answer: "A wonderful deficit, my Lord Earl, this that thou mentionest! King Edward gave to St. Edmund that entire Hundred, and confirmed the same with his Charter; nor is there any mention there of those five shillings. It will behove thee to say, for what service, or on what ground, thou exactest those five shillings." Whereupon the Earl, consulting with his followers, replied, That he had to carry the Banner of St. Edmund in war-time, and for this duty the five shillings were his. To which the Abbot: "Certainly, it seems inglorious, if so great a man, Earl of Clare no less, receive so small a gift for such a service. To the Abbot of St. Edmund's it is no unbearable burden to give five shillings. But Roger Earl

‘Bigot holds himself duly seised, and asserts that he by such ‘seisin has the office of carrying St. Edmund’s Banner ; and ‘he did carry it when the Earl of Leicester and his Flemings ‘were beaten at Fornham. Then again Thomas de Mendham ‘says that the right is his. When you have made out with ‘one another, that this right is thine, come then and claim ‘the five shillings, and I will promptly pay them !” Where- ‘upon the Earl said, He would speak with the Earl Roger ‘his relative ; and so the matter *cepit dilationem*,’ and lies undecided to the end of the world. Abbot Samson answers by word or act, in this or the like pregnant manner, having justice on his side, innumerable persons : Pope’s Legates, King’s Viscounts, Canterbury Archbishops, Cellarers, *Soche-manni* ;—and leaves many a solecism extinguished.

On the whole, however, it is and remains sore work. ‘One ‘time, during my chaplaincy, I ventured to say to him : “ *Do- ‘mine*, I heard thee, this night after matins, wakeful, and ‘sighing deeply, *valde suspirantem*, contrary to the usual ‘wont.” He answered : “No wonder. Thou, son Jocelin, ‘sharest in my good things, in food and drink, in riding and ‘such like ; but thou little thinkest concerning the manage- ‘ment of House and Family, the various and arduous businesses ‘of the Pastoral Care, which harass me, and make my soul to ‘sigh and be anxious.” Whereto I, lifting up my hands to ‘Heaven : “From such anxiety, Omnipotent Merciful Lord ‘deliver me !”—I have heard the Abbot say, If he had been ‘as he was before he became a Monk, and could have any- ‘where got five or six marcs of income,’ some three pound ten of yearly revenue, ‘whereby to support himself in the schools, ‘he would never have been Monk nor Abbot. Another time he ‘said with an oath, If he had known what a business it was to ‘govern the Abbey, he would rather have been Almoner, how ‘much rather Keeper of the Books, than Abbot and Lord. ‘That latter office he said he had always longed for, beyond ‘any other. *Quis talia crederet*,’ concludes Jocelin, ‘Who can ‘believe such things ?’

Three pound ten, and a life of Literature, especially of quiet Literature, without copyright, or world-celebrity of literary-

gazettes,—yes, thou brave Abbot Samson, for thyself it had been better, easier, perhaps also nobler ! But then, for thy disobedient Monks, unjust Viscounts ; for a Domain of St. Edmund overgrown with Solecisms, human and other, it had not been so well. Nay neither could *thy* Literature, never so quiet, have been easy. Literature, when noble, is not easy ; but only when ignoble. Literature too is a quarrel, and internecine duel, with the whole World of Darkness that lies without one and within one ;—rather a hard fight at times, even with the three pound ten secure. Thou, there where thou art, wrestle and duel along cheerfully to the end ; and make no remarks !

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## CHAPTER XIII.

## IN PARLIAMENT.

OF Abbot Samson's public business we say little, though that also was great. He had to judge the people as Justice Errant, to decide in weighty arbitrations and public controversies ; to equip his *milites*, send them duly in war-time to the King ;—strive every way that the Commonweal, in his quarter of it, take no damage.

Once, in the confused days of Lackland's usurpation, while Cœur-de-Lion was away, our brave Abbot took helmet himself, having first excommunicated all that should favour Lackland ; and led his men in person to the siege of *Windleshora*, what we now call Windsor ; where Lackland had entrenched himself, the centre of infinite confusions ; some Reform Bill, then as now, being greatly needed. There did Abbot Samson 'fight the battle of reform,'—with other ammunition, one hopes, than 'tremendous cheering' and such like ! For these things he was called 'the magnanimous Abbot.'

He also attended duly in his place in Parliament *de arduis regni* ; attended especially, as in *arduissimo*, when 'the news reached London that King Richard was a captive in Germany.' Here 'while all the barons sat to consult,' and many of them looked blank enough, 'the Abbot started forth, *prosiliit coram omnibus*, in his place in Parliament, and said, that *he* was

‘ready to go and seek his Lord the King, either clandestinely ‘by subterfuge (*in tapinagio*), or by any other method; and ‘search till he found him, and got certain notice of him; he ‘for one! By which word,’ says Jocelin, ‘he acquired great ‘praise for himself,’—unfeigned commendation from the Able Editors of that age.

By which word;—and also by which *deed*: for the Abbot actually went ‘with rich gifts to the King in Germany;’\* Usurper Lackland being first rooted out from Windsor, and the King’s peace somewhat settled.

As to these ‘rich gifts,’ however, we have to note one thing: In all England, as appeared to the Collective Wisdom, there was not like to be treasure enough for ransoming King Richard; in which extremity certain Lords of the Treasury, *Justiciarii ad Scaccarium*, suggested that ‘St. Edmund’s Shrine, covered with thick gold was still untouched. Could not it, in this extremity, be peeled off, at least in part; under condition, of course, of its being replaced, when times mended? The Abbot, starting plumb up, *se erigens*, answered: “Know ye for certain, that I will in no wise do this thing; nor is there any man who could force me to consent thereto. But I will open the doors of the Church: Let him that likes enter; let him that dares come forward!” Emphatic words, which created a sensation round the woosack. For the Justiciaries of the *Scaccarium* answered, ‘with oaths, each for himself: “I won’t come forward, for my share; nor will I, nor I! The ‘distant and absent who offended him, Saint Edmund has ‘been known to punish fearfully; much more will he those ‘close by, who lay violent hands on his coat, and would strip ‘it off!” These things being said, the Shrine was not meddled with, nor any ransom levied for it.’†

For Lords of the Treasury have in all times their impassable limits, be it by ‘force of public opinion’ or otherwise; and in those days a Heavenly Awe overshadowed and encompassed, as it still ought and must, all earthly Business whatsoever.

\* Jocelini Chronica, pp. 39, 40.

† Ibid., p. 71.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## HENRY OF ESSEX.

OF St. Edmund's fearful avengements have they not the remarkablest instance still before their eyes? He that will go to Reading Monastery may find there, now tonsured into a mournful penitent Monk, the once proud Henry Earl of Essex; and discern how St. Edmund punishes terribly, yet with mercy! This Narrative is too significant to be omitted as a document of the Time. Our Lord Abbot, once on a visit at Reading, heard the particulars from Henry's own mouth; and thereupon charged one of his monks to write it down;—as accordingly the Monk has done, in ambitious rhetorical Latin; inserting the same, as episode, among Jocelin's garrulous leaves. Read it here; with ancient yet with modern eyes.

Henry Earl of Essex, standard-bearer of England, had high places and emoluments; had a haughty high soul, yet with various flaws, or rather with one many-branched flaw and crack, running through the texture of it. For example, did he not treat Gilbert de Cereville in the most shocking manner? He cast Gilbert into prison; and, with chains and slow torments, wore the life out of him there. And Gilbert's crime was understood to be only that of innocent Joseph: the Lady Essex was a Potiphar's Wife, and had accused poor Gilbert! Other cracks, and branches of that widespread flaw in the Standard-bearer's soul we could point out: but indeed the main stem and trunk of all is too visible in this, That he had no right reverence for the Heavenly in Man,—that far from showing due reverence to St. Edmund, he did not even shew him common justice. While others in the Eastern Counties were adorning and enlarging with rich gifts St. Edmund's resting-place, which had become a city of refuge for many things, this Earl of Essex flatly defrauded him, by violence or quirk of law, of five shillings yearly, and converted said sum to his own poor uses! Nay, in another case of litigation, the



unjust Standard-bearer, for his own profit, asserting that the cause belonged not to St. Edmund's Court, but to *his* in Lailand Hundred, 'involved us in travellings and innumerable expenses, vexing the servants of St. Edmund for a long tract of time.' In short, he is without reverence for the Heavenly, this Standard-bearer; reveres only the Earthly, Gold-coined; and has a most morbid lamentable flaw in the texture of him. It cannot come to good.

Accordingly, the same flaw, or St. Vitus' *tic*, manifests itself ere long in another way. In the year 1157, he went with his Standard to attend King Henry, our blessed Sovereign (whom we saw afterwards at Waltham), in his War with the Welsh. A somewhat disastrous War; in which while King Henry and his force were struggling to retreat Parthian-like, endless clouds of exasperated Welshmen hemming them in, and now we had come to the 'difficult pass of Coleshill,' and as it were to the nick of destruction,—Henry Earl of Essex shrieks out on a sudden (blinded doubtless by his inner flaw, or 'evil genius' as some name it), That King Henry is killed, That all is lost,—and flings down his Standard to shift for itself there! And, certainly enough, all *had* been lost, had all men been as he;—had not brave men, without such miserable jerking *tic-douloureux* in the souls of them, come dashing up, with blazing swords and looks, and asserted That nothing was lost yet, that all must be regained yet. In this manner King Henry and his force got safely retreated, Parthian-like, from the pass of Coleshill and the Welsh War.\* But, once home again, Earl Robert de Montfort, a kinsman of this Standard-bearer's, rises up in the King's Assembly to declare openly that such a man is unfit for bearing English Standards, being in fact either a special traitor, or something almost worse, a coward namely, or universal traitor. Wager of Battle in consequence; solemn Duel, by the King's appointment, 'in a certain Island of the Thames-stream at Reading, *apud Radingas*, short way from the Abbey there.' Kings, Peers, and an immense multitude of people, on such scaffoldings and heights as they can come at, are gathered round, to see what issue the business

\* See Lyttelton's Henry II., ii. 384.

will take. The business takes this bad issue, in our Monk's own words faithfully rendered ;

‘ And it came to pass, while Robert de Montfort thundered on him manfully (*viriliter intonâsset*) with hard and frequent strokes, and a valiant beginning promised the fruit of victory, Henry of Essex, rather giving way, glanced round on all sides ; and lo, at the rim of the horizon, on the confines of the River and land, he discerned the glorious King and Martyr Edmund, in shining armour, and as if hovering in the air ; looking towards him with severe countenance, nodding his head with a mien and motion of austere anger. At St. Edmund's hand there stood also another Knight, Gilbert de Cereville, whose armour was not so splendid, whose stature was less gigantic ; casting vengeful looks at him. This he seeing with his eyes, remembered that old crime brings new shame. And now wholly desperate, and changing reason into violence, he took the part of one blindly attacking, not skilfully defending. Who while he struck fiercely was more fiercely struck ; and so, in short, fell down vanquished, and it was thought, slain. As he lay there for dead, his kinsmen, Magnates of England, besought the King, that the Monks of Reading might have leave to bury him. However, he proved not to be dead, but got well again among them ; and now, with recovered health, assuming the Regular Habit, he strove to wipe out the stain of his former life, to cleanse the long week of his dissolute history by at least a purifying sabbath, and cultivate the studies of Virtue into fruits of eternal Felicity.’ \*

Thus does the Conscience of man project itself athwart whatsoever of knowledge or surmise, of imagination, understanding, faculty, acquirement, or natural disposition he has in him ; and, like light through coloured glass, paint strange pictures ‘ on the rim of the horizon’ and elsewhere ! Truly, this same ‘ sense of the Infinite nature of Duty’ is the central part of all with us ; a ray as of Eternity and Immortality, immured in dusky many-coloured Time, and its deaths and births. Your

\* Jocelini Chronica, p. 52.

'coloured glass' varies so much from century to century;—and, in certain money-making, game-preserving centuries, it gets so terribly opaque! Not a Heaven with cherubim surrounds you then, but a kind of vacant leaden-coloured Hell. One day it will again cease to be *opaque*, this 'coloured glass.' Nay, may it not become at once translucent and *uncoloured*? Painting no Pictures more for us, but only the everlasting Azure itself? That will be a right glorious consummation!—

Saint Edmund from the horizon's edge, in shining armour, threatening the misdoer in his hour of extreme need: it is beautiful, it is great and true. So old, yet so modern, actual; true yet for every one of us, as for Henry the Earl and Monk! A glimpse as of the Deepest in Man's Destiny, which is the same for all times and ages. Yes, Henry my brother, there in thy extreme need, thy soul is *lamed*; and behold thou canst not so much, as fight! For Justice and Reverence *are* the everlasting central Law of this Universe; and to forget them, and have all the Universe against one, God and one's own Self for enemies, and only the Devil and the Dragons for friends, is not that a 'lameness' like few? That some shining armed St. Edmund hang minatory on thy horizon, that infinite sulphur-lakes hang minatory, or do not now hang,—this alters no whit the eternal fact of the thing. I say, thy soul is lamed, and the God and all Godlike in it marred: lamed, paralytic, tending towards baleful eternal death, whether thou know it or not;—nay hadst thou never known it, that surely had been worst of all!—

Thus, at any rate, by the heavenly Awe that overshadows earthly Business, does Samson, readily in those days, save St. Edmund's Shrine, and innumerable still more precious things.

## CHAPTER XV.

## PRACTICAL-DEVOTIONAL.

HERE indeed, perhaps, by rule of antagonisms, may be the place to mention that, after King Richard's return, there was a liberty of tourneying given to the fighting men of England: that a Tournament was proclaimed in the Abbot's domain, 'between Thetford and St. Edmundsbury,'—perhaps in the Euston region, on Fakenham Heights, midway between these two localities: that it was publicly prohibited by our Lord Abbot; and nevertheless was held in spite of him,—and by the parties, as would seem, considered 'a gentle and free passage of arms.'

Nay, next year, there came to the same spot four-and-twenty young men, sons of Nobles, for another passage of arms; who, having completed the same, all rode into St. Edmundsbury to lodge for the night. Here is modesty! Our Lord Abbot, being instructed of it, ordered the Gates to be closed; the whole party shut in. The morrow was the Vigil of the Apostles Peter and Paul; no outgate on the morrow. Giving their promise not to depart without permission, those four-and-twenty young bloods dieted all that day (*manducaverunt*) with the Lord Abbot, waiting for trial on the morrow. 'But after dinner,'—mark it, posterity!—'the Lord Abbot retiring into his *Thalamus*, they all started up, and began carolling and singing (*carolare et cantare*); sending 'into the Town for wine; drinking, and afterwards howling (*ululantes*);—totally depriving the Abbot and Convent of 'their afternoon's nap; doing all this in derision of the Lord Abbot, and spending in such fashion the whole day till 'evening, nor would they desist at the Lord Abbot's order! 'Night coming on, they broke the bolts of the Town Gates, 'and went off by violence!'\* Was the like ever heard of? The roysterous young dogs; carolling, howling, breaking the Lord Abbot's sleep,—after that sinful chivalry cock

\* Jocelini Chronica, p. 40.

fight of theirs! They too are a feature of distant centuries, as of near ones. St. Edmund on the edge of your horizon, or whatever else there, young scamps, in the dandy state, whether cased in iron or in whalebone, begin to caper and carol on the green Earth! Our Lord Abbot excommunicated most of them; and they gradually came in for repentance.

Excommunication is a great recipe with our Lord Abbot; the prevailing purifier in those ages. Thus when the Townsfolk and Monks'-menials quarrelled once at the Christmas Mysteries in St. Edmund's Churchyard, and 'from words it came to cuffs, and from cuffs to cuttings and the effusion of blood,'—our Lord Abbot excommunicates sixty of the rioters, with bell, book and candle (*accensis candelis*), at one stroke.\* Whereupon they all come suppliant, indeed nearly naked, 'nothing on but their breeches, *omnino nudi præter femoralia*, and prostrate themselves at the Church-door.' Figure that!

In fact, by excommunication or persuasion, by impetuosity of driving or adroitness in leading, this Abbot, it is now becoming plain everywhere, is a man that generally remains master at last. He tempers his medicine to the malady, now hot, now cool; prudent though fiery, an eminently practical man. Nay sometimes in his adroit practice there are swift turns almost of a surprising nature! Once, for example, it chanced that Geoffrey Riddell Bishop of Ely, a Prelate rather troublesome to our Abbot, made a request of him for timber from his woods towards certain edifices going on at Glemsford. The Abbot, a great builder himself, disliked the request; could not, however, give it a negative. While he lay, therefore, at his Manorhouse of Melford not long after, there comes to him one of the Lord Bishop's men or monks, with a message from his Lordship, "That he now begged permission to cut down the requisite trees in Elmswell Wood,"—so said the monk: *Elmswell*, where there are no trees but scrubs and shrubs, instead of *Elmset*, our true *nemus*, and high-towering oak-wood, here on Melford Manor! *Elmswell*? The Lord

\* *Jocelini Chronica*, p. 68.



Abbot, in surprise, inquires privily of Richard his Forester ; Richard answers that my Lord of Ely has already had his *carpentarii* in Elmset, and marked out for his own use all the best trees in the compass of it. Abbot Samson thereupon answers the monk : “ Elmswell ? Yes surely, be it as my Lord Bishop wishes.” The successful monk, on the morrow morning, hastens home to Ely ; but, on the morrow morning, ‘ directly after mass,’ Abbot Samson too was busy ! The successful monk, arriving at Ely, is rated for a goose and an owl ; is ordered back to say that Elmset was the place meant. Alas, on arriving at Elmset, he finds the Bishop’s trees, they ‘ and a hundred more,’ all felled and piled, and the stamp of St. Edmund’s Monastery burnt into them,—for roofing of the great tower we are building there ! Your importunate Bishop must seek wood for Glemsford edifices in some other *nemus* than this. A practical Abbot !

We said withal there was a terrible flash of anger in him : witness his address to old Herbert the Dean, who in a too thrifty manner has erected a windmill for himself on his glebelands at Haberdon. On the morrow, after mass, our Lord Abbot orders the Cellerarius to send off his carpenters to demolish the said structure *brevi manu*, and lay up the wood in safe-keeping. Old Dean Herbert, hearing what was toward, comes tottering along hither, to plead humbly for himself and his mill. The Abbot answers : “ I am obliged to thee as if thou hadst cut off both my feet ! By God’s face, *per os Dei*, I will not eat bread till that fabric be torn in pieces. Thou art an old man, and shouldst have known that neither the King nor his Justiciary dare change aught within the Liberties, without consent of Abbot and Convent ; and thou hast presumed on such a thing ? I tell thee, it will *not* be without damage to my mills ; for the Townsfolk will go to thy mill and grind their corn (*bladum suum*) at their own good pleasure ; nor can I hinder them, since they are free men. I will allow no new mills on such principle. Away, away ; before thou gettest home again, thou shalt see what thy mill has grown to ! ” \*—The very reverend, the old Dean totters home

\* Jocelini Chronica, p. 43.

again in all haste ; tears the mill in pieces by his own *carpentarii* to save at least the timber ; and Abbot Samson's workmen, coming up, find the ground already clear of it.

Easy to bully down poor old rural Deans, and blow their windmills away : but who is the man that dare abide King Richard's anger ; cross the Lion in his path, and take him by the whiskers ! Abbot Samson too ; he is that man, with justice on his side. The case was this. Adam de Cokefield, one of the chief feudatories of St. Edmund, and a principal man in the Eastern Counties, died, leaving large possessions, and for heiress a daughter of three months ; who, by clear law, as all men know, became thus Abbot Samson's ward ; whom accordingly he proceeded to dispose of to such person as seemed fittest. But now King Richard has another person in view, to whom the little ward and her great possessions were a suitable thing. He, by letter, requests that Abbot Samson will have the goodness to give her to this person. Abbot Samson, with deep humility, replies that she is already given. Now letters from Richard, of severer tenor ; answered with new deep humiliaties, with gifts and entreaties, with no promise of obedience. King Richard's ire is kindled ; messengers arrive at St. Edmundsbury, with emphatic message to obey or tremble ! Abbot Samson, wisely silent as to the King's threats, makes answer : "The King can send if he will and seize the ward : force and power he has to do his pleasure, and abolish the whole Abbey. But I, for my part, never can be bent to wish this that he seeks, nor shall it by me be ever done. For there is danger lest such things be made a precedent of, to the prejudice of my successors. *Videat Altissimus*, Let the Most High look on it. Whatsoever thing shall befall I will patiently endure."

Such was Abbot Samson's deliberate decision. Why not ? Cœur-de-Lion is very dreadful, but not the dreadfulest. *Videat Altissimus*. I reverence Cœur-de-Lion to the marrow of my bones, and will in all right things be *homo suus* ; but it is not, properly speaking, with terror, with any fear at all. On the whole, have I not looked on the face of 'Satan with outspread wings ;' steadily into Hellfire these seven and-forty

years ; and was not melted into terror even at that, such the Lord's goodness to me ? *Cœur-de-Lion* !

Richard swore tornado oaths, worse than our armies in Flanders, to be revenged on that proud Priest. But in the end he discovered that the Priest was right ; and forgave him, and even loved him. 'King Richard wrote, soon after, to Abbot Samson, That he wanted one or two of the St. Edmundsbury dogs, which he heard were good.' Abbot Samson sent him dogs of the best ; Richard replied by the present of a ring, which Pope Innocent the Third had given him. Thou brave Richard, thou brave Samson ! Richard too, I suppose, 'loved a man,' and knew one when he saw him.

No one will accuse our Lord Abbot of wanting worldly wisdom, due interest in worldly things. A skilful man ; full of cunning insight, lively interests ; always discerning the road to his object, be it circuit, be it short-cut, and victoriously travelling forward thereon. Nay rather it might seem, from Jocelin's Narrative, as if he had his eye all but exclusively directed on terrestrial matters, and was much too secular for a devout man. But this too, if we examine it, was right. For it is *in* the world that a man, devout or other, has his life to lead, his work waiting to be done. The basis of Abbot Samson's we shall discover, was truly religion, after all. Returning from his dusty pilgrimage, with such welcome as we saw, 'he sat down at the foot of St. Edmund's Shrine.' Not a talking theory that ; no, a silent practice : Thou St. Edmund with what lies in thee, thou now must help me, or none will !

This also is a significant fact : the zealous interest our Abbot took in the Crusades. To all noble Christian hearts of that era, what earthly enterprise so noble ? 'When Henry II., having taken the cross, came to St. Edmund's, to pay his devotions before setting out, the Abbot secretly made for himself a cross of linen cloth : and, holding this in one hand and a threaded needle in the other, asked leave of the King 'to assume it !' The King could not spare Samson out of England ;—the King himself indeed never went. But the Abbot's eye was set on the Holy Sepulchre, as on the spot

of this Earth where the true cause of Heaven was deciding itself. 'At the retaking of Jerusalem by the Pagans, Abbot Samson put on a cilice and hair-shirt, and wore under-garments of hair-cloth ever after; he abstained also from flesh and flesh-meats (*carne et carnis*) thenceforth to the end of his life.' Like a dark cloud eclipsing the hopes of Christendom, those tidings cast their shadow over St. Edmundsbury too: Shall Samson Abbas take pleasure while Christ's Tomb is in the hands of the Infidel? Samson, in pain of body, shall daily be reminded of it, daily be admonished to grieve for it.

The great antique heart: how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he goes or stands on the Earth; making all the Earth a mystic Temple to him, the Earth's business all a kind of worship. Glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight; angels yet hover doing God's messages among men: that rainbow was set in the clouds by the hand of God! Wonder, miracle encompass the man; he lives in an element of miracle; Heaven's splendour over his head, Hell's darkness under his feet. A great Law of Duty, high as these two Infinitudes, dwarfing all else, annihilating all else,—making royal Richard as small as peasant Samson, smaller if need be!—The 'imaginative faculties?' 'Rude poetic ages?' The 'primeval poetic element?' O for God's sake, good reader, talk no more of all that! It was not a Dilettantism this of Abbot Samson. It was a Reality, and it is one. The garment only of it is dead; the essence of it lives through all Time and all Eternity!—

And truly, as we said above, is not this comparative silence of Abbot Samson as to his religion, precisely the healthiest sign of him and of it? 'The Unconscious is the alone Complete.' Abbot Samson all along a busy working man, as all men are bound to be, his religion, his worship was like his daily bread to him;—which he did not take the trouble to talk much about; which he merely eat at stated intervals, and lived and did his work upon! This is Abbot Samson's Catholicism of the Twelfth Century;—something like the *Ism*

of all true men in all true centuries, I fancy ! Alas, compared with any of the *Isms* current in these poor days, what a thing ! Compared with the respectablest, morbid, struggling Methodism, never so earnest ; with the respectablest, ghastly, dead or galvanised Dilettantism, never so spasmodic !

Methodism with its eye forever turned on its own navel ; asking itself with torturing anxiety of Hope and Fear, “ Am I right, am I wrong ? Shall I be saved, shall I not be damned ? ”—what is this, at bottom, but a new phasis of *Egoism*, stretched out into the Infinite ; not always the heavenlier for its infinitude ! Brother, so soon as possible, endeavour to rise above all that. “ Thou *art* wrong ; thou art like to be damned : ” consider that as the fact, reconcile thyself even to that, if thou be a man ;—then first is the devouring Universe subdued under thee, and from the black murk of midnight and noise of greedy Acheron, dawn as of an everlasting morning, how far above all Hope and all Fear, springs for thee, enlightening thy steep path, awakening in thy heart celestial Memnon’s music.

But of our Dilettantisms, and galvanised Dilettantisms ; of Puseyism—O Heavens, what shall we say of Puseyism, in comparison to Twelfth-Century Catholicism ? Little or nothing ; for indeed it is a matter to strike one dumb.

The Builder of this Universe was wise,  
He plann’d all souls, all systems, planets, particles :  
The Plan He shap’d all Worlds and Æons by  
Was — — Heavens !—Was thy small Nine-and-thirty Articles ?

That certain human souls, living on this practical Earth, should think to save themselves and a ruined world by noisy theoretic demonstrations and laudations of *the* Church, instead of some unnoisy, unconscious, but *practical*, total, heart-and-soul demonstration of *a* Church : this, in the circle of revolving ages, this also was a thing we were to see. A kind of penultimate thing, precursor of very strange consummations ; last thing but one ? If there is no atmosphere, what will it serve a man to demonstrate the excellence of lungs ? How much profitabler when you can, like Abbot Samson, breathe ; and go along your way !



## CHAPTER XVI.

ST. EDMUND.

ABBOT SAMSON built many useful, many pious edifices ; human dwellings, churches, church-steeples, barns ;—all fallen now and vanished, but useful while they stood. He built and endowed ‘the Hospital of Babwell :’ built ‘fit houses for the St. Edmundsbury Schools.’ Many are the roofs once ‘thatched with reeds’ which he ‘caused to be covered with tiles ;’ or if they were churches, probably ‘with lead.’ For all ruinous incomplete things, buildings or other, were an eye-sorrow to the man. We saw his ‘great tower of St. Edmund’s ;’ or at least the roof-timbers of it, lying cut and stamped in Elmset Wood. To change combustible decaying reed-thatch into tile or lead ; and material, still more, moral wreck into rain-tight order, what a comfort to Samson !

One of the things he could not in any wise but rebuild was the great Altar, aloft on which stood the Shrine itself ; the great Altar, which had been damaged by fire, by the careless rubbish and careless candle of two somnolent Monks, one night,—the Shrine escaping almost as if by miracle ! Abbot Samson read his Monks a severe lecture : “A Dream one of us had, that he saw St. Edmund naked and in lamentable plight. Know ye the interpretation of that Dream ? St. Edmund proclaims himself naked, because ye defraud the naked Poor of your old clothes, and give with reluctance what ye are bound to give them of meat and drink : the idleness moreover and negligence of the Sacristan and his people is too evident from the late misfortune by fire. Well might our Holy Martyr seem to lie cast out from his Shrine, and say with groans that he was stript of his garments, and wasted with hunger and thirst !”

This is Abbot Samson’s interpretation of the Dream ;—diametrically the reverse of that given by the Monks themselves, who scruple not to say privily, “It is *we* that are the naked and

famished limbs of the Martyr ; we whom the Abbot curtails of all our privileges, setting his own official to control our very Cellarer ! ” Abbot Samson adds, that this judgment by fire has fallen upon them for murmuring about their meat and drink.

Clearly enough, meanwhile, the Altar, whatever the burning of it mean or foreshadow, must needs be reëdified. Abbot Samson reëdifies it, all of polished marble ; with the highest stretch of art and sumptuosity, reëmbellishes the Shrine for which it is to serve as pediment. Nay farther, as had ever been among his prayers, he enjoys, he sinner, a glimpse of the glorious Martyr's very Body in the process ; having solemnly opened the *Loculus*, Chest or sacred Coffin, for that purpose. It is the culminating moment of Abbot Samson's life. Bozzy Jocelin himself rises into a kind of Psalmist solemnity on this occasion ; the laziest monk ‘ weeps ’ warm tears, as *Te Deum* is sung.

Very strange ;—how far vanished from us in these unworshipping ages of ours ! The Patriot Hampden, best beatified man we have, had lain in like manner some two centuries in his narrow home, when certain dignitaries of us, ‘ and twelve grave-diggers with pulleys,’ raised him also up, under cloud of night ; cut off his arms with penknives, pulled the scalp off his head,—and otherwise worshipped our Hero Saint in the most amazing manner ! \* Let the modern eye look earnestly on that old midnight hour in St. Edmundsbury Church, shining yet on us, ruddy-bright, through the depths of seven hundred years ; and consider mournfully what our Hero-worship once was, and what it now is ! We translate with all the fidelity we can :

‘ The Festival of St. Edmund now approaching, the marble ‘ blocks are polished, and all things are in readiness for lifting ‘ of the Shrine to its new place. A fast of three days was held ‘ by all the people, the cause and meaning thereof being publicly set forth to them. The Abbot announces to the Con- ‘ vent that all must prepare themselves for transferring of the

\* Annual Register (year 1828, Chronicle, p. 93), Gentleman's Magazine, &c., &c.

‘ Shrine, and appoints time and way for the work. Coming therefore that night to matins, we found the great Shrine (*feretrum magnum*) raised upon the Altar, but empty ; covered all over with white doeskin leather, fixed to the wood with silver nails ; but one pannel of the Shrine was left down below, and resting thereon, beside its old column of the Church, the Loculus with the Sacred Body yet lay where it was wont. Praises being sung, we all proceeded to commence our disciplines (*ad disciplinas suscipiendas*). These finished, the Abbot and certain with him are clothed in their albs ; and, approaching reverently, set about uncovering the Loculus. There was an outer cloth of linen, enwrapping the Loculus and all ; this we found tied on the upper side with strings of its own : within this was a cloth of silk, and then another linen cloth, and then a third ; and so at last the Loculus was uncovered, and seen resting on a little tray of wood, that the bottom of it might not be injured by the stone. Over the breast of the Martyr, there lay, fixed to the surface of the Loculus, a Golden Angel about the length of a human foot ; holding in one hand a golden sword, and in the other a banner : under this there was a hole in the lid of the Loculus, on which the ancient servants of the Martyr had been wont to lay their hands for touching the Sacred Body. And over the figure of the Angel was this verse inscribed :

‘ *Martiris ecce zoma servat Michaelis agalma.* \*

‘ At the head and foot of the Loculus were iron rings whereby it could be lifted.

‘ Lifting the Loculus and Body, therefore, they carried it to the Altar ; and I put to my sinful hand to help in carrying, though the Abbot had commanded that none should approach except called. And the Loculus was placed in the Shrine ; and the pannel it had stood on was put in its place, and the Shrine for the present closed. We all thought that the Abbot would shew the Loculus to the people ; and bring out the Sacred Body again, at a certain period of the Fes-

\* This is the Martyr’s Garment, which Michael’s Image guards.

‘ tival. But in this we were wofully mistaken, as the sequel  
‘ shews.

‘ For in the fourth holiday of the Festival, while the Con-  
‘ vent were all singing *Completorium*, our Lord Abbot spoke  
‘ privily with the Sacristan and Walter the Medicus ; and  
‘ order was taken that twelve of the Brethren should be ap-  
‘ pointed against midnight, who were strong for carrying the  
‘ pannel-planks of the Shrine, and skilful in unfixing them,  
‘ and putting them together again. The Abbot then said that  
‘ it was among his prayers to look once upon the Body of his  
‘ Patron ; and that he wished the Sacristan and Walter the  
‘ Medicus to be with him. The Twelve appointed Brethren  
‘ were these : The Abbot’s two Chaplains, the two Keepers of  
‘ the Shrine, the two Masters of the Vestry ; and six more,  
‘ namely, the Sacristan Hugo, Walter the Medicus, Augustin,  
‘ William of Dice, Robert, and Richard. I alas, was not of  
‘ the number.

‘ The Convent therefore being all asleep, these Twelve,  
‘ clothed in their albs, with the Abbot, assembled at the  
‘ Altar ; and opening a pannel of the Shrine, they took out  
‘ the Loculus ; laid it on a table, near where the Shrine used  
‘ to be ; and made ready for unfastening the lid, which was  
‘ joined and fixed to the Loculus with sixteen very long nails.  
‘ Which when, with difficulty, they had done, all except the  
‘ two forenamed associates are ordered to draw back. The  
‘ Abbot and they two were alone privileged to look in. The  
‘ Loculus was so filled with the Sacred Body that you could  
‘ scarcely put a needle between the head and the wood, or  
‘ between the feet and the wood : the head lay united to the  
‘ body, a little raised with a small pillow. But the Abbot,  
‘ looking close, found now a silk cloth veiling the whole Body,  
‘ and then a linen cloth of wondrous whiteness ; and upon the  
‘ head was spread a small linen cloth, and then another small  
‘ and most fine silk cloth, as if it were the veil of a nun.  
‘ These coverings being lifted off, they found now the Sacred  
‘ Body all wrapt in linen ; and so at length the lineaments  
‘ of the same appeared. But here the Abbot stopped ; saying  
‘ he durst not proceed farther, or look at the sacred flesh

‘naked. Taking the head between his hands, he thus spake  
 ‘groaning : “Glorious Martyr, holy Edmund, blessed be the  
 ‘hour when thou wert born. Glorious Martyr, turn it not to  
 ‘my perdition that I have so dared to touch thee, I miserable  
 ‘and sinful ; thou knowest my devout love, and the intention of  
 ‘my mind.” And proceeding, he touched the eyes ; and the  
 ‘nose, which was very massive and prominent (*valde grossum*  
 ‘*et valde eminentem*) ; and then he touched the breast and  
 ‘arms ; and raising the left arm he touched the fingers, and  
 ‘placed his own fingers between the sacred fingers. And  
 ‘proceeding he found the feet standing stiff up, like the feet  
 ‘of a man dead yesterday ; and he touched the toes, and  
 ‘counted them (*tangendo numeravit*).

‘And now it was agreed that the other Brethren should be  
 ‘called forward to see the miracles ; and accordingly those  
 ‘ten now advanced, and along with them six others who had  
 ‘stolen in without the Abbot’s assent, namely, Walter of St.  
 ‘Alban’s, Hugh the Infirmirarius, Gilbert brother of the Prior,  
 ‘Richard of Henham, Jocellus our cellarer, and Turstan the  
 ‘Little ; and all these saw the Sacred Body, but Turstan alone  
 ‘of them put forth his hand, and touched the Saint’s knees  
 ‘and feet. And that there might be abundance of witnesses,  
 ‘one of our Brethren, John of Dice, sitting on the roof of the  
 ‘Church, with the servants of the Vestry, and looking through,  
 ‘clearly saw all these things.’

What a scene ; shining luminous effulgent, as the lamps of  
 St. Edmund do, through the dark Night ; John of Dice, with  
 vestrymen, clambering on the roof to look through ; the Con-  
 vent all asleep, and the Earth all asleep,—and since then,  
 Seven Centuries of Time mostly gone to sleep ! Yes, there,  
 sure enough, is the martyred Body of Edmund landlord of  
 the Eastern Counties, who, nobly doing what he liked with  
 his own, was slain three hundred years ago : and a noble awe  
 surrounds the memory of him, symbol and promoter of many  
 other right noble things.

But have not we now advanced to strange new stages of  
 Hero-worship, now in the little Church of Hampden, with our



pen-knives out, and twelve grave-diggers with pulleys? The manner of men's Hero-worship, verily it is the innermost fact of their existence, and determines all the rest,—at public hustings, in private drawing-rooms, in church, in market, and wherever else. Have true reverence, and what indeed is inseparable therefrom, reverence the right man, all is well; have sham-reverence, and what also follows, greet with it the wrong man, then all is ill, and there is nothing well. Alas, if Hero-worship become Dilettantism, and all except Mammonism be a vain grimace, how much, in this most earnest Earth, has gone and is evermore going to fatal destruction, and lies wasting in quiet lazy ruin, no man regarding it! Till at length no heavenly *Isms* any longer coming down upon us, *Isms* from the other quarter have to mount up. For the Earth, I say, is an earnest place; Life is no grimace, but a most serious fact. And so, under universal Dilettantism much having been stript bare, not the souls of men only, but their very bodies and bread-cupboards having been stript bare, and life now no longer possible,—all is reduced to desperation, to the iron law of Necessity and very Fact again; and to temper Dilettantism, and astonish it, and burn it up with infernal fire, arises Chartism, *Bare-back-ism*, Sansculottism so-called! May the gods, and what of unworshipped heroes still remain among us, avert the omen.—

But however this may be, St. Edmund's *Loculus*, we find, has the veils of silk and linen reverently replaced, the lid fastened down again with its sixteen ancient nails; is wrapt in a new costly covering of silk, the gift of Hubert Archbishop of Canterbury: and through the sky-window John of Dice sees it lifted to its place in the Shrine, the pannels of this latter duly refixed, fit parchment documents being introduced withal;—and now John and his vestrymen can slide down from the roof, for all is over, and the Convent wholly awakens to matins. 'When we assembled to sing matins,' says Jocelin, 'and understood what had been done, grief took hold of all that had not seen these things, each saying to himself, "Alas, I was deceived." Matins over, the Abbot called the

‘Convent to the great Altar ; and briefly recounting the matter, alleged that it had not been in his power, nor was it permissible or fit, to invite us all to the sight of such things. At hearing of which, we all wept, and with tears sang *Te Deum laudamus* ; and hastened to toll the bells in the ‘Choir.’

Stupid blockheads, to reverence their St. Edmund’s dead Body in this manner ? Yes, brother ;—and yet, on the whole, who knows how to reverence the Body of a Man ? It is the most reverend phenomenon under this Sun. For the Highest God dwells visible in that mystic unfathomable Visibility, which calls itself “I” on the Earth. ‘Bending before men,’ says Novalis, ‘is a reverence done to this Revelation in the ‘Flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human Body.’ And the Body of one Dead ;—a temple where the Hero-soul once was and now is not : Oh, all mystery, all pity, all mute awe and wonder ; Supernaturalism brought home to the very dullest ; Eternity laid open, and the nether Darkness and the upper Light-Kingdoms ; do conjoin there, or exist nowhere ! Sauerteig used to say to me, in his peculiar way : “A Chancery Lawsuit ; justice, nay justice in mere money, denied a man, for all his pleading, till twenty, till forty years of his Life are gone seeking it : and a Cockney Funeral, Death revered by hatchments, horse-hair, brass-lacker, and unconcerned bipeds carrying long poles and bags of black silk :—are not these two reverences, this reverence for Death and that reverence for Life, a notable pair of reverences among you English ?”

Abbot Samson, at this culminating point of his existence, may, and indeed must, be left to vanish with his Life-scenery from the eyes of modern men. He had to run into France to settle with King Richard for the military service there of his St. Edmundsbury Knights ; and with great labor got it done. He had to decide on the dilapidated Coventry Monks ; and with great labour, and much pleading and journeying, got them reinstated ; dined with them all, and with the ‘Masters of the Schools of Oxnefor<sup>d</sup>,’—the veritable Oxford *Caput sit-*

ting there at dinner, in a dim but undeniable manner, in the City of Peeping Tom! He had, not without labour, to controvert the intrusive Bishop of Ely, the intrusive Abbot of Cluny. Magnanimous Samson, his life is but a labour and a journey; a bustling and a justling, till the still Night come. He is sent for again, over sea, to advise King Richard touching certain Peers of England, who had taken the Cross, but never followed it to Palestine; whom the Pope is inquiring after. The magnanimous Abbot makes preparation for departure; departs, and— —And Jocelin's Boswellian Narrative, suddenly shorn through by the scissors of Destiny, *ends*. There are no words more; but a black line, and leaves of blank paper. Irremediable: the miraculous hand that held all this theatric machinery suddenly quits hold; impenetrable Time-Curtains rush down; in the mind's eye all is again dark, void; with loud dinning in the mind's ear, our real-phantasmagory of St. Edmundsbury plunges into the bosom of the Twelfth Century again, and all is over. Monks, Abbot, Hero-worship, Government, Obedience, Cœur-de-Lion and St. Edmund's Shrine, vanish like Mirza's Vision; and there is nothing left but a mutilated black Ruin amid green botanic expanses, and oxen, sheep and dilettanti pasturing in their places.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE BEGINNINGS.

WHAT a singular shape of a Man, shape of a Time, have we in this Abbot Samson and his history; how strangely do modes, creeds, formularies, and the date and place of a man's birth, modify the figure of the man!

Formulas too, as we call them, have a *reality* in Human Life. They are real as the very *skin* and *muscular tissue* of a Man's Life; and a most blessed indispensable thing, so long as they have *vitality* withal, and are a *living* skin and tissue to him! No man, or man's life, can go abroad and do business in the world without skin and tissues. No; first of all, these have to fashion themselves,—as indeed they spontaneously and in-

evitably do. Foam itself, and this is worth thinking of, can harden into oyster-shell; all living objects do by necessity form to themselves a skin.

And yet, again, when a man's Formulas become *dead*; as all Formulas, in the progress of living growth, are very sure to do! When the poor man's integuments, no longer nourished from within, become dead skin, mere adscititious leather and callosity, wearing thicker and thicker, uglier and uglier; till no *heart* any longer can be felt beating through them, so thick, callous, calcified are they; and all over it has now grown mere calcified oyster-shell, or were it polished mother-of-pearl, inwards almost to the very heart of the poor man:—yes then, you may say, his usefulness once more is quite obstructed; once more, he cannot go abroad and do business in the world; it is time that *he* take to bed, and prepare for departure, which cannot now be distant.

*Ubi homines sunt modi sunt.* Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength; if also, in certain circumstances, our miserablest weakness.—From Stoke to Stowe is as yet a field, all pathless, untrodden: from Stoke where I live, to Stowe where I have to make my merchandises, perform my businesses, consult my heavenly oracles, there is as yet no path or human footprint; and I, impelled by such necessities, must nevertheless undertake the journey. Let me go once, scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook, and successfully arriving, my footprints are an invitation to me a second time to go by the same way. It is easier than any other way: the industry of 'scanning' lies already invested in it for me; I can go this time with less of scanning, or without scanning at all. Nay, the very sight of my footprints, what a comfort for me; and in a degree, for all my brethren of mankind! The footprints are trodden and re-trodden; the path wears ever broader, smoother, into a broad highway, where even wheels can run; and many travel it;—till—till the Town of Stowe disappear from that locality (as towns have been known to do), or no merchandising, heavenly oracle, or real business any longer exist for one there: then why should anybody travel the way?—Habit is our primal,

fundamental law ; Habit and Imitation, there is nothing more perennial in us than these two. They are the source of all Working and all Apprenticeship, of all Practice and all Learning, in this world.

Yes, the wise man too speaks, and acts, in Formulas ; all men do so. And in general, the more completely cased with Formulas a man may be, the safer, happier is it for him. Thou who, in an All of rotten Formulas, seemest to stand nigh bare, having indignantly shaken off the superannuated rags and unsound callosities of Formulas,—consider how thou too art still clothed ! This English Nationality, whatsoever from uncounted ages is genuine and a fact among thy native People, in their words and ways : all this, has it not made for thee a skin or second-skin, adhesive actually as thy natural skin ? This thou hast not stript off, this thou wilt never strip off : the humour that thy mother gave thee has to shew itself through this. A common, or it may be an uncommon Englishman thou art : but good Heavens, what sort of Arab, Chinaman, Jew-Clothesman, Turk, Hindoo, African Mandingo, wouldst thou have been, *thou* with those mother-qualities of thine !

It strikes me dumb to look over the long series of faces, such as any full Church, Courthouse, London-Tavern Meeting, or miscellany of men will show them. Some score or two of years ago all these were little red-coloured pulpy infants ; each of them capable of being kneaded, baked into any social form you chose : yet I see now how they are fixed and hardened,—into artisans, artists, clergy, gentry, learned sergeants, unlearned dandies, and can and shall now be nothing else henceforth !

Mark on that nose the colour left by too copious port and viands ; to which the profuse cravat with exorbitant breastpin, and the fixed, forward, and as it were menacing glance of the eyes correspond. That is a ‘Man of Business ;’ prosperous manufacturer, house-contractor, engineer, law-manager ; his eye, nose, cravat have, in such work and fortune, got such a character : deny him not thy praise, thy pity. Pity him too, the Hard-handed, with bony brow, rudely combed hair, eyes



looking out as in labour, in difficulty and uncertainty ; rude mouth, the lips coarse, loose, as in hard toil and lifelong fatigue they have got the habit of hanging : hast thou seen aught more touching than the rude intelligence, so cramped, yet energetic, unsubduable, true, which looks out of that marred visage ? Alas, and his poor wife, with her own hands, washed that cotton neckcloth for him, buttoned that coarse shirt, sent him forth creditably trimmed as she could. In such imprisonment lives he, for his part ; man cannot now deliver him : the red pulpy infant has been baked and fashioned so.

Or what kind of baking was it that this other brother-mortal got, which has baked him into the genus Dandy ? Elegant Vacuum ; serenely looking down upon all Plenums and Entities, as low and poor to his serene Chimeraship and *Nonentity* laboriously attained ! Heroic Vacuum ; inexpugnable, while purse and present condition of society hold out ; curable by no hellebore. The doom of Fate was, Be thou a Dandy ! Have thy eye-glasses, opera-glasses, thy Long-Acre cabs with white-breeched tiger, thy yawning impassivities, pococurantisms ; *fix* thyself in Dandyhood undeliverable ; it is thy doom.

And all these, we say, were red-coloured infants ; of the same pulp and stuff, few years ago ; now irretrievably shaped and kneaded as we see ! Formulas ? There is no mortal extant, out of the depths of Bedlam, but lives all skinned, thatched, covered over with Formulas ; and is, as it were, held in from delirium and the Inane by his Formulas ! They are withal the most beneficent, indispensable of human equipments : blessed he who has a skin and tissues, so it be a living one ; and the heart-pulse everywhere discernible through it. Monachism, Feudalism, with a real King Plantagenet, with real Abbots Samson, and their other living realities, how blessed !—

Not without a mournful interest have we surveyed that authentic image of a Time now wholly swallowed. Mournful reflections crowd on us ;—and yet consolatory. How many brave men have lived before Agamemnon ! Here is a brave

governor Samson, a man fearing God, and fearing nothing else ; of whom as First Lord of the Treasury, as King, Chief, Editor, High Priest, we could be so glad and proud ; of whom nevertheless Fame has altogether forgotten to make mention ! The faint image of him, revived in this hour, is found in the gossip of one poor Monk, and in Nature nowhere else. Oblivion had so nigh swallowed him altogether, even to the echo of his ever having existed. What regiments and hosts and generations of such has Oblivion already swallowed ! Their crumbled dust makes up the soil our life-fruit grows on. Said I not, as my old Norse Fathers taught me, The Life-tree Igdrasil, which waves round thee in this hour, whereof thou in this hour art portion, has its roots down deep in the oldest Death-Kingdoms ; and grows ; the Three Nornas, or *Times*, Past, Present, Future, watering it from the Sacred Well !

For example, who taught thee to *speak* ? From the day when two hairy-naked or fig-leaved Human Figures began, as uncomfortable dummies, anxious no longer to be dumb, but to impart themselves to one another ; and endeavoured, with gaspings, gesturings, with unsyllabled cries, with painful pantomime and interjections, in a very unsuccessful manner,—up to the writing of this present copyright Book, which also is not very successful ! Between that day and this, I say, there has been a pretty space of time ; a pretty spell of work, which *somebody* has done ! Thinkest thou there were no poets till Dan Chaucer ? No heart burning with a thought, which it could not hold, and had no word for ; and needed to shape and coin a word for,—what thou callest a metaphor, trope, or the like ? For every word we have, there was such a man and poet. The coldest word was once a glowing new metaphor, and bold questionable originality. ‘Thy very ATTENTION, does it not mean an *attentio*, a STRETCHING-TO ?’ Fancy that act of the mind, which all were conscious of, which none had yet named,—when this new ‘poet’ first felt bound and driven to name it ! His questionable originality, and new glowing metaphor, was found adoptable, intelligible ; and remains our name for it to this day.

Literature :—and look at Paul’s Cathedral, and the Mason.

ries and Worships and Quasi-Worships that are there; not to speak of Westminster Hall and its wings! Men had not a hammer to begin with, not a syllabled articulation: they had it all to make;—and they have made it. What thousand and thousand articulate, semi-articulate, earnest-stammering *Prayers* ascending up to Heaven, from hut and cell, in many lands, in many centuries, from the fervent kindled souls of innumerable men, each struggling to pour itself forth incompletely as it might, before the incompletest *Liturgy* could be compiled! The Liturgy, or adoptable and generally adopted Set of Prayers and Prayer-Method, was what we can call the Select Adoptabilities, ‘Select Beauties’ well-edited (by Œcumenic Councils and other Useful-Knowledge Societies) from that wide waste imbroglio of Prayers already extant and accumulated, good and bad. The good were found adoptable by men; were gradually got together, well-edited, accredited: the bad, found inappropriate, unadoptable, were gradually forgotten, disused and burnt. It is the way with human things. The first man who, looking with opened soul on this august Heaven and Earth, this Beautiful and Awful, which we name Nature, Universe and such like, the essence of which remains forever UNNAMEABLE; he who first, gazing into this, fell on his knees awestruck, in silence as is likeliest,—he, driven by inner necessity, the ‘audacious original’ that he was, had done a thing, too, which all thoughtful hearts saw straightway to be an expressive, altogether adoptable thing! To bow the knee was ever since the attitude of supplication. Earlier than any spoken Prayers, *Litanias*, or *Leitourgias*; the beginning of all Worship,—which needed but a beginning, so rational was it. What a poet he! Yes, this bold original was a successful one withal. The wellhead this one, hidden in the primeval dusks and distances, from whom as from a Nile-source all *Forms of Worship* flow:—such a Nile-river (somewhat muddy and malarious now!) of Forms of Worship sprang there, and flowed, and flows, down to Puseyism, Rotatory Calabash, Archbishop Laud at St. Catherine Creed’s, and perhaps lower!

Things rise, I say, in that way. The *Iliad* Poem, and in-

deed most other poetic, especially epic things, have risen as the Liturgy did. The great *Iliad* in Greece, and the small *Robin Hood's Garland* in England, are each, as I understand, the well-edited 'Select Beauties' of an immeasurable waste imbroglio of Heroic Ballads in their respective centuries and countries. Think what strumming of the seven-stringed heroic lyre, torturing of the less heroic fiddle-catgut, in Hellenic Kings' Courts, and English wayside Public Houses; and beating of the studious Poetic brain, and gasping here too in the semi-articulate windpipe of Poetic men, before the Wrath of a Divine Achilles, the Prowess of a Will Scarlet or Wakefield Pinder, could be adequately sung! Honour to you, ye nameless great and greatest ones, ye long-forgotten brave!

Nor was the Statute *De Tallagio non concedendo*, nor any Statute, Law-method, Lawyer's-wig, much less were the Statute-Book and Four Courts, with Coke upon Lyttleton and Three Estates of Parliament in the rear of them, got together without human labour,—mostly forgotten now! From the time of Cain's slaying Abel by swift head-breakage, to this time of killing your man in Chancery by inches, and slow heart-break for forty years,—there too is an interval! Venerable Justice herself began by Wild Justice; all Law is as a tamed furrowfield, slowly worked out, and rendered arable, from the waste jungle of Club-Law. Valiant Wisdom tilling and draining; escorted by owl-eyed Pedantry, by owlish and vulturish and many other forms of Folly;—the valiant husbandman assiduously tilling; the blind greedy enemy *too* assiduously sowing tares! It is because there is yet in venerable wigged Justice some wisdom, amid such mountains of wiggeries and folly, that men have not cast her into the River; that she still sits there, like Dryden's Head in the *Battle of the Books*,—a huge helmet, a huge mountain of greased parchment, of unclean horsehair, first striking the eye; and then in the innermost corner, visible at last, in size as a hazelnut, a real fraction of God's Justice, perhaps not yet unattainable to some, surely still indispensable to all;—and men know not what to do with her! Lawyers were not all pedants, voluminous voracious persons; Lawyers too were

poets, were heroes,—or their Law had been past the Nore long before this time. Their Owlisms, Vulturisms, to an incredible extent, will disappear by and by, their Heroisms only remaining, and the helmet be reduced to something like the size of the head, we hope !—

It is all work and forgotten work, this peopled, clothed, articulate-speaking, high-towered, wide-acred World. The hands of forgotten brave men have made it a World for us ; they,—honour to them ; they, in *spite* of the idle and the dastard. This English Land, here and now, is the summary of what was found of wise, and noble, and accordant with God's Truth, in all the generations of English Men. Our English Speech is speakable because there were Hero-Poets of our blood and lineage ; speakable in proportion to the number of these. This Land of England has its conquerors, possessors, which change from epoch to epoch, from day to day ; but its real conquerors, creators, and eternal proprietors are these following, and their representatives if you can find them : All the Heroic Souls that ever were in England, each in their degree ; all the men that ever cut a thistle, drained a puddle out of England, contrived a wise scheme in England, did or said a true and valiant thing in England. I tell thee, they had not a hammer to begin with ; and yet Wren built St. Paul's : not an articulated syllable ; and yet there have come English Literatures, Elizabethan Literatures, Satanic-School, Cockney-School and other Literatures ;—once more, as in the old time of the *Leitourgia*, a most waste imbroglio, and world-wide jungle and jumble ; waiting terrible to be 'well-edited,' and 'well-burnt !' Arachne started with forefinger and thumb, and had not even a distaff ; yet thou seest Manchester, and Cotton Cloth, which will shelter naked backs, at twopence an ell.

Work ? The quantity of done and forgotten work that lies silent under my feet in this world, and escorts and attends me, and supports and keeps me alive, wheresoever I walk or stand, whatsoever I think or do, gives rise to reflections ! Is it not enough, at any rate, to strike the thing called 'Fame' into total silence for a wise man ? For fools and unreflective per-



sons, she is and will be very noisy, this 'Fame,' and talks of her 'immortals,' and so forth : but if you will consider it, what is she ? Abbot Samson was not nothing because nobody *said* anything of him. Or thinkest thou, the Right Honourable Sir Jabesh Windbag can be made something by Parliamentary Majorities and Leading Articles ? Her 'immortals !' Scarcely two hundred years back can Fame recollect articulately at all ; and there she but maunders and mumbles. She manages to recollect a Shakspeare or so ; and prates, considerably like a goose, about him ;—and in the rear of that, onwards to the birth of Theuth, to Hengst's Invasion, and the bosom of Eternity, it was all blank ; and the respectable Teutonic Languages, Teutonic Practices, Existences, all came of their own accord, as the grass springs, as the trees grow ; no Poet, no work from the inspired heart of a Man needed there ; and Fame has not an articulate word to say about it ! Or ask her, What, with all conceivable appliances and mnemonics, including apotheosis and human sacrifices among the number, she carries in her head with regard to a Wodan, even a Moses, or other such ? She begins to be uncertain as to what they were, whether spirits or men of mould,—gods, charlatans ; begins sometimes to have a misgiving that they were mere symbols, ideas of the mind ; perhaps nonentities, and Letters of the Alphabet ! She is the noisiest, inarticulately babbling, hissing, screaming, foolishhest, unmusicaled of fowls that fly ; and needs no 'trumpet,' I think, but her own enormous goose-throat,—measuring several degrees of celestial latitude, so to speak. Her 'wings,' in these days, have grown far swifter than ever ; but her goose-throat hitherto seems only larger, louder and foolisher than ever. *She* is transitory, futile, a goose-goddess :—if she were not transitory, what would become of us ! It is a chief comfort that she forgets us all ; all, even to the very Wodans ; and grows to consider us, at last, as probably nonentities and Letters of the Alphabet.

Yes, a noble Abbot Samson resigns himself to Oblivion too ; feels *it* no hardship, but a comfort ; counts it as a still resting-place, from much sick fret and fever and stupidity, which in the night-watches often made his strong heart sigh.

Your most sweet voices, making one enormous goose-voice, O Bobus and Company, how can they be a guidance for any Son of Adam? In *silence* of you and the like of you, the 'small still voices' will speak to him better; in which does lie guidance.

My friend, all speech and rumor is shortlived, foolish, untrue. Genuine Work alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal, as the Almighty Founder and World-Builder himself. Stand thou by that; and let 'Fame' and the rest of it go prating.

“ Heard are the Voices,  
Heard are the sages,  
The worlds and the ages :  
“ Choose well, your choice is  
Brief and yet endless ;

Here eyes do regard you,  
In Eternity's stillness ;  
Here is all fulness,  
Ye brave, to reward you ;  
Work, and despair not.” \* \*

\* Goethe.

## BOOK III.

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### *THE MODERN WORKER.*

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### PHENOMENA.

BUT, it is said, our religion is gone ; we no longer believe in St. Edmund, no longer see the figure of him ‘on the rim of the sky,’ minatory or confirmatory ! God’s absolute Laws, sanctioned by an eternal Heaven and an eternal Hell, have become Moral Philosophies, sanctioned by able computations of Profit and Loss, by weak considerations of Pleasures of Virtue and the Moral Sublime.

It is even so. To speak in the ancient dialect, we ‘have forgotten God ;’—in the most modern dialect and very truth of the matter, we have taken up the Fact of this Universe as it *is not*. We have quietly closed our eyes to the eternal Substance of things, and opened them only to the Shews and Shams of things. We quietly believe this Universe to be intrinsically a great unintelligible PERHAPS ; extrinsically, clear enough, it is a great, most extensive Cattlefold and work-house, with most extensive Kitchen-ranges, Dining-tables,—whereat he is wise who can find a place ! All the Truth of this Universe is uncertain ; only the profit and loss of it, the pudding and praise of it, are and remain very visible to the practical man.

There is no longer any God for us ! God’s Laws are become a Greatest-Happiness Principle, a Parliamentary Expediency : the Heavens overarch us only as an Astronomical Time-keeper ; a butt for Herschel-telescopes to shoot science at, to shoot

sentimentalities at:—in our and old Johnson's dialect, man has lost the *soul* out of him ; and now, after the due period,—begins to find the want of it ! This is verily the plague-spot ; centre of the universal Social Gangrene, threatening all modern things with frightful death. To him that will consider it, here is the stem, with its roots and taproot, with its world-wide upas-boughs and accursed poison exudations, under which the world lies writhing in apathy and agony. You touch the focal-centre of all our diseases, of our frightful nosology of diseases, when you lay your hand on this. There is no religion ; there is no God ; man has lost his soul, and vainly seeks antiseptic salt. Vainly : in killing Kings, in passing Reform Bills, in French Revolutions, Manchester Insurrections, is found no remedy. The foul elephantine leprosy, alleviated for an hour, reappears in new force and desperate ness next hour.

For actually this is *not* the real fact of the world ; the world is not made so, but otherwise !—Truly, any Society setting out from this No-God hypothesis will arrive at a result or two. The *Unveracities*, escorted, each Unveracity of them by its corresponding Misery and Penalty ; the Phantasms, and Fatuities, and ten-years Corn-Law Debatings, that shall walk the Earth at noonday,—must needs be numerous ! The Universe *being* intrinsically a Perhaps, being too probably an 'infinite Humbug,' why should any minor Humbug astonish us ? It is all according to the order of Nature ; and Phantasms riding with huge clatter along the streets, from end to end of our existence, astonish nobody, Enchanted St. Ives Workhouses and Joe-Manton Aristocracies ; giant Working Mammonism near strangled in the partridge-nets of giant-looking Idle Dilettantism,—this, in all its branches, in its thousand thousand modes and figures, is a sight familiar to us.

The Popish Religion, we are told, flourishes extremely in these years ; and is the most vivacious-looking religion to be met with at present. "*Elle a trois cents ans dans le ventre,*" counts M. Jouffroy ; "*c'est pourquoi je la respecte !*"—The old Pope of Rome, finding it laborious to kneel so long while they

cart him through the streets to bless the people on *Corpus-Christi* Day, complains of rheumatism ; whereupon his Cardinals consult ;—construct him, after some study, a stuffed cloaked figure, of iron and wood, with wool or baked hair ; and place it in a kneeling posture. Stuffed figure, or rump of a figure ; to this stuffed rump he, sitting at his ease on a lower level, joins, by the aid of cloaks and drapery, his living head and outspread hands ; the rump with its cloak kneels, the Pope looks, and holds his hands spread ; and so the two in concert bless the Roman population on *Corpus-Christi* Day, as well as they can.

I have considered this amphibious Pope, with the wool-and-iron back, with the flesh head and hands ; and endeavoured to calculate his horoscope. I reckon him the remarkablest Pontiff that has darkened God's daylight, or painted himself in the human retina, for these several thousand years. Nay, since Chaos first shivered, and ' sneezed,' as the Arabs say, with the first shaft of sunlight shot through it, what stranger product was there of Nature and Art working together ? Here is a Supreme Priest who believes God to be—What, in the name of God, *does* he believe God to be ?—and discerns that all worship of God is a scenic phantasmagory of wax-candles, organ-blasts, Gregorian Chants, mass-brayings, purple monsignori, wool-and-iron rumps, artistically spread out,—to save the ignorant from worse.

O reader, I say not who are Belial's elect. This poor amphibious Pope too gives loaves to the Poor ; has in him more good latent than he is himself aware of. His poor Jesuits, in the late Italian Cholera, were, with a few German Doctors, the only creatures whom dastard terror had not driven mad : they descended fearless into all gulfs and bedlams ; watched over the pillow of the dying, with help, with counsel and hope ; shone as luminous fixed stars, when all else had gone out in chaotic night : honour to them ! This Poor Pope,—who knows what good is in him ? In a Time otherwise too prone to forget, he keeps up the mournfulest ghastly memorial of the Highest, Blessedest, which once was ; which, in new fit forms, will again partly have to be. Is he not as a perpet-



ual death's-head and cross-bones, with their *Resurgam*, on the grave of a Universal Heroism,—grave of a Christianity? Such Noblenesses, purchased by the world's best heart's-blood, must not be lost; we cannot afford to lose them, in what confusions soever. To all of us the day will come, to a few of us it has already come, when no mortal, with his heart yearning for a 'Divine Humility,' or other 'Highest form of Valour,' will need to look for it in death's heads, but will see it round him in here and there a beautiful living head.

Besides, there is in this poor Pope, and his practice of the Scenic Theory of Worship, a frankness which I rather honour. Not half and half, but with undivided heart does *he* set about worshipping by stage machinery; as if there were now, and could again be, in Nature no other. He will ask you, What other? Under this my Gregorian Chant, and beautiful wax-light Phantasmagory, kindly hidden from you is an Abyss, of black Doubt, Scepticism, nay Sansculottic Jacobinism; an Orcus that has no bottom. Think of that. 'Groby Pool is thatched with pancakes,'—as Jeannie Deans's Innkeeper defied it to be! The Bottomless of Scepticism, Atheism, Jacobinism, behold, it is thatched over, hidden from your despair, by stage-properties judiciously arranged. This stuffed rump of mine saves not me only from rheumatism, but you also from what other *isms*! In this your Life-pilgrimage Nowhither, a fine Squallacci marching-music, and Gregorian Chant, accompanies you, and the hollow Night of Orcus is well hid!

Yes truly, few men that worship by the rotatory Calabash of the Calmucks do it in half so great, frank or effectual a way. Drury-lane, it is said, and that is saying much, might learn from him in the dressing of parts, in the arrangement of lights and shadows. He is the greatest Play-actor that at present draws salary in this world. Poor Pope; and I am told he is fast growing bankrupt too; and will, in a measurable term of years (a great way *within* the 'three hundred') not have a penny to make his pot boil! His old rheumatic back will then get to rest; and himself and his stage-properties sleep well in Chaos for evermore.

Or, alas, why go to Rome for Phantasms walking the streets? Phantasms, ghosts, in this midnight hour, hold jubilee, and screech and jabber; and the question rather were, What high Reality anywhere is yet awake? Aristocracy has become Phantasm-Aristocracy, no longer able to *do* its work, not in the least conscious that it has any work longer to do. Unable, totally careless to *do* its work; careful only to clamour for the *wages* of doing its work,—nay for higher, and *palpably* undue wages, and Corn-Laws and *increase* of rents; the old rate of wages not being adequate now! In hydra-wrestle, giant ‘*Millocracy*’ so called, a real giant, though as yet a blind one and but half-awake, wrestles and wrings in choking nightmare, ‘like to be strangled in the partridge-nets of Phantasm-Aristocracy,’ as we said, which fancies itself still to be a giant. Wrestles, as under nightmare, till it do awaken; and gasps and struggles thousand-fold, we may say, in a truly painful manner, through all fibres of our English Existence, in these hours and years! Is our poor English Existence wholly becoming a Nightmare; full of mere Phantasms?—

The Champion of England, cased in iron or tin, rides into Westminster Hall, ‘being lifted into his saddle with little assistance,’ and there asks, If in the four quarters of the world, under the cope of Heaven, is any man or demon that dare question the right of this King? Under the cope of Heaven no man makes intelligible answer,—as several men ought already to have done. Does not this Champion too know the world; that it is a huge Imposture, and bottomless Inanity, thatched over with bright cloth and other ingenious tissues? Him let us leave there, questioning all men and demons.

Him we have left to his destiny; but whom else have we found? From this the highest apex of things, downwards through all strata and breadths, how many fully awakened Realities have we fallen in with: alas, on the contrary, what troops and populations of Phantasms, not God-Veracities but Devil-Falsities, down to the very lowest stratum,—which now, by such superincumbent weight of Unveracities, lies enchant-

ed in St. Ives' Workhouses, broad enough, helpless enough! You will walk in no public thoroughfare or remotest byway of English Existence but you will meet a man, an interest of men, that has given up hope in the Everlasting, True, and placed its hope in the Temporary, half or wholly False. The Honourable Member complains unmusically that there is 'devil's-dust' in Yorkshire cloth. Yorkshire cloth—why, the very Paper I now write on is made, it seems, partly of plaster-lime well-smoothed, and obstructs my writing! You are lucky if you can find now any good Paper,—any work really *done*; search where you will, from highest Phantasm apex to lowest Enchanted basis.

Consider for example that great Hat seven-feet high, which now perambulates London Streets; which my Friend Sauerteig regarded justly as one of our English notabilities; "the topmost point as yet," said he, "would it were your culminating and returning point, to which English Puffery has been observed to reach!"—the Hatter in the Strand of London, instead of making better felt-hats than another, mounts a huge lath-and-plaster Hat, seven-feet high, upon wheels; sends a man to drive it through the streets; hoping to be saved *thereby*. He has not attempted to *make* better hats, as he was appointed by the Universe to do, and as with this ingenuity of his he could very probably have done; but his whole industry is turned to *persuade* us that he has made such! He too knows that the Quack has become God. Laugh not at him, O Reader; or do not laugh only. He has ceased to be comic; he is fast becoming tragic. To me this all-deafening blast of Puffery, of poor Falsehood grown necessitous, of poor Heart-Atheism fallen now into Enchanted Workhouses, sounds too surely like a Doom's-blast. I have to say to myself in old dialect: "God's blessing is not written on all this; His curse is written on all this!" Unless perhaps the Universe *be* a chimera;—some old totally deranged eightday clock, dead as brass; which the Maker, if there ever was any Maker, has long ceased to meddle with?—To my friend Sauerteig this poor seven-feet Hat-Manufacturer, as the topstone of English Puffery, was very notable.

Alas, that we natives note him little, that we view him as a thing of course, is the very burden of the misery. We take it for granted, the most rigorous of us, that all men who have made anything are expected and entitled to make the loudest possible proclamation of it, and call on a discerning public to reward them for it. Every man his own trumpeter; that is, to a really alarming extent, the accepted rule. Make loudest possible proclamation of your Hat: true proclamation if that will do; if that will not do, then false proclamation,—to such extent of falsity as will serve your purpose; as will not seem too false to be credible!—I answer, once for all, that the fact is not so. Nature requires no man to make proclamation of his doings and hat-makings; Nature forbids all men to make such. There is not a man or hat-maker born into the world but feels, or has felt, that he is degrading himself if he speak of his excellencies and prowesses, and supremacy in his craft: his inmost heart says to him, “Leave thy friends to speak of these; if possible, thy enemies to speak of these; but at all events, thy friends!” He feels that he is already a poor braggart; fast hastening to be a falsity and speaker of the Untruth.

Nature’s Laws, I must repeat, are eternal: her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No one man can depart from the truth without damage to himself; no one million of men; no Twenty-seven Millions of men. Shew me a Nation fallen everywhere into this course, so that each expects it, permits it to others and himself, I will shew you a nation travelling with one assent on the broad way. The broad way, however many Banks of England, Cotton-Mills and Duke’s Palaces it may have. Not at happy Elysian fields, and everlasting crowns of victory, earned by silent Valour, will this Nation arrive; but at precipices, devouring gulfs, if it pause not. Nature has appointed happy fields, victorious laurel-crowns; but only to the brave and true: *Un*nature, what we call Chaos, holds nothing in it but vacuities, devouring gulfs. What are Twenty-seven Millions, and their unanimity? Believe them not: the Worlds and the Ages, God and Nature and All Men say otherwise.

‘Rhetoric all this?’ No, my brother, very singular to say, it is Fact all this. Cocker’s Arithmetic is not truer. Forgotten in these days, it is old as the foundations of the Universe, and will endure till the Universe cease. It is forgotten now; and the first mention of it puckers thy sweet countenance into a sneer: but it will be brought to mind again,—unless indeed the Law of Gravitation chance to cease, and men find that they *can* walk on vacancy. Unanimity of the Twenty-seven Millions will do nothing; walk not thou with them; fly from them as for thy life. Twenty-seven Millions travelling on such courses, with gold jingling in every pocket, with vivats heaven-high, are incessantly advancing, let me again remind thee, towards the *firm-land’s end*,—towards the end and extinction of what Faithfulness, Veracity, real Worth, was in their way of life. Their noble ancestors have fashioned for them a ‘life-road;’—in how many thousand senses, this! There is not an old wise Proverb on their tongue, an honest Principle articulated in their hearts into utterance, a wise true method of doing and despatching any work or commerce of men, but helps yet to carry them forward. Life is still possible to them, because all is not yet Puffery, Falsity, Mammon-worship and Unnature; because somewhat is yet Faithfulness, Veracity and Valour. With a certain very considerable finite quantity of Unveracity and Phantasm, social life is still possible; not with an infinite quantity! Exceed your certain quantity, the seven-feet Hat, and all things upwards to the very Champion cased in tin, begin to reel and flounder,—in Manchester Insurrections, Chartisms, Sliding-scales; the Law of Gravitation not forgetting to act. You advance incessantly towards the land’s end; you are, literally enough, ‘consuming the way.’ Step after step, Twenty-seven Million unconscious men;—till you are *at* the land’s end; till there is not faithfulness enough among you any more: and the next step now is lifted *not* over land, but into air, over ocean-deeps and roaring abysses:—unless perhaps the Law of Gravitation have forgotten to act?

Oh, it is frightful when a whole Nation, as our Fathers



used to say, 'has forgotten God;' has remembered only Mammon, and what Mammon leads to! When your self-trumpeting Hat-maker is the emblem of almost all makers, and workers, and men, that make anything,—from soul-overseerships, body-overseerships, epic poems, acts of parliament, to hats and shoe-blackening! Not one false man but does unaccountable mischief: how much, in a generation or two, will Twenty-seven Millions, mostly false, manage to accumulate? The sum of it, visible in every street, market-place, senate-house, circulating library, cathedral, cotton-mill, and union-workhouse, fills one *not* with a comic feeling!

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## CHAPTER II.

### GOSPEL OF MAMMONISM.

READER, even Christian Reader as thy title goes, hast thou any notion of Heaven and Hell? I rather apprehend, not. Often as the words are on our tongue, they have got a fabulous or semi-fabulous character for most of us, and pass on like a kind of transient similitude, like a sound signifying little.

Yet it is well worth while for us to know, once and always, that they are not a similitude, nor a fable nor a semi-fable; that they are an everlasting highest fact! "No Lake of Sicilian or other sulphur burns now anywhere in these ages," sayest thou? Well, and if there did not! Believe that there does not; believe it if thou wilt, nay hold by it as a real increase, a rise to higher stages, to wider horizons and empires. All this has vanished, or has not vanished; believe as thou wilt as to all this. But that an Infinite of Practical Importance, speaking with strict arithmetical exactness, an *Infinite*, has vanished or can vanish from the Life of any Man: this thou shalt not believe! O brother, the Infinite of Terror, of Hope, of Pity, did it not at any moment disclose itself to thee, indubitable, unnameable? Came it never, like the gleam of *preter-natural* eternal Oceans, like the voice of old Eternities, far-sounding through thy heart of hearts? Never? Alas, it was not thy Liberalism then; it was thy Animalism! The

Infinite is more sure than any other fact. But only men can discern it; mere building beavers, spinning arachnes, much more the predatory vulturous and vulpine species, do not discern it well!—

‘The word Hell,’ says Sauerteig, ‘is still frequently in use among the English People: but I could not without difficulty ascertain what they meant by it. Hell generally signifies the Infinite Terror, the thing a man is infinitely afraid of, and shudders and shrinks from, struggling with his whole soul to escape from it. There is a Hell therefore, if you will consider, which accompanies man, in all stages of his history, and religious or other development: but the Hells of men and Peoples differ notably. With Christians it is the infinite terror of being found guilty before the Just Judge. With old Romans, I conjecture, it was the terror not of Pluto, for whom probably they cared little, but of doing unworthily, doing unvirtuously, which was their word for unmanfully. And now what is it, if you pierce through his Cants, his oft-repeated Hearsays, what he calls his Worships and so forth,—what is it that the modern English soul does, in very truth, dread infinitely, and contemplate with entire despair? What is his Hell; after all these reputable, oft-repeated Hearsays, what is it? With hesitation, with astonishment, I pronounce it to be: The terror of “Not succeeding;” of not making money, fame, or some other figure in the world, —chiefly of not making money! Is not that a somewhat singular Hell?’

Yes, O Sauerteig, it is very singular. If we do not ‘succeed,’ where is the use of us? We had better never have been born. “Tremble intensely,” as our friend the Emperor of China says: *there* is the black Bottomless of Terror; what Sauerteig calls the ‘Hell of the English!’—But indeed this Hell belongs naturally to the Gospel of Mammonism, which also has its corresponding Heaven. For *there is* one Reality among so many phantasms; about one thing we are entirely in earnest: The making of money. Working Mammonism does divide the world with idle game-preserving Dilettantism:—thank Heaven that there is even a Mammonism, *anything*

we are in earnest about ! Idleness is worst, Idleness alone is without hope : work earnestly at anything, you will by degrees learn to work at almost all things. There is endless hope in work, were it even work at making money.

True, it must be owned, we for the present, with our Mammon-Gospel, have come to strange conclusions. We call it a Society ; and go about professing openly the total separation, isolation. Our life is not a mutual helpfulness ; but rather, cloaked under due laws-of-war, named ' fair competition ' and so forth, it is a mutual hostility. We have profoundly forgotten everywhere that *Cash-payment* is not the sole relation of human beings ; we think, nothing doubting, that it absolves and liquidates all engagements of man. " My starving workers ? " answers the rich Mill-owner. " Did not I hire them fairly in the market ? Did I not pay them, to the last sixpence, the sum covenanted for ? What have I to do with them more ? "—Verily Mammon-worship is a melancholy creed. When Cain, for his own behoof, had killed Abel, and was questioned, " Where is thy brother ? " he too made answer, " Am I my brother's keeper ? " Did I not pay my brother *his* wages, the thing he had merited from me ?

O sumptuous Merchant-Prince, illustrious game-preserving Duke, is there no way of ' killing ' thy brother but Cain's rude way ! ' A good man by the very look of him, by his ' very presence with us as a fellow wayfarer in this Life-pilgrimage, *promises* so much : ' wo to him if he forget all such promises, if he never know that they were given ! To a deadened soul, seared with the brute Idolatry of Sense, to whom going to Hell is equivalent to not making money, all ' promises,' and moral duties, that cannot be pleaded for in Courts of Requests, address themselves in vain. Money he can be ordered to pay, but nothing more. I have not heard in all Past History, and expect not to hear in all Future History, of any Society anywhere under God's Heaven supporting itself on such Philosophy. The Universe is not made ' so ; it is made otherwise than so. The man or nation of men that thinks it is made so, marches forward nothing doubting, step after step ; but marches—whither we know ! In these last

two centuries of Atheistic Government (near two centuries now, since the blessed restoration of his Sacred Majesty, and Defender of the Faith, Charles Second), I reckon that we have pretty well exhausted what of 'firm earth' there was for us to march on;—and are now, very ominously, shuddering, reeling, and let us hope trying to recoil, on the cliff's edge!—

For out of this that we call Atheism come so many other *isms* and falsities, each falsity with its misery at its heels!—A SOUL is not like wind (*spiritus*, or breath) contained within a capsule; the ALMIGHTY MAKER is not like a Clockmaker that once, in old immemorial ages, having *made* his Horologe of a Universe, sits ever since and sees it go! Not at all. Hence comes Atheism; come, as we say, many other *isms*; and as the sum of all, comes Valetism, the *reverse* of Heroism; sad root of all woes whatsoever. For indeed, as no man ever saw the above-said wind-element enclosed within its capsule, and finds it at bottom more deniable than conceivable; so too he finds, in spite of Bridgewater Bequests, your Clockmaker Almighty an entirely questionable affair, a deniable affair;—and accordingly denies it, and along with it so much else. Alas, one knows not what and how much else! For the faith in an Invisible, Unnameable, God-like, present everywhere in all that we see and work and suffer, is the essence of all faith whatsoever; and that once denied, or still worse, asserted with lips only, and out of bound prayer-books only, what other thing remains believable? That Cant well-ordered is marketable Cant: that Heroism means gas-lighted Histrionism; that seen with 'clear eyes' (as they call Valet-eyes), no man is a Hero, or ever was a Hero, but all men are Valets and Varlets. The accursed practical quintessence of all sorts of Unbelief! For if there be now no Hero, and the Histrion himself begin to be seen into, what hope is there for the seed of Adam here below? We are the doomed everlasting prey of the Quack; who, now in this guise, now in that, is to flch us, to pluck and eat us, by such modes as are convenient for him. For the modes and guises I care little. The Quack once inevitable, let him come swiftly, let him pluck and eat me;—swiftly, that I may at least have done

with him ; for in his Quack-world I can have no wish to linger. Though he slay me, yet will I *not* trust in him. Though he conquer nations, and have all the Flunkeys of the Universe shouting at his heels, yet will I know well that *he* is an Inanity ; that for him and his there is no continuance appointed, save only in Gehenna and the Pool. Alas, the Atheist world, from its utmost summits of Heaven and Westminster Hall, downwards through poor seven-feet Hats and ‘Unveracities fallen hungry,’ down to the lowest cellars and neglected hunger-dens of it, is very wretched.

One of Dr. Alison’s Scotch facts struck us much.\* A poor Irish Widow, her husband having died in one of the Lanes of Edinburgh, went forth with her three children, bare of all resource, to solicit help from the Charitable Establishments of that City. At this Charitable Establishment and then at that she was refused : referred from one to the other, helped by none ;—till she had exhausted them all ; till her strength and heart failed her : she sank down in typhus fever ; died, and infected her Lane with fever, so that ‘seventeen other persons’ died of fever there in consequence. The humane Physician asks thereupon, as with a heart too full for speaking, Would it not have been *economy* to help this poor Widow ? She took typhus-fever, and killed seventeen of you !—Very curious. The forlorn Irish Widow applies to her fellow-creatures, as if saying, “Behold I am sinking, bare of help : ye must help me ! I am your sister, bone of your bone ; one God made us ; ye must help me !” They answer, “No ; impossible : thou art no sister of ours.” But she proves her sisterhood ; her typhus-fever kills *them* ; they actually were her brothers, though denying it ! Had human creature ever to go lower for a proof ?

For, as indeed was very natural in such case, all government of the Poor by the Rich has long ago been given over to Supply-and-demand, Laissez-faire and such like, and universally declared to be ‘impossible.’ “You are no sister of ours ; what shadow of proof is there ? Here are our parch-

\* Observations on the Management of the Poor in Scotland : By William Pulteney Alison, M.D. (Edinburgh, 1840.)



ments, our padlocks, proving indisputably our money-safes to be *ours*, and you to have no business with them. Depart ! It is impossible ! ”—Nay, what wouldst thou thyself have us do ? cry indignant readers. Nothing, my friends,—till you have got a soul for yourselves again. Till then all things are ‘impossible.’ Till then I cannot even bid you buy, as the old Spartans would have done, two-pence worth of powder and lead, and compendiously shoot to death this poor Irish Widow : even that is ‘impossible’ for you. Nothing is left but that she prove her sisterhood by dying, and infecting you with typhus. Seventeen of you lying dead will not deny such proof that she *was* flesh of your flesh ; and perhaps some of the living may lay it to heart.

‘Impossible :’ of a certain two-legged animal with feathers it is said, if you draw a distinct chalk-circle round him, he sits imprisoned, as if girt with the iron ring of Fate ; and will die there, though within sight of victuals, or sit in sick misery there, and be fatted to death. The name of this poor two-legged animal is—Goose ; and they make of him, when well fattened, *Pâté de foie gras*, much prized by some !

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## CHAPTER III

### GOSPEL OF DILETTANTISM.

BUT after all, the Gospel of Dilettantism, producing a Governing Class who do not govern, nor understand in the least that they are bound or expected to govern, is still mournfuler than that of Mammonism. Mammonism, as we said, at least works ; this goes idle. Mammonism has seized some portion of the message of Nature to man ; and seizing that, and following it, will seize and appropriate more and more of Nature’s message : but Dilettantism has missed it wholly. ‘Make money :’ that will mean withal, ‘Do work in order to make money.’ But, ‘Go gracefully idle in Mayfair,’ what does or can that mean ? An idle, game-preserving and even corn-lawing Aristocracy, in such an England as ours : has the

world, if we take thought of it, ever seen such a phenomenon till very lately? Can it long continue to see such?

Accordingly the impotent, insolent Donothingism in Practice, and Saynothingism in Speech, which we have to witness on that side of our affairs, is altogether amazing. A Corn-Law demonstrating itself openly, for ten years or more, with 'arguments' to make the angels, and some other classes of creatures, weep! For men are not ashamed to rise in Parliament and elsewhere, and speak the things they do *not* think. 'Expediency,' 'Necessities of Party,' &c. &c. ! It is not known that the Tongue of Man is a sacred organ; that Man himself is definable in Philosophy as an 'Incarnate *Word*;' the Word not there, you have no Man there either, but a Phantasm instead! In this way it is that Absurdities may live long enough,—still walking, and talking for themselves, years and decades after the brains are quite out! How are 'the knaves and dastards' ever to be got 'arrested' at that rate?—

"No man in this fashionable London of yours," friend Sauerteig would say, "speaks a plain word to me. Every man feels bound to be something more than plain; to be pungent withal, witty, ornamental. His poor fraction of sense has to be perked into some epigrammatic shape, that it may prick into me;—perhaps (this is the commonest) to be topsyturvied, left standing on its head, that I may remember it the better! Such grinning inanity is very sad to the soul of man. Human faces should not grin on one like masks; they should look on one like faces! I love honest laughter, as I do sunlight; but not dishonest: most kinds of dancing too; but the St. Vitus kind not at all! A fashionable wit, *ach Himmel*, if you ask, Which, he or a Death's head, will be the cheerier company for me? pray send *not* him!"

Insincere Speech, truly, is the prime material of insincere Action. Action hangs, as it were, *dissolved* in Speech, in Thought whereof Speech is the shadow; and precipitates itself therefrom. The kind of Speech in a man betokens the kind of Action you will get from him. Our Speech, in these modern days, has become amazing. Johnson complained, "Nobody speaks in earnest, Sir; there is no serious conver-

sation." To us all serious speech of men, as that of Seventeenth-Century Puritans, Twelfth-Century Catholics, German Poets of this Century, has become jargon, more or less insane. Cromwell was mad and a quack; Anselm, Becket, Goethe, *ditto, ditto*.

Perhaps few narratives in History or Mythology are more significant than that Moslem one, of Moses and the Dwellers by the Dead Sea. A tribe of men dwelt on the shores of that same Asphaltic Lake; and having forgotten, as we are all too prone to do, the inner facts of Nature, and taken up with the falsities and outer semblances of it, were fallen into sad conditions,—verging indeed towards a certain far deeper Lake. Whereupon it pleased kind Heaven to send them the Prophet Moses, with an instructive word of warning out of which might have sprung 'remedial measures' not a few. But no: the men of the Dead Sea discovered, as the valet-species always does in heroes or prophets, no comeliness in Moses; listened with real tedium to Moses, with light grinning, or with splenetic sniffs and sneers, affecting even to yawn; and signified, in short, that they found him a humbug, and even a bore. Such was the candid theory these men of the Asphalt Lake formed to themselves of Moses, That probably he was a humbug, and certainly he was a bore.

Moses withdrew; but Nature and her rigorous veracities did not withdraw. The men of the Dead Sea, when we next went to visit them, were all 'changed into Apes;'<sup>\*</sup> sitting on the trees there, grinning now in the most *unaffected* manner; gibbering and chattering very genuine nonsense; finding the whole Universe now a most indisputable Humbug! The Universe has *become* a Humbug to these Apes who thought it one. There they sit and chatter, to this hour: only, I believe, every Sabbath there returns to them a bewildered half-consciousness, half-remembrance; and they sit, with their wizened smoke-dried visages, and such an air of supreme tragicality as Apes may; looking out through those blinking smoke-bleared eyes of theirs, into the wonderfulest

<sup>\*</sup> Sale's Koran (*Introduction*).

universal smoky Twilight and undecipherable disordered Dusk of Things; wholly an Uncertainty, Unintelligibility, they and it; and for commentary thereon, here and there an unmusical chatter or mew:—truest, tragicalest Humbug conceivable by the mind of man or ape! They made no use of their souls; and so have lost them. Their worship on the Sabbath now is to roost there, with unmusical screeches, and half-remember that they had souls.

Didst thou never, O Traveller, fall in with parties of this tribe? Meseems they are grown somewhat numerous in our day.

## CHAPTER IV.

## HAPPY.

ALL work, even cotton-spinning, is noble; work is alone noble: be that here said and asserted once more. And in like manner, too, all dignity is painful; a life of ease is not for any man, nor for any god. The life of all gods figures itself to us as a Sublime Sadness,—earnestness of Infinite Battle against Infinite Labour. Our highest religion is named the ‘Worship of Sorrow.’ For the son of man there is no noble crown, well worn, or even ill worn, but is a crown of thorns!—These things, in spoken words, or still better, in felt instincts alive in every heart, were once well known.

Does not the whole wretchedness, the whole *Atheism* as I call it, of man’s ways, in these generations, shadow itself for us in that unspeakable Life-philosophy of his: The pretension to be what he calls ‘happy?’ Every pitifulest whipster that walks within a skin has his head filled with the notion that he is, shall be, or by all human and divine laws ought to be, ‘happy.’ His wishes, the pitifulest whipster’s, are to be fulfilled for him; his days, the pitifulest whipster’s, are to flow on in ever-gentle current of enjoyment, impossible even for the gods. The prophets preach to us, Thou shalt be happy; thou shalt love pleasant things, and find them. The people clamour, Why have we not found pleasant things?

We construct our theory of Human Duties, not on any

Greatest-Nobleness Principle, never so mistaken ; no, but on a Greatest-Happiness Principle. ‘The word *Soul* with us, as in some Slavonic dialects, seems to be synonymous with *Stomach*.’ We plead and speak, in our Parliaments and elsewhere, not as from the Soul, but from the Stomach ;—wherefore, indeed, our pleadings are so slow to profit. We plead not for God’s Justice ; we are not ashamed to stand clamouring and pleading for our own ‘interests,’ our own rents and trade-profits ; we say, They are the ‘interests’ of so many ; there is such an intense desire in us for them ! We demand Free-Trade, with much just vociferation and benevolence, That the poorer classes, who are terribly ill-off at present, may have cheaper New-Orleans bacon. Men ask on Free-trade platforms, How can the indomitable spirit of Englishmen be kept up without plenty of bacon ? We shall become a ruined Nation !—Surely, my friends, plenty of bacon is good and indispensable : but I doubt, you will never get even bacon by aiming only at that. You are men, not animals of prey, well-used or ill-used ! Your Greatest-Happiness Principle seems to me fast becoming a rather unhappy one.—What if we should cease babbling about ‘happiness,’ and leave *it* resting on its own basis, as it used to do !

A gifted Byron rises in his wrath ; and feeling too surely that he for his part is not ‘happy,’ declares the same in very violent language, as a piece of news that may be interesting. It evidently has surprised him much. One dislikes to see a man and poet reduced to proclaim on the streets such tidings ; but on the whole, as matters go, that is not the most dislikable. Byron speaks the *truth* in this matter. Byron’s large audience indicates how true it is felt to be.

‘Happy,’ my brother ? First of all, what difference is it whether thou art happy or not ! Today becomes Yesterday so fast, all Tomorrows become Yesterdays ; and then there is no question whatever of the ‘happiness,’ but quite another question. Nay, thou hast such a sacred pity left at least for thyself, thy very pains, once gone over into Yesterday, become joys to thee. Besides, thou knowest not what heavenly blessedness and indispensable sanative virtue was in them ; thou



shalt only know it after many days, when thou art wiser !—A benevolent old Surgeon sat once in our company, with a Patient fallen sick by gourmandising, whom he had just, too briefly in the Patient's judgment, been examining. The foolish Patient still at intervals continued to break in on our discourse, which rather promised to take a philosophic turn : "But I have lost my appetite," said he, objurgatively, with a tone of irritated pathos ; "I have no appetite ; I can't eat !"—"My dear fellow," answered the Doctor in mildest tone, "it isn't of the slightest consequence ;"—and continued his philosophical discoursings with us !

Or does the reader not know the history of that Scottish iron Misanthrope ? The inmates of some town-mansion, in those Northern parts, were thrown into the fearfulest alarm by indubitable symptoms of a ghost inhabiting the next house, or perhaps even the partition-wall ! Ever at a certain hour, with preternatural gnarring, growling and screeching, which attended as running bass, there began, in a horrid, semi-articulate, unearthly voice, this song : "Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I'm *mees*-erable ! Clack-clack-clack, gnarr-r-r, whuz-z : Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I'm *mees*-erable !" —Rest, rest, perturbed spirit ;—or indeed, as the good old Doctor said : My dear fellow, it isn't of the slightest consequence ! But no ; the perturbed spirit could not rest ; and to the neighbours, fretted, affrighted, or at least insufferably bored by him, it *was* of such consequence that they had to go and examine in his haunted chamber. In his haunted chamber, they find that the perturbed spirit is an unfortunate—Imitator of Byron ? No, is an unfortunate rusty Meat-jack, gnarring and creaking with rust and work ; and this, in Scottish dialect, is *its* Byronian musical Life-philosophy, sung according to ability !

Truly, I think the man who goes about pothering and up-roaring for his 'happiness,'—pothering, and were it ballot-boxing, poem-making, or in what way soever fussing and exerting himself,—he is not the man that will help us to 'get our knaves and dastards arrested !' No ; he rather is on the

way to increase the number,—by at least one unit and his tail ! Observe, too, that this is all a modern affair ; belongs not to the old heroic times, but to these dastard new times. ‘Happiness our being’s end and aim,’ all that very paltry speculation, is at bottom, if we will count well, not yet two centuries old in the world.

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work done. Not “I can’t eat !” but “I can’t work !” that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man. That he cannot work ; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing swiftly over ; and the night cometh when no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness,—it is all abolished ; vanished, clean gone ; a thing that has been : ‘not of the slightest consequence’ whether we were happy as eupeptic Curtis, as the fattest pig of Epicurus, or unhappy as Job with potsherds, as musical Byron with Giaours and sensibilities of the heart ; as the unmusical Meat-jack with hard labour and rust ! But our work,—behold that is not abolished, that has not vanished : our work, behold it remains, or the want of it remains ;—for endless Times and Eternities, remains ; and that is now the sole question with us forevermore ! Brief brawling Day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor paper-crowns tinsel-gilt, is gone ; and divine everlasting Night with her star-dia-dems, with her silences and her veracities, is come ! What hast thou done, and how ? Happiness, unhappiness : all that was but the *wages* thou hadst ; thou hast spent all that, in sustaining thyself hitherward ; not a coin of it remains with thee, it is all spent, eaten : and now thy work, where is thy work ? Swift, out with it, let us see thy work !

Of a truth, if man were not a poor hungry dastard, and even much of a blockhead withal, he would cease criticising his victuals to such extent ; and criticise himself rather, what he does with his victuals !

## CHAPTER V.

## THE ENGLISH.

AND yet, with all thy theoretic platitudes, what a depth of practical sense in thee, great England! Depth of sense, of justice, and courage; in which, under all emergencies and world-bewilderments, and under this most complex of emergencies we now live in, there is still hope, there is still assurance!

The English are a dumb people. They can do great acts, but not describe them. Like the old Romans and some few others, *their* Epic Poem is written on the earth's surface: England her Mark! It is complained that they have no artists: one Shakspeare indeed; but for Raphael only a Reynolds; for Mozart nothing but a Mr. Bishop; not a picture, not a song. And yet they did produce one Shakspeare: consider how the element of Shakspearean melody does lie imprisoned in their nature; reduced to unfold itself in mere Cotton-mills, Constitutional Governments, and such like;—all the more interesting when it does become visible, as even in such unexpected shapes it succeeds in doing! Goethe spoke of the Horse, how impressive, almost affecting it was that an animal of such qualities should stand obstructed so; its speech nothing but an inarticulate neighing, its handiness mere *hoofiness*, the fingers all constricted, tied together, the finger-nails coagulated into a mere hoof, shod with iron. The more significant, thinks he, are those eye-flashings of the generous noble quadruped; those prancings, curvings of the neck clothed with thunder.

A Dog of Knowledge has free utterance; but the Warhorse is almost mute, very far from free! It is even so. Truly, your freest utterances are not by any means always the best: they are the worst rather; the feeblest, trivialest; their meaning prompt, but small, ephemeral. Commend me to the silent English, to the silent Romans. Nay, the silent Russians too I believe to be worth something: are they not even now drilling, under much obloquy, an immense semi-barbarous half-

world from Finland to Kamtschatka, into rule, subordination, civilisation,—really in an old Roman fashion ; speaking no word about it ; quietly hearing all manner of vituperative Able Editors speak ! While your ever-talking, ever-gesticulating French, for example, what are they at this moment drilling ?—Nay, of all animals, the freest of utterance, I should judge, is the genus *Simia* : go into the Indian woods, say all Travellers, and look what a brisk, adroit, unresting Ape-population it is !

The spoken Word, the written Poem, is said to be an epitome of the man ; how much more the done Work. Whatsoever of morality and of intelligence ; what of patience, perseverance, faithfulness, of method, insight, ingenuity, energy ; in a word, whatsoever of Strength the man had in him will lie written in the Work he does. To work : why, it is to try himself against Nature, and her everlasting unerring Laws ; these will tell a true verdict as to the man. So much of virtue and of faculty did *we* find in him ; so much and no more ! He had such capacity of harmonising himself with *me* and my unalterable ever-veracious Laws ; of coöperating and working as *I* bade him ;—and has prospered, and has not prospered, as you see ?—Working as great Nature bade him : does not that mean virtue of a kind ; nay, of all kinds ? Cotton can be spun and sold, Lancashire operatives can be got to spin it, and at length one has the woven webs and sells them, by following Nature's regulations in that matter : by not following Nature's regulations, you have them not. You have them not ;—there is no Cotton-web to sell : Nature finds a bill against you ; your 'Strength' is not Strength, but Futility ! Let faculty be honoured, so far as it is faculty. A man that can succeed in working is to me always a man.

How one loves to see the burly figure of him, this thick-skinned, seemingly opaque, perhaps sulky, almost stupid Man of Practice, pitted against some light adroit Man of Theory, all equipt with clear logic, and able anywhere to give you Why for Wherefore ! The adroit Man of Theory, so light of movement, clear of utterance, with his bow full-bent and

quiver full of arrow-arguments,—surely he will strike down the game, transfix everywhere the heart of the matter ; triumph everywhere, as he proves that he shall and must do ? To your astonishment, it turns out oftenest No. The cloudy-browed, thick-soled, opaque Practicality, with no logic-utterance, in silence mainly, with here and there a low grunt or growl, has in him what transcends all logic-utterance : a Congruity with the Unuttered. The Speakable, which lies atop, as a superficial film, or outer skin, is his or is not his : but the Doable, which reaches down to the World's centre, you find him there !

The rugged Brindley has little to say for himself ; the rugged Brindley, when difficulties accumulate on him, retires silent, 'generally to his bed ;' retires 'sometimes for 'three days together to his bed, that he may be in perfect 'privacy there,' and ascertain in his rough head how the difficulties can be overcome. The ineloquent Brindley, behold he *has* chained seas together ; his ships do visibly float over valleys, invisibly through the hearts of mountains ; the Mersey and the Thames, the Humber and the Severn have shaken hands : Nature most audibly answers, Yes ! The Man of Theory twangs his full-bent bow ; Nature's Fact ought to fall stricken, but does not : his logic-arrow glances from it as from a scaly dragon, and the obstinate Fact keeps walking its way. How singular ! At bottom you will have to grapple closer with the dragon ; take it home to you, by real faculty, not by seeming faculty ; try whether you are stronger or it is stronger. Close with it, wrestle it : sheer obstinate toughness of muscle ; but much more, what we call toughness of heart, which will mean persistence hopeful and even desperate, unsubduable patience, composed candid openness, clearness of mind : all this shall be 'strength' in wrestling your dragon ; the whole man's real strength is in this work, we shall get the measure of him here.

Of all the Nations in the world at present the English are the stupidest in speech, the wisest in action. As good as a 'dumb' Nation, I say, who cannot speak, and have never yet spoken,—spite of the Shakspeares and Miltons who shew us



what possibilities there are !—O Mr. Bull, I look in that surly face of thine with a mixture of pity and laughter, yet also with wonder and veneration. Thou complainest not, my illustrious friend ; and yet I believe the heart of thee is full of sorrow, of unspoken sadness, seriousness,—profound melancholy (as some have said) the basis of thy being. Unconsciously, for thou speakest of nothing, this great Universe is great to thee. Not by levity of floating, but by stubborn force of swimming, shalt thou make thy way. The Fates sing of thee that thou shalt many times be thought an ass and a dull ox, and shalt with a godlike indifference believe it. My friend,—and it is all untrue, nothing ever falser in point of fact ! Thou art of those great ones whose greatness the small passer-by does not discern. Thy very stupidity is wiser than their wisdom. A grand *vis inertiae* is in thee ; how many grand qualities unknown to small men ! Nature alone knows thee, acknowledges the bulk and strength of thee : thy Epic, unsung in words, is written in huge characters on the face of this Planet,—sea-moles, cotton-trades, railways, fleets and cities, Indian Empires, Americas, New-Hollands ; legible throughout the Solar System !

But the dumb Russians too, as I said, they, drilling all wild Asia and wild Europe into military rank and file, a terrible yet hitherto a prospering enterprise, are still dumber. The old Romans also could not *speak*, for many centuries :—not till the world was theirs ; and so many speaking Greekdoms, their logic-arrows all spent, had been absorbed and abolished. The logic-arrows, how they glanced futile from obdurate thick-skinned Facts ; Facts to be wrestled down only by the real vigour of Roman thews !—As for me, I honour, in these loud-babbling days, all the Silent rather. A grand Silence that of Romans ;—nay the grandest of all, is it not that of the gods ! Even Triviality, Imbecility, that can sit silent, how respectable is it in comparison ! The ‘talent of silence’ is our fundamental one. Great honour to him whose Epic is a melodious hexameter Iliad ; not a jingling Sham-Iliad, nothing true in it but the hexameters and forms merely. But still greater honour, if his Epic be a mighty Empire slowly built

together, a mighty Series of Heroic deeds,—a mighty Conquest over Chaos; *which* Epic the ‘Eternal Melodies’ have, and must have, informed and dwelt in, as *it* sung itself! There is no mistaking that latter Epic. Deeds are greater than Words. Deeds have such a life, mute but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruit-trees do; they people the vacuity of Time, and make it green and worthy. Why should the oak prove logically that it ought to grow, and will grow? Plant it, try it; what gifts of diligent judicious assimilation and secretion it has, of progress and resistance, of *force* to grow, will then declare themselves. My much-honoured, illustrious, extremely inarticulate Mr. Bull!—

Ask Bull his spoken opinion of any matter,—oftentimes the force of dulness can no farther go. You stand silent, incredulous, as over a platitude that borders on the Infinite. The man’s Churchisms, Dissenterisms, Puseyisms, Benthamisms, College Philosophies, Fashionable Literatures, are unexampled in this world. Fate’s prophecy is fulfilled; you call the man an ox and an ass. But set him once to work,—respectable man! His spoken sense is next to nothing, nine-tenths of it palpable *nonsense*: but his unspoken sense, his inner silent feeling of what is true, what does agree with fact, what is doable and what is not doable,—this seeks its fellow in the world. A terrible worker; irresistible against marshes, mountains, impediments, disorder, incivilisation; everywhere vanquishing disorder, leaving it behind him as method and order. He ‘retires to his bed three days’ and considers!

Nay withal, stupid as he is, our dear John,—ever, after infinite tumblings, and spoken platitudes innumerable from barrel-heads and parliament-benches, he does settle down somewhere about the just conclusion; you are certain that his jumblings and tumblings will end, after years or centuries, in the stable equilibrium. Stable equilibrium, I say; centre-of-gravity lowest;—not the unstable, with centre-of-gravity highest, as I have known it done by quicker people! For indeed, do but jumble and tumble sufficiently, you avoid that worst fault, of settling with your centre-of-gravity highest; your centre of-gravity is certain to come lowest, and to stay

there. If slowness, what we in our impatience call 'stupidity,' be the price of stable equilibrium over unstable, shall we grudge a little slowness? Not the least admirable quality of Bull is, after all, that of remaining insensible to logic; holding out for considerable periods, ten years or more, as in this of the Corn-Laws, after all arguments and shadow of arguments have faded away from him, till the very urchins on the street titter at the arguments he brings. Logic,—Λογική, the 'Art of Speech,'—does indeed speak so and so; clear enough: nevertheless Bull still shakes his head; will see whether nothing else *illogical*, not yet 'spoken,' not yet able to be 'spoken,' do not lie in the business, as there so often does!—My firm belief is, that, finding himself now enchanted, hand-shackled, foot-shackled, in Poor-Law Bastilles and elsewhere, he will retire three days to his bed, and *arrive* at a conclusion or two! His three years 'total stagnation of trade,' alas, is not that a painful enough 'lying in bed to consider himself?' Poor Bull!

Bull is a born Conservative; for this too I inexpressibly honour him. All great Peoples are conservatives; slow to believe in novelties; patient of much error in actualities; deeply and forever certain of the greatness that is in Law, in Custom once solemnly established, and now long recognised as just and final.—True, O Radical Reformer, there is no Custom that can, properly speaking, be final; none. And yet thou seest *Customs* which, in all civilised countries, are accounted final; nay, under the Old-Roman name of *Mores*, are accounted *Morality*, Virtue, Laws of God Himself. Such, I assure thee, not a few of them are; such almost all of them once were. And greatly do I respect the solid character,—a blockhead, thou wilt say; yes, but a well-conditioned blockhead, and the best-conditioned,—who esteems all 'Customs once solemnly acknowledged' to be ultimate, divine, and the rule for a man to walk by, nothing doubting, not inquiring farther. What a time of it had we, were all men's life and trade still, in all parts of it, a problem, a hypothetic seeking, to be settled by painful Logics and Baconian Inductions! The Clerk in Eastcheap cannot spend the day in verifying his Ready-

Reckoner ; he must take it as verified, true and indisputable ; or his Book-keeping by Double Entry will stand still. “Where is your Posted Ledger?” asks the Master at night.—“Sir,” answers the other, “I was verifying my Ready-Reckoner, and find some errors. The Ledger is—!”—Fancy such a thing !

True, all turns on your Ready-Reckoner being moderately correct,—being *not* insupportably incorrect ! A Ready-Reckoner which has led to distinct entries in your Ledger such as these : ‘*Creditor* an English People by fifteen hundred years ‘of good Labour ; and *Debtor* to lodging in enchanted Poor-Law Bastilles : *Creditor* by conquering the largest Empire ‘the Sun ever saw ; and *Debtor* to Donothingism and “‘possible” written on all departments of the government ‘thereof : *Creditor* by mountains of gold ingots earned ; and ‘*Debtor* to No Bread purchasable by them :’ *such* Ready-Reckoner, methinks, is beginning to be suspect ; nay is ceasing, and has ceased, to be suspect ! Such Ready-Reckoner is a Solecism in Eastcheap ; and must, whatever be the press of business, and will and shall be rectified a little. Business can go on no longer with *it*. The most Conservative English People, thickest-skinned, most patient of Peoples, is driven alike by its Logic and its Unlogic, by things ‘spoken,’ and by things not yet spoken or very speakable, but only felt and very unendurable, to be wholly a Reforming People. Their Life as it is has ceased to be longer possible for them.

Urge not this noble silent People ; rouse not the Berserker-rage that lies in them ! Do you know their Cromwells, Hampdens, their Pym and Bradshaws ? Men very peaceable, but men that can be made very terrible ! Men who, like their old Teutsch Fathers in Agrippa’s days, ‘have a soul that despises death ;’ to whom ‘death,’ compared with falsehoods and injustices, is light ;—‘in whom there is a rage unconquerable by the immortal gods !’ Before this, the English People have taken very preternatural-looking Spectres by the beard ; saying virtually : “And if thou *wert* ‘preternatural ?’ Thou with thy ‘divine-rights’ grown diabolical wrongs ? Thou—not even ‘natural ;’ decapitable ; totally extinguishable !”— — Yes, just so godlike as this People’s patience was, even so

godlike will and must its impatience be. Away, ye scandalous Practical Solecisms, children actually of the Prince of Darkness; ye have near broken our hearts; we can and will endure you no longer. Begone, we say; depart while the play is good! By the Most High God, whose sons and born missionaries true men are, ye shall not continue here! You and we have become incompatible; can inhabit one house no longer. Either you must go, or we. Are ye ambitious to try *which* it shall be?

O my Conservative friends, who still specially name and struggle to approve yourselves 'Conservative,' would to Heaven I could persuade you of this world-old fact, than which Fate is not surer, That Truth and Justice alone are *capable* of being 'conserved' and preserved! The thing which is unjust, which is *not* according to God's Law, will you, in a God's Universe, try to conserve that? It is so old, say you? Yes, and the hotter haste ought *you*, of all others, to be in to let it grow no older! If but the faintest whisper in your hearts intimate to you that it is not fair,—hasten, for the sake of Conservatism itself, to probe it rigorously, to cast it forth at once and forever if guilty. How will or can you preserve *it*, the thing that is not fair? 'Impossibility' a thousandfold is marked on that. And ye call yourselves Conservatives, Aristocracies:—ought not honour and nobleness of mind, if they had departed from all the Earth elsewhere, to find their last refuge with you? Ye unfortunate!

The bough that is dead shall be cut away, for the sake of the tree itself. Old? Yes, it is too old. Many a weary winter has it swung and creaked there, and gnawed and fretted, with its dead wood, the organic substance and still living fibre of this good tree; many a long summer has its ugly naked brown defaced the fair green umbrage; every day it has done mischief, and that only: off with it, for the tree's sake, if for nothing more: let the Conservatism that would preserve cut *it* away. Did no wood-forester apprise you that a dead bough with its dead root left sticking there is extraneous, poisonous; is as a dead iron spike, some horrid rusty ploughshare driven into the living substance;—nay is far worse; for in every



windstorm ('commercial crisis' or the like), it frets and creaks, jolts itself to and fro, and cannot lie quiet as your dead iron spike would!

If I were the Conservative Party of England (which is another bold figure of speech), I would not for a hundred thousand pounds an hour allow those Corn-Laws to continue. Potosi and Golconda put together would not purchase my assent to them. Do you count what treasuries of bitter indignation they are laying up for you in every just English heart? Do you know what questions, not as to Corn-prices and Sliding-scales alone, they are *forcing* every reflective Englishman to ask himself? Questions insoluble, or hitherto unsolved; deeper than any of our Logic plummets hitherto will sound: questions deep enough,—which it were better that we did not name even in thought! You are forcing us to think of them, to begin uttering them. The utterance of them is begun; and where will it be ended, think you? When two millions of one's brother-men sit in Workhouses, and five millions, as is insolently said, 'rejoice in potatoes,' there are various things that must be begun, let them end where they can.

## CHAPTER VI.

### TWO CENTURIES.

THE Settlement effected by our 'Healing Parliament' in the Year of Grace 1660, though accomplished under universal acclamations from the four corners of the British Dominions, turns out to have been one of the mournfulest that ever took place in this land of ours. It called and thought itself a Settlement of the brightest hope and fulfilment, bright as the blaze of universal tar-barrels and bonfires could make it: and we find it now, on looking back on it with the insight which trial has yielded, a Settlement as of despair. Considered well, it was a settlement to govern henceforth without God, with only some decent Pretence of God.

Governing by the Christian Law of God had been found a thing of battle, convulsion, confusion, an infinitely difficult

thing : wherefore let us now abandon it, and govern only by so much of God's Christian Law as—as may prove quiet and convenient for us. What is the end of Government? To guide men in the way wherein they should go ; towards their true good in this life, the portal of infinite good in a life to come? To guide men in such way, and ourselves in such way, as the Maker of men, whose eye is upon us, will sanction at the Great Day?—Or alas, perhaps at bottom *is* there no Great Day, no sure outlook of any life to come ; but only this poor life, and what of taxes, felicities, Nell-Gwyns and entertainments we can manage to muster here? In that case, the end of Government will be, To suppress all noise and disturbance, whether of Puritan preaching, Cameronian psalm-singing, thieves'-riot, murder, arson, or what noise soever, and—be careful that supplies do not fail! A very notable conclusion, if we will think of it ; and not without an abundance of fruits for us. Oliver Cromwell's body hung on the Tyburn-gallows, as the type of Puritanism found futile, inexecutable, execrable,—yes, that gallows-tree has been a finger-post into very strange country indeed. Let earnest Puritanism die ; let decent Formalism, whatsoever cant it be or grow to, live! We have had a pleasant journey in that direction ; and are—arriving at our inn?

To support the Four Pleas of the Crown, and keep Taxes coming in : in very sad seriousness, has not this been, ever since, even in the best times, almost the one admitted end and aim of Government? Religion, Christian Church, Moral Duty ; the fact that man had a soul at all ; that in man's life there was any eternal truth or justice at all,—has been as good as left quietly out of sight. Church indeed,—alas, the endless talk and struggle we have had of High-Church, Low-Church, Church-Extension, Church-in-Danger : we invite the Christian reader to think whether it has not been a too miserable screech-owl phantasm of talk and struggle, as for a 'Church,' which one had rather not define at present!

But now in these godless two centuries, looking at England and her efforts and doings, if we ask, What of England's doings the Law of Nature had accepted, Nature's King had

actually furthered and pronounced to have truth in them,—where is our answer? Neither the ‘Church’ of Hurd and Warburton, nor the Anti-church of Hume and Paine; not in any shape the Spiritualism of England: all this is already seen, or beginning to be seen, for what it is; a thing that Nature does *not* own. On the one side is dreary Cant, with a *reminiscence* of things noble and divine; on the other is but acrid Candour, with a *prophecy* of things brutal, infernal. Hurd and Warburton are sunk into the sere and yellow leaf; no considerable body of true-seeing men looks thitherward for healing: the Paine-and-Hume Atheistic theory of ‘things well let alone,’ with Liberty, Equality and the like, is also in these days declaring itself naught, unable to keep the world from taking fire.

The theories and speculations of both these parties, and we may say, of all intermediate parties and persons, prove to be things which the Eternal Veracity did not accept; things superficial, ephemeral, which already a near Posterity, finding them already dead and brown-leafed, is about to suppress and forget. The Spiritualism of England, for those godless years, is, as it were, all forgettable. Much has been written: but the perennial Scriptures of Mankind have had small accession: from all English Books, in rhyme or prose, in leather binding or in paper wrappage, how many verses have been added to these? Our most melodious Singers have sung as from the throat outwards: from the inner Heart of Man, from the great Heart of Nature, through no Pope or Philips, has there come any tone. The Oracles have been dumb. In brief, the Spoken Word of England has not been true. The Spoken Word of England turns out to have been trivial; of short endurance; not valuable, not available as a Word, except for the passing day. It has been accordant with transitory Semblance; discordant with eternal Fact. It has been unfortunately not a Word, but a Cant; a helpless involuntary Cant, nay too often a cunning voluntary one: either way, a very mournful Cant; the Voice not of Nature and Fact, but of something other than these.

With all its miserable shortcomings, with its wars, contro-

versies, with its trades-unions, famine-insurrections,—it is her Practical Material Work alone that England has to shew for herself! This, and hitherto almost nothing more; yet actually this. The grim inarticulate veracity of the English People, unable to speak its meaning in words, has turned itself silently on things; and the dark powers of Material Nature have answered, “Yes, this at least is true, this is not false!” So answers Nature. “Waste desert-shrubs of the Tropical swamps have become Cotton-trees; and here, under my furtherance, are verily woven shirts,—hanging unsold, undistributed, but capable to be distributed, capable to cover the bare backs of my children of men. Mountains, old as the Creation, I have permitted to be bored through: bituminous fuel-stores, the wreck of forests that were green a million years ago,—I have opened them from my secret rock-chambers, and they are yours, ye English. Your huge fleets, steamships, do sail the sea: huge Indias do obey you; from huge *New Englands* and *Antipodal Australias*, comes profit and traffic to this *Old England* of mine!” So answers Nature. The Practical Labour of England is *not* a chimerical Triviality: it is a Fact, acknowledged by all the Worlds; which no man and no demon will contradict. It is, very audibly, though very inarticulately as yet, the one God’s Voice we have heard in these two atheistic centuries.

And now to observe with what bewildering obscurations and impediments all this as yet stands entangled, and is yet intelligible to no man! How, with our gross Atheism, we hear it not to be the Voice of God to us, but regard it merely as a Voice of earthly Profit-and-Loss. And have a Hell in England,—the Hell of not making money. And coldly see the all-conquering valiant Sons of Toil sit enchanted, by the million, in their Poor-Law Bastille, as if this were Nature’s Law;—mumbling to ourselves some vague janglement of *Laissez-faire*, Supply-and-demand, Cash-payment the one nexus of man to man: Free-trade, Competition, and Devil take the hindmost, our latest Gospel yet preached!

As if, in truth, there were no God of Labour; as if godlike Labour and brutal Mammonism were convertible terms. A

serious, most earnest Mammonism grown Midas-eared ; an unserious Dilettantism, earnest about nothing, grinning with inarticulate incredulous incredible jargon about all things, as the *enchanted* Dilettanti do by the Dead Sea ! It is mournful enough, for the present hour ; were there not an endless hope in it withal. Giant LABOUR, truest emblem there is of God the World-Worker, Demiurgus, and Eternal Maker ; noble LABOUR, which is yet to be the King of this Earth, and sit on the highest throne,—staggering hitherto like a blind irrational giant, hardly allowed to have his common place on the street-pavements ; idle Dilettantism, Dead-Sea Apism, crying out, “Down with him, he is dangerous !”

Labour must become a seeing rational giant, with a *soul* in the body of him, and take his place on the throne of things,—leaving his Mammonism, and several other adjuncts, on the lower steps of said throne.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### OVER-PRODUCTION.

BUT what will reflective readers say of a Governing Class, such as ours, addressing its Workers with an indictment of ‘Over-production !’ Over-production : runs it not so ? “Ye miscellaneous, ignoble manufacturing individuals, ye have produced too much ! We accuse you of making above two-hundred thousand shirts for the bare backs of mankind. Your trousers, too, which you have made, of fustian, of cassimere, of Scotch-plaid, of jane, nankeen and woollen broad-cloth, are they not manifold ? Of hats for the human head, of shoes for the human foot, of stools to sit on, spoons to eat with—Nay, what say we hats or shoes ? You produce gold watches, jewelleryes, silver forks and epergnes, commodes, chiffoniers, stuffed sofas—Heavens, the Commercial Bazaar and multitudinous Howel-and-Jameses cannot contain you. You have produced, produced ;—he that seeks your indictment let him look around. Millions of shirts, and empty pairs of breeches, hang there in judgment against you. We



accuse you of over-producing: you are criminally guilty of producing shirts, breeches, hats, shoes and commodities, in a frightful over-abundance. And now there is a glut, and your operatives cannot be fed!"

Never, surely, against an earnest Working Mammonism was there brought, by Game-preserving aristocratic Dilettantism, a stranger accusation, since this world began. My lords and gentlemen,—why, it was *you* that were appointed, by the fact and by the theory of your position on the Earth, to 'make and administer Laws,' that is to say, in a world such as ours, to guard against 'gluts;' against honest operatives, who had done their work, remaining unfed! I say, *you* were appointed to preside over the Distribution and Apportionment of the Wages of Work done; and to see well that there went no labourer without his hire, were it of money-coins, were it of hemp gallows-ropes: that function was yours, and from immemorial time has been; yours, and as yet no other's. These poor shirt-spinners have forgotten much, which by the virtual unwritten law of their position they should have remembered: but by any written recognised law of their position, what have they forgotten? They were set to make shirts. The Community with all its voices commanded them, saying, "Make shirts;"—and there the shirts are! Too many shirts? Well, that is a novelty, in this intemperate Earth, with its nine-hundred millions of bare backs! But the Community commanded you, saying, "See that the shirts are well apportioned, that our Human Laws be emblem of God's Laws;"—and where is the apportionment? Two million shirtless or ill-shirted workers sit enchanted in Workhouse Bastilles, five million more (according to some) in Ugolino Hunger-cellars; and for remedy, you say,—what say you?—Raise *our* rents!" I have not in my time heard any stranger speech, not even on the Shores of the Dead Sea. You continue addressing these poor shirt-spinners and over-producers, in really a *too* triumphant a manner:

"Will you bandy accusations, will you accuse *us* of over-production? We take the Heavens and the Earth to witness

that we have produced nothing at all. Not from us proceeds this frightful overplus of shirts. In the wide domains of created Nature, circulates no shirt or thing of our producing. Certain fox-brushes nailed upon our stable-door, the fruit of fair audacity at Melton Mowbray; these we have produced, and they are openly nailed up there. He that accuses us of producing, let him shew himself, let him name what and when. We are innocent of producing;—ye ungrateful, what mountains of things have we not, on the contrary, had to ‘consume,’ and make away with! Mountains of those your heaped manufacturers, wheresoever edible or wearable, have they not disappeared before us, as if we had the talent of ostriches, of cormorants, and a kind of divine faculty to eat? Ye ungrateful!—and did you not grow under the shadow of our wings? Are not your filthy mills built on these fields of ours; on this soil of England, which belongs to—whom think you? And we shall not offer you our own wheat at the price that pleases us, but that partly pleases you? A precious notion! What would become of you, if we chose, at any time, to decide on growing no wheat more?”

Yes, truly, *here* is the ultimate rock-basis of all Corn-Laws; whereon, at the bottom of much arguing, they rest, as securely as they can: What would become of you, if we decided, some day, on growing no more wheat at all? If we chose to grow only partridges henceforth, and a modicum of wheat for our own uses? Cannot we do what we like with our own?—Yes, indeed! For my share, if I could melt Gneiss Rock, and create Law of Gravitation; if I could stride out to the Doggerbank, some morning, and striking down my trident there into the mud-waves, say, “Be land, be fields, meadows, mountains, and fresh-rolling streams!” by Heaven, I should incline to have the letting of *that* land in perpetuity, and sell the wheat of it, or burn the wheat of it, according to my own good judgment! My Corn-Lawing friends, you affright me.

To the ‘Millo-crazy’ so-called, to the Working Aristocracy, steeped too deep in mere ignoble Mammonism, and as yet all unconscious of its noble destinies, as yet but an irrational or

semi-rational giant, struggling to awake some soul in itself,—the world will have much to say, reproachfully, reprovably, admonishingly. But to the Idle Aristocracy, what will the world have to say? Things painful and not pleasant!

To the man who *works*, who attempts, in never so ungracious barbarous a way, to get forward with some work, you will hasten out with furtherances, with encouragements, corrections; you will say to him: "Welcome; thou art ours; our care shall be of thee." To the Idler, again, never so gracefully going idle, coming forward with never so many parchments, you will not hasten out; you will sit still, and be disinclined to rise. You will say to him: "Not welcome, O complex Anomaly; would thou hadst stayed out of doors: for who of mortals knows what to do with thee? Thy parchments: yes, they are old, of venerable yellowness; and we too honour parchment, old-established settlements, and venerable use and wont. Old parchments in very truth:—yet on the whole, if thou wilt remark, they are young to the Granite Rocks, to the Groundplan of God's Universe! We advise thee to put up thy parchments; to go home to thy place, and make no needless noise whatever. Our heart's wish is to save thee: yet there as thou art, hapless Anomaly, with nothing but thy yellow parchments, noisy futilities, and shotbelts and fox-brushes, who of gods or men can avert dark Fate? Be counselled, ascertain if no work exist for thee on God's Earth; if thou find no commanded-duty there but that of going gracefully idle? Ask, inquire earnestly, with a half-frantic earnestness; for the answer means Existence or Annihilation to thee. We apprise thee of the world-old fact, becoming sternly disclosed again in these days, That he who cannot work in this Universe cannot get existed in it: had he parchments to thatch the face of the world, these, combustible fallible sheepskin, cannot avail him. Home, thou unfortunate; and let us have at least no noise from thee!"

Suppose the unfortunate Idle Aristocracy, as the unfortunate Working one has done, were to 'retire three days to its bed,' and consider itself there, what o'clock it had become?—

How have we to regret not only that men have 'no religion,'

but that they have next to no reflection ; and go about with heads full of mere extraneous noises, with eyes wide-open but visionless,—for most part, in the somnambulist state !

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### UNWORKING ARISTOCRACY.

It is well said, ‘Land is the right basis of an Aristocracy ;’ whoever possesses the Land, he, more emphatically than any other, is the Governor, Viceking of the people on the Land. It is in these days as it was in those of Henry Plantagenet and Abbot Samson ; as it will in all days be. The Land is *Mother* of us all ; nourishes, shelters, gladdens, lovingly enriches us all ; in how many ways, from our first wakening to our last sleep on her blessed mother-bosom, does she, as with blessed mother-arms, enfold us all !

The Hill I first saw the Sun rise over, when the Sun and I and all things were yet in their auroral hour, who can divorce me from it ? Mystic, deep as the world’s centre, are the roots I have struck into my Native Soil ; no *tree* that grows is rooted so. From noblest Patriotism to humblest industrial Mechanism ; from highest dying for your country, to lowest quarrying and coal-boring for it, a Nation’s Life depends upon its Land. Again and again we have to say, there can be no true Aristocracy but must possess the Land.

Men talk of ‘selling’ Land. Land, it is true, like Epic Poems and even higher things, in such a trading world, has to be presented in the market for what it will bring, and as we say be ‘sold :’ but the notion of ‘selling,’ for certain bits of metal, the *Iliad* of Homer, how much more the *Land* of the World-Creator, is a ridiculous impossibility ! We buy what is saleable of it ; nothing more was ever buyable. Who can, or could, sell it to us ? Properly speaking, the Land belongs to these two : To the Almighty God ; and to all His Children of Men that have ever worked well on it, or that shall ever work well on it. No generation of men can or could, with never such solemnity and effort, sell Land on any other prin-

ciple: it is not the property of any generation, we say, but that of all the past generations that have worked on it, and of all the future ones that shall work on it.

Again, we hear it said, The soil of England, or of any country, is properly worth nothing, except 'the labour bestowed on it.' This, speaking even in the language of Eastcheap, is not correct. The rudest space of country equal in extent to England, could a whole English Nation, with all their habits, arrangements, skills, with whatsoever they do carry within the skins of them, and cannot be stript of, suddenly take wing, and alight on it,—would be worth a very considerable thing! Swiftly, within year and day, this English Nation, with its multiplex talents of ploughing, spinning, hammering, mining, road-making and trafficking, would bring a handsome value out of such a space of country. On the other hand, fancy what an English Nation, once 'on the wing,' could have done with itself, had there been simply no soil, not even an inarable one, to alight on? Vain all its talents for ploughing, hammering, and whatever else; there is no Earth-room for this Nation with its talents: this Nation will have to *keep* hovering on the wing, dolefully shrieking to and fro; and perish piecemeal; burying itself, down to the last soul of it, in the waste unfirmamented seas. Ah yes, soil, with or without ploughing, is the gift of God. The soil of all countries belongs evermore, in a very considerable degree, to the Almighty Maker! The last stroke of labour bestowed on it is not the making of its value, but only the increasing thereof.

It is very strange, the degree to which these truisms are forgotten in our days; how, in the ever-whirling chaos of Formulas, we have quietly lost sight of Fact,—which it is so perilous not to keep for ever in sight. Fact, if we do not see it, will make us *feel* it by and by!—From much loud controversy and Corn-Law debating there rises, loud though inarticulate, once more in these years, this very question among others, Who made the Land of England? Who made it, this respectable English Land, wheat-growing, metalliferous, carboniferous, which will let readily hand over head for



seventy millions or upwards, as it here lies: who did make it?—"We!" answer the much-consuming Aristocracy; "We!" as they ride in, moist with the sweat of Melton Mowbray: "It is we that made it; or are the heirs, assigns and representatives of those who did!"—My brothers, You? Everlasting honor to you, then; and Corn-Laws as many as you will, till your own deep stomachs cry Enough, or some voice of human pity for our famine bids you Hold! Ye are as gods, that can create soil. Soil-creating gods there is no withstanding. They have the might to sell wheat at what price they list; and the right, to all lengths, and famine-lengths,—if they be pitiless infernal gods! Celestial gods, I think, would stop short of the famine-price; but no infernal nor any kind of god can be bidden stop!—Infatuated mortals, into what questions are you driving every thinking man in England!

I say, you did *not* make the Land of England; and, by the possession of it, you *are* bound to furnish guidance and governance to England! That is the law of your position on this God's-Earth; an everlasting act of Heaven's Parliament, not repealable in St. Stephen's or elsewhere! True government and guidance; not no-government and Laissez-faire; how much less, *mis*government and Corn-Law! There is not an imprisoned Worker looking out from these Bastilles but appeals, very audibly in Heaven's High Courts, against you, and me, and every one who is not imprisoned, "Why am I here?" His appeal is audible in Heaven; and will become audible enough on Earth too, if it remain unheeded here. His appeal is against you, foremost of all; you stand in the front rank of the accused; you, by the very place you hold, have first of all to answer him and Heaven!

What looks maddest, miserablest in these mad and miserable Corn-Laws, is independent altogether of their 'effect on wages,' their effect on 'increase of trade,' or any other such effect: it is the continual maddening proof they protrude into the faces of all men, that our Governing Class, called by God and Nature and the inflexible law of Fact, either to do some-

thing towards governing, or to die and be abolished,—have not yet learned even to sit still, and do no mischief! For no Anti-Corn-Law League yet asks more of them than this;—Nature and Fact, very imperatively, asking so much more of them. Anti-Corn-Law League asks not, Do something; but, Cease your destructive misdoing, Do ye nothing!

Nature's message will have itself obeyed: messages of mere Free-Trade, Anti-Corn-Law League and Laissez-faire, will then need small obeying!—Ye fools, in the name of Heaven, work, work, at the Ark of Deliverance for yourselves and us, while hours are still granted you! No: instead of working at the Ark, they say, “We cannot get our hands kept rightly warm;” and *sit obstinately burning the planks*. No madder spectacle at present exhibits itself under this Sun.

The Working Aristocracy; Mill-owners, Manufacturers, Commanders of Working Men: alas, against them also much shall be brought in accusation; much,—and the freest Trade in Corn, total abolition of Tariffs, and uttermost ‘Increase of Manufactures’ and ‘Prosperity of Commerce,’ will permanently mend no jot of it. The Working Aristocracy must strike into a new path; must understand that money alone is *not* the representative either of man's success in the world, or of man's duties to man; and reform their own selves from top to bottom, if they wish England reformed. England will not be habitable long unreformed.

The Working Aristocracy—Yes, but on the threshold of all this, it is again and again to be asked, What of the Idle Aristocracy? Again and again, What shall we say of the Idle Aristocracy, the Owners of the Soil of England; whose recognised function is that of handsomely consuming the rents of England, shooting the partridges of England, and as an agreeable amusement (if the purchase-money and other conveniences serve), dilettante-ing in Parliament and Quarter-Sessions for England? We will say mournfully, in the presence of Heaven and Earth,—that we stand speechless, stupent, and know not what to say! That a class of men entitled to live sumptuously on the marrow of the earth; per-

mitted simply, nay entreated, and as yet entreated in vain, to do nothing at all in return, was never heretofore seen on the face of this Planet. That such a class is transitory, exceptional, and, unless Nature's Laws fall dead, cannot continue. That it has continued now a moderate while ; has, for the last fifty years, been rapidly attaining its state of perfection. That it will have to find its duties and do them ; or else that it must and will cease to be seen on the face of this Planet, which is a Working one, not an Idle one.

Alas, alas, the Working Aristocracy, admonished by Trades-unions, Chartist conflagrations, above all by their own shrewd sense kept in perpetual communion with the fact of things, will assuredly reform themselves, and a working world will still be possible :—but the fate of the Idle Aristocracy, as one reads its horoscope hitherto in Corn-Laws and such like, is an abyss that fills one with despair. Yes, my rosy fox-hunting brothers, a terrible *Hippocratic look* reveals itself (God knows, not to my joy) through those fresh buxom countenances of yours. Through your Corn-Law Majorities, Sliding-Scales, Protecting-Duties, Bribery-Elections and triumphant Kentish-fire, a thinking eye discerns ghastly images of ruin, too ghastly for words ; a handwriting as of MENE, MENE. Men and brothers, on your Sliding-scale you seem sliding, and to have slid,—you little know whither ! Good God ! did not a French Donothing Aristocracy, hardly above half a century ago, declare in like manner, and in its featherhead believe in like manner, “ We cannot exist, and continue to dress and parade ourselves, on the just rent of the soil of France ; but we must have farther payment than rent of the soil, we must be exempted from taxes too,”—we must have a Corn-Law to extend our rent ? This was in 1789 : in four years more—Did you look into the Tanneries of Meudon, and the long-naked making for themselves breeches of human skins ! May the merciful Heavens avert the omen ; may we be wiser, that so we be less wretched.

A High Class without duties to do is like a tree planted on precipices ; from the roots of which all the earth has been

crumbling. Nature owns no man who is not a Martyr withal. Is there a man who pretends to live luxuriously housed up ; screened from all work, from want, danger, hardships, the victory over which is what we name work ;—he himself to sit serene, amid down-bolsters and appliances, and have all his work and battling done by other men ? And such man calls himself a *noble-man* ? His fathers worked for him, he says ; or successfully gambled for him : here *he* sits ; professes, not in sorrow but in pride, that he and his have done no work, time out of mind. It is the law of the land, and is thought to be the law of the Universe, that he, alone of recorded men, shall have no task laid on him, except that of eating his cooked victuals, and not flinging himself out of window. Once more I will say, there was no stranger spectacle ever shewn under this Sun. A veritable fact in our England of the Nineteenth Century. His victuals he does eat : but as for keeping in the inside of the window,—have not his friends, like me, enough to do ? Truly, looking at his Corn-Laws, Game-Laws, Chandos-Clauses, Bribery-Elections and much else, you do shudder over the tumbling and plunging he makes, held back by the lappelles and coatskirts ; only a thin fence of window-glass before him,—and in the street mere horrid iron spikes ! My sick brother, as in hospital-maladies men do, thou dreamest of Paradises and Eldorados, which are far from thee. ‘Cannot I do what I like with my own ?’ Gracious Heaven, my brother, this that thou seest with those sick eyes is no firm Eldorado, and Corn-Law Paradise of Donothings, but a dream of thy own fevered brain. It is a glass-window, I tell thee, so many stories from the street ; where are iron spikes and the law of gravitation !

What is the meaning of nobleness, if this be ‘noble ?’ In a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie. The chief of men is he who stands in the van of men ; fronting the peril which frightens back all others ; which, if it be not vanquished, will devour the others. Every noble crown is, and on Earth will forever be, a crown of thorns. The Pagan Hercules, why was he accounted a hero ? Because he had slain Nemean Lions

cleansed Augean Stables, undergone Twelve Labours only not too heavy for a god. In modern, as in ancient and all societies, the Aristocracy, they that assume the functions of an Aristocracy, doing them or not, have taken the post of honour; which is the post of difficulty, the post of danger,—of death, if the difficulty be not overcome. *Il faut payer de sa vie.* Why was our life given us, if not that we should manfully give it? Descend, O Donothing Pomp: quit thy down-cushions; expose thyself to learn what wretches feel, and how to cure it! The Czar of Russia became a dusty toiling shipwright; worked with his axe in the Docks of Saardam; and his aim was small to thine. Descend thou: undertake this horrid ‘living chaos of Ignorance and Hunger’ weltering round thy feet; say, “I will heal it, or behold I will die foremost in it.” Such is verily the law. Everywhere and everywhen a man has to ‘pay with his life;’ to do his work, as a soldier does, at the expense of life. In no Piepowder earthly Court can you sue an Aristocracy to do its work, at this moment: but in the Higher Court, which even *it* calls ‘Court of Honour,’ and which is the Court of Necessity withal, and the eternal Court of the Universe, in which all Facts comes to plead, and every Human Soul is an apparitor,—the Aristocracy is answerable, and even now answering, *there*.

Parchments? Parchments are venerable: but they ought at all times to represent, as near as they by possibility can, the writing of the Adamant Tablets; otherwise they are not so venerable! Benedict the Jew in vain pleaded parchments; his usuries were too many. The King said, “Go to, for all thy parchments, thou shalt pay just debt; down with thy dust, or observe this tooth-forceps!” Nature, a far juster Sovereign, has far terribler forceps!” Aristocracies, actual and imaginary, reach a time when parchment pleading does not avail them. “Go to, for all thy parchments, thou shalt pay due debt!” shouts the Universe to them, in an emphatic manner. They refuse to pay, confidently pleading parchment: their best grinder-tooth, with horrible agony, goes out of their jaw. Wilt thou pay now? A second grinder, again in



horrible agony, goes : a second, and a third, and if need be, all the teeth and grinders, and the life itself with them ;—and *then* there is free payment, and an anatomist subject into the bargain !

Reform Bills, Corn-Law Abrogation Bills, and then Land-Tax Bill, Property-Tax Bill, and still dimmer list of *etceteras* ; grinder after grinder :—my lords and gentlemen, it were better for you to arise, and begin doing your work, than sit there and plead parchments !

We write no chapter on the Corn-Laws, in this place ; the Corn-Laws are too mad to have a Chapter. There is a certain immorality, when there is not a necessity, in speaking about things finished ; in chopping into small pieces the already slashed and slain. When the brains are out, why does not a Solecism die ! It is at its own peril if it refuse to die ; it ought to make all conceivable haste to die, and get itself buried ! The trade of Anti-Corn-Law Lecturer in these days, still an indispensable, is a highly tragic one.

The Corn-Laws will go, and even soon go : would we were all as sure of the Millennium as they are of going ! They go swiftly in these present months ; with an increase of velocity, an ever-deepening, ever-widening sweep of momentum, truly notable. It is at the Aristocracy's own damage and peril, still more than at any other's whatsoever, that the Aristocracy maintains them ;—at a damage, say only, as above computed, of a 'hundred thousand pounds an hour !' The Corn-Laws keep all the air hot-fostered by their fever-warmth, much that is evil, but much also, how much that is good and indispensable, is rapidly coming to life among us !

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## CHAPTER IX.

### WORKING ARISTOCRACY.

A POOR Working Mammonism getting itself 'strangled in the partridge-nets of an Unworking Dilettantism,' and bellowing dreadfully, and already black in the face, is surely a disastrous spectacle ! But of a Midas-eared Mammonism, which

indeed at bottom all pure Mammonisms are, what better can you expect? No better;—if not this, then something other equally disastrous, if not still more disastrous. Mammonisms, grown asinine, have to become human again, and rational; they have, on the whole, to cease to be Mammonisms, were it even on compulsion, and pressure of the hemp round their neck!—My friends of the Working Aristocracy, there are now a great many things which you also, in your extreme need, will have to consider.

The Continental people, it would seem, are ‘exporting our ‘machinery, beginning to spin cotton and manufacture for ‘themselves, to cut us out of this market and then out of that!’ Sad news indeed; but irremediable;—by no means the saddest news. The saddest news is, that we should find our National Existence, as I sometimes hear it said, depend on selling manufactured cotton at a farthing an ell cheaper than any other People. A most narrow stand for a great Nation to base itself on! A stand which, with all the Corn-Law Abrogations conceivable, I do not think will be capable of enduring.

My friends, suppose we quitted that stand; suppose we came honestly down from it, and said: “This is our minimum of cotton-prices. We care not, for the present, to make cotton any cheaper. Do you, if it seem so blessed to you, make cotton cheaper. Fill your lungs with cotton-fuz, your hearts with copperas-fumes, with rage and mutiny; become ye the general gnomes of Europe, slaves of the lamp!”—I admire a Nation which fancies it will die if it do not undersell all other Nations, to the end of the world. Brothers, we will cease to *undersell* them; we will be content to *equal-sell* them; to be happy selling equally with them! I do not see the use of underselling them. Cotton-cloth is already two-pence a yard or lower; and yet bare backs were never more numerous among us. Let inventive men cease to spend their existence incessantly contriving how cotton can be made cheaper; and try to invent, a little, how cotton at its present cheapness could be somewhat justlier divided among us. Let inventive men consider, Whether the Secret of this Universe, and of Man’s Life there,

does, after all, as we rashly fancy it, consist in making money? There is One God, just, supreme, almighty: but is Mammon the name of him?—With a Hell which means ‘Failing to make money,’ I do not think there is any Heaven possible that would suit one well; nor so much as an Earth that can be habitable long! In brief, all this Mammon-Gospel, of Supply-and-demand, Competition, Laissez-faire, and Devil take the hindmost, begins to be one of the shabbiest Gospels ever preached; or altogether the shabbiest. Even with Dilettante partridge-nets, and at a horrible expenditure of pain, who shall regret to see the entirely transient, and at best somewhat despicable life strangled out of it? At the best, as we say, a somewhat despicable, unvenerable thing, this same ‘Laissez-faire;’ and now, at the *worst*, fast growing an altogether detestable one!

“But what is to be done with our manufacturing population, with our agricultural, with our ever-increasing population?” cry many.—Aye, what? Many things can be done with them, a hundred things, and a thousand things,—had we once got a soul and begun to try. This one thing, of doing for them by ‘underselling all people,’ and filling our own bursten pockets and appetites by the road; and turning over all care for any ‘population,’ or human or divine consideration except cash only, to the winds, with a “Laissez-faire” and the rest of it: this is evidently not the thing. Farthing cheaper per yard? No great Nation can stand on the apex of such a pyramid; screwing itself higher and higher; balancing itself on its great-toe! Can England not subsist without being *above* all people in working? England never deliberately purposed such a thing. If England work better than all people, it shall be well. England, like an honest worker, will work as well as she can; and hope the gods may allow her to live on that basis. Laissez-faire and much else being once well dead, how many ‘impossibles’ will become possible! They are impossible, as cotton-cloth at two-pence an ell was—till men set about making it. The inventive genius of great England will not forever sit patient with mere wheels and pinions, bobbins, straps and billy-rollers whirring in the head of it. The inventive genius of England is not a Beaver’s, or a Spin-

ner's or Spider's genius : it is a *Man's* genius, I hope, with a God over him !

Laissez-faire, Supply-and-demand,—one begins to be weary of all that. Leave all to egoism, to ravenous greed of money, of pleasure, of applause ;—it is the Gospel of Despair ! Man is a Patent-Digester, then : only give him Free Trade, Free digesting room ; and each of us digest what he can come at, leaving the rest to Fate ! My unhappy brethren of the Working Mammonism, my unhappy brethren of the Idle Dilettantism, no world was ever held together in that way for long. A world of mere Patent-Digesters will soon have nothing to digest ; such world ends, and by Law of Nature must end, in 'over-population ;' in howling universal famine, 'impossibility,' and suicidal madness, as of endless dog-kennels run rabid. Supply-and-demand shall do its full part, and Free Trade shall be free as air ; thou of the shotbelts, see thou forbid it not, with those paltry, *worse* than Mammonish swindleries and Sliding-scales of thine, which are seen to be swindleries for all thy canting, which in times like ours are very scandalous to see ! And trade never so well freed, and all Tariffs settled or abolished, and Supply-and-demand in full operation,—let us all know that we have yet done nothing ; that we have merely cleared the ground for doing.

Yes, were the Corn-Laws ended tomorrow, there is nothing yet ended ; there is only room made for all manner of things beginning. The Corn-Laws gone, and Trade made free, it is as good as certain this paralysis of industry will pass away. We shall have another period of commercial enterprise, of victory and prosperity ; during which, it is likely, much money will again be made, and all the people may, by the extant methods, still for a space of years, be kept alive and physically fed. The strangling band of Famine will be loosened from our necks ; we shall have room again to breathe ; time to bethink ourselves, to repent and consider ! A precious and thrice-precious space of years ; wherein to struggle as for life in reforming our foul ways ; in alleviating, instructing, regulating our people ; seeking as for life, that something

like spiritual food be imparted them, some real governance and guidance be provided them ! It will be a priceless time. For our new period or paroxysm of commercial prosperity will and can, on the old methods of 'Competition and Devil take the hindmost,' prove but a paroxysm : a new paroxysm,—likely enough, if we do not use it better, to be our *last*. In this, of itself, is no salvation. If our Trade in twenty years' 'flourishing' as never Trade flourished, could double itself ; yet then also, by the old *Laissez-faire* method, our Population is doubled : we shall then be as we are, only twice as many of us, twice and ten times as unmanageable !

All this dire misery, therefore ; all this of our poor Work-house Workmen, of our Chartisms, Trades-strikes, Corn-Laws, Toryisms, and the general downbreak of *Laissez-faire* in these days,—may we not regard it as a voice from the dumb bosom of Nature, saying to us : "Behold ! Supply-and-demand is not the one Law of Nature ; Cash-payment is not the sole nexus of man with man,—how far from it ! Deep, far deeper than Supply-and-demand, are Laws, Obligations sacred as Man's Life itself : these also, if you will continue to do work, you shall now learn and obey. He that will learn them, behold Nature is on his side, he shall yet work and prosper with noble rewards. He that will not learn them, Nature is against him, he shall not be able to do work in Nature's empire,—not in hers. Perpetual mutiny, contention, hatred, isolation, execration shall wait on his footsteps, till all men discern that the thing which he attains, however golden it look or be, is not success, but the want of success."

Supply-and-demand,—alas ! For what noble work was there ever yet any audible 'demand' in that poor sense ? The man of Macedonia, speaking in vision to an Apostle Paul, "Come over and help us," did not specify what rate of wages he would give ! Or was the Christian Religion itself accomplished by Prize-Essays, Bridgewater Bequests, and a 'minimum of Four thousand five hundred a year ? No demand that I heard of was made then, audible in any Labour-market, Manchester Chamber of Commerce, or other the like emporium and



hiring establishment ; silent were all these from any whisper of such demand ;—powerless were all these to ‘supply’ it, had the demand been in thunder and earthquake, with gold Eldorados and Mahometan Paradises for the reward. Ah me, into what waste latitudes, in this Time-Voyage, have we wandered ; like adventurous Sindbads ;—where the men go about as if by galvanism, with meaningless glaring eyes, and have no soul, but only a beaver-faculty and stomach ! The haggard despair of Cotton-factory, Coal-mine operatives, Chandos Farm-labourers, in these days, is painful to behold ; but not so painful, hideous to the inner sense, as that brutish godforgetting Profit-and-Loss Philosophy, and Life-theory, which we hear jangled on all hands of us, in senate-houses, spouting-clubs, leading-articles, pulpits and platforms, everywhere, as the Ultimate Gospel and candid Plain-English of Man’s Life, from the throats and pens and thoughts of all but all men !—

Enlightened Philosophies, like Molière Doctors, will tell you : “Enthusiasms, Self-sacrifice, Heaven, Hell and such like : yes, all that was true enough for old stupid times ; all that used to be true : but we have changed all that, *nous avons changé tout cela !*” Well ; if the heart be got round now into the right side, and the liver to the left ; if man have no heroism in him deeper than a wish to eat, and in his soul there dwell now no Infinite of Hope and Awe, and no divine Silence can become imperative because it is not Sinai Thunder, and no tie will bind if it be not that of Tyburn gallows-ropes, —then verily you have changed all that ; and for it, and for you, and for me, behold the Abyss and nameless Annihilation is ready. So scandalous a beggarly Universe deserves indeed nothing else ; I cannot say I would save it from annihilation. Vacuum, and the serene Blue, will be much handsomer ; easier too for all of us. I, for one, decline living as a Patent-Digester. Patent-Digester, Spinning-Mule, Mayfair Clothes-Horse : many thanks, but your Chaosships will have the goodness to excuse me !

## CHAPTER X.

## PLUGSON OF UNDERSHOT.

ONE thing I do know : Never, on this Earth was the relation of man to man long carried on by Cash-payment alone. If, at any time, a philosophy of Laissez-faire, Competition and Supply-and-demand, start up as the exponent of human relations, expect that it will soon end.

Such philosophies will arise : for man's philosophies are usually the 'supplement of his practice ;' some ornamental Logic-varnish, some outer skin of Articulate Intelligence, with which he strives to render his dumb Instinctive doings presentable when they are done. Such philosophies will arise ; be preached as Mammon-Gospels, the ultimate Evangel of the World ; be believed, with what is called belief, with much superficial bluster, and a kind of shallow satisfaction real in its way :—but they are ominous gospels ! They are the sure, and even swift forerunner of great changes. Expect that the old System of Society is done, is dying and falling into dotage, when it begins to rave in that fashion. Most Systems that I have watched the death of, for the last three thousand years, have gone just so. The Ideal, the True and Noble that was in them having faded out, and nothing now remaining but naked Egoism, vulturous Greediness, they cannot live ; they are bound and inexorably ordained by the oldest Destinies, Mothers of the Universe, to die. Curious enough ; they thereupon, as I have pretty generally noticed, devise some light comfortable kind of 'wine-and-walnuts philosophy' for themselves, this of Supply-and-demand or another ; and keep saying, during hours of mastication and rumination, which they call hours of meditation : "Soul, take thy ease, it is all *well* that thou art a vulture-soul ;"—and pangs of dissolution come upon them, oftenest before they are aware !

Cash-payment never was, or could except for a few years be, the union-bond of man to man. Cash never yet paid one man fully his deserts to another ; nor could it, nor can it,

now or henceforth to the end of the world. I invite his Grace of Castle Rack-rent to reflect on this,—does he think that a Land Aristocracy when it becomes a Land Auctioneer-ship can have long to live? Or that Sliding-scales will increase the vital stamina of it?—The indomitable Plugson too, of the respected Firm of Plugson, Hunks and Company, in St. Dolly Undershot, is invited to reflect on this; for to him also it will be new, perhaps even newer. Bookkeeping by double entry is admirable, and records several things in an exact manner. But the Mother-Destinies also keep their Tablets; in Heaven's Chancery also there goes on a recording; and things, as my Moslem friends say, are 'written on the iron-leaf.'

Your Grace and Plugson, it is like, go to Church occasionally: did you never in vacant moments, with perhaps a dull parson droning to you, glance into your New Testament, and the cash-account stated four times over, by a kind of quadruple entry,—in the Four Gospels there? I consider that a cash account, and balance-statement of work done and wages paid, worth attending to. Precisely *such*, though on a smaller scale, go on at all moments under this Sun; and the statement and balance of them in the Plugson Ledgers and on the Tablets of Heaven's Chancery are discrepant exceedingly;—which ought really to teach, and to have long since taught, an indomitable common-sense Plugson of Undershot, much more an unattackable *uncommon-sense* Grace of Rack-rent, a thing or two!—In brief, we shall have to dismiss the Cash-Gospel rigorously into its own place: we shall have to know, on the threshold, that either there is some infinitely deeper Gospel, subsidiary, explanatory and daily and hourly corrective, to the Cash one; or else that the Cash one itself and all others are fast travelling!

For all human things do require to have an Ideal in them; to have some Soul in them, as we said, were it only to keep the Body unputrefied. And wonderful it is to see how the Ideal or Soul, place it in what ugliest Body you may, will irradiate said Body with its own nobleness; will gradually, in-

cessantly, mould, modify new-form or reform said ugliest Body, and make it at last beautiful, and to a certain degree divine! O, if you could dethrone that Brute-god Mammon, and put a Spirit-god in his place! One way or other, he must and will have to be dethroned.

Fighting, for example, as I often say to myself, Fighting with steel murder-tools is surely a much uglier operation than Working, take it how you will. Yet even of Fighting, in religious Abbot Samson's days, see what a Feudalism there had grown,—a 'glorious Chivalry,' much besung down to the present day. Was not that one of the 'impossiblest' things? Under the sky is no uglier spectacle than two men with clenched teeth, and hellfire eyes, hacking one another's flesh; converting precious living bodies, and priceless living souls, into nameless masses of putrescence, useful only for turnip-manure. How did a Chivalry ever come out of that; how anything that was not hideous, scandalous, infernal? It will be a question worth considering by and by.

I remark, for the present, only two things: first, that the Fighting itself was not, as we rashly suppose it, a Fighting without cause, but more or less with cause. Man is created to fight; he is perhaps best of all definable as a born-soldier; his life 'a battle and a march,' under the right General. It is forever indispensable for a man to fight: now with Necessity, with Barrenness, Scarcity, with Puddles, Bogs, tangled Forests, unkempt Cotton;—now also with the hallucinations of his poor fellow Men. Hallucinatory visions rise in the head of my poor fellow man; make him claim over me rights which are not his. All Fighting, as we noticed long ago, is the dusty conflict of strengths, each thinking itself the strongest, or, in other words, the justest;—of Might which do in the long-run, and forever will in this just Universe in the long-run, mean Rights. In conflict the perishable part of them, beaten sufficiently, flies off into dust: this process ended, appears the imperishable, the true and exact.

And now let us remark a second thing: how, in these baleful operations, a noble devout-hearted Chevalier will comfort himself, and an ignoble godless Bucanier and Chactaw Indian.

Victory is the aim of each. But deep in the heart of the noble man it lies forever legible, that, as an Invisible Just God made him, so will and must God's Justice and this only, were it never so invisible, ultimately prosper in all controversies and enterprises and battles whatsoever. What an Influence ; ever-present,—like a Soul in the rudest Caliban of a body ; like a ray of Heaven, and illuminative creative *Fiat-Lux*, in the wastest terrestrial Chaos ! Blessed divine Influence, traceable even in the horror of Battlefields and garments rolled in blood : how it ennobles even the Battlefield ; and, in place of a Chactaw Massacre, makes it a Field of Honour ! A Battlefield too is great. Considered well, it is a kind of Quintessence of Labour ; Labour distilled into its utmost concentration ; the significance of years of it compressed into an hour. Here too thou shalt be strong, and not in muscle only, if thou wouldst prevail. Here too thou shalt be strong of heart, noble of soul ; thou shalt dread no pain or death, thou shalt not love ease or life ; in rage, thou shalt remember mercy, justice ;—thou shalt be a Knight and not a Chactaw, if thou wouldst prevail ! It is the rule of all battles, against hallucinating fellow Men, against unkempt Cotton, or whatsoever battles they may be, which a man in this world has to fight.

Howel Davies dyes the West Indian Seas with blood, piles his decks with plunder ; approves himself the expertest Seaman, the daringest Seafighter : but he gains no lasting victory, lasting victory is not possible for him. Not, had he fleets larger than the combined British Navy all united with him in bucaniering. He, once for all, cannot prosper in his duel. He strikes down his man : yes ; but his man, or his man's representative, has no notion to lie struck down : neither, though slain ten times, will he keep so lying ;—nor has the Universe any notion to keep him so lying ! On the contrary, the Universe and he have, at all moments, all manner of motives to start up again, and desperately fight again. Your Napoleon is flung out, at last to St. Helena ; the latter end of him sternly compensating the beginning. The Bucanier strikes down a man, a hundred or a million men : but what profits it ? He has one enemy never to be struck down ; nay two enemies :



Mankind and the Maker of Men. On the great scale or on the small, in fighting of men or fighting of difficulties, I will not embark my venture with Howel Davies: it is not the Bucanier, it is the Hero only that can gain victory, that can do more than *seem* to succeed. These things will deserve meditating; for they apply to all battle and soldiership, all struggle and effort whatsoever in this Fight of Life. It is a poor Gospel, Cash-Gospel or whatever name it have, that does not, with clear tone, uncontradictable, carrying conviction to all hearts, forever keep men in mind of these things.

Unhappily, my indomitable friend Plugson of Undershot has, in a great degree, forgotten them;—as, alas, all the world has; as, alas, our very Dukes and Soul-Overseers have, whose special trade it was to remember them! Hence these tears.—Plugson, who has indomitably spun Cotton merely to gain thousands of pounds, I have to call as yet a Bucanier and Chactaw; till there come something better, still more indomitable from him. His hundred Thousand-pound Notes, if there be nothing other, are to me but as the hundred Scalps in a Chactaw wigwam. The blind Plugson; he was a Captain of Industry, born member of the Ultimate genuine Aristocracy of this Universe, could he have known it! These thousand men that span and toiled round him, they were a regiment whom he had enlisted, man by man; to make war on a very genuine enemy: Bareness of back, and disobedient Cotton-fibre, which will not, unless forced to it, consent to cover bare backs. Here is a most genuine enemy; over whom all creatures will wish him victory. He enlisted his thousand men; said to them, “Come, brothers, let us have a dash at Cotton!” They follow with cheerful shout; they gain such a victory over Cotton as the Earth has to admire and clap hands at: but, alas, it is yet only of the Bucanier or Chactaw sort,—as good as no victory! Foolish Plugson of St. Dolly Undershot: does he hope to become illustrious by hanging up the scalps in his wigwam, the hundred thousands at his banker’s, and saying, Behold my scalps? Why Plugson, even thy own host is all in mutiny: Cotton is conquered; but the ‘bare backs’—are worse covered than over! Indomitable Plugson,

thou must cease to be a Chactaw ; thou and others ; thou thyself, if no other !

Did William the Norman Bastard, or any of his Taillefers, *Ironcutters*, manage so ? Ironcutter, at the end of the campaign, did not turn off his thousand fighters, but said to them : “ Noble fighters, this is the land we have gained ; be I Lord in it,—what we will call *Law-ward*, maintainer and *keeper* of Heaven’s *Laws* : be I *Law-ward*, or in brief orthoepy *Lord* in it, and be ye Loyal Men around me in it ; and we will stand by one another, as soldiers round a captain, for again we shall have need of one another ! ” Plugson, bucanier-like, says to them : “ Noble spinners, this is the Hundred Thousand we have gained, wherein I mean to dwell and plant vineyards ; the hundred thousand is mine, the three and sixpence daily was yours : adieu, noble spinners ; drink my health with this groat each, which I give you over and above ! ” The entirely unjust Captain of Industry, say I ; not Chevalier, but Bucanier ! ‘ Commercial Law ’ does indeed acquit him ; asks, with wide eyes, What else ? So too Howel Davies asks, Was it not according to the strictest Bucanier Custom ? Did I depart in any jot or tittle from the Laws of the Bucaniers ?

After all, money, as they say, is miraculous. Plugson wanted victory ; as Chevaliers and Bucaniers, and all men alike do. He found money recognised by the whole world with one assent, as the true symbol, exact equivalent and synonym of victory ;—and here we have him, a grimbrowed indomitable Bucanier, coming home to us with a ‘ victory,’ which the whole world is *ceasing* to clap hands at ! The whole world, taught somewhat impressively, is beginning to recognise that such victory is but half a victory ; and that now, if it please the Powers, we must—have the other half !

Money is miraculous. What miraculous facilities has it yielded, will it yield us ; but also what never-imagined confusions, obscurations has it brought in ; down almost to total extinction of the moral-sense in large masses of mankind ! ‘ Protection of property,’ of what is ‘ *mine*,’ means with most men protection of money,—the thing which, had I a thousand padlocks over it, is least of all *mine* ; is, in a manner, scarcely

worth calling mine! The symbol shall be held sacred, defended everywhere with tipstaves, ropes and gibbets; the thing signified shall be composedly cast to the dogs. A human being who has worked with human beings clears all scores with them, cuts himself with triumphant completeness forever loose from them, by paying down certain shillings and pounds. Was it not the wages I promised you? There they are, to the last sixpence,—according to the Laws of the Bucaniers!—Yes, indeed;—and, at such times, it becomes imperatively necessary to ask all persons, bucaniers and others, Whether these same respectable Laws of the Bucaniers are written on God's eternal Heavens at all, on the inner Heart of Man at all; or on the respectable Bucaniers Logbook merely, for the convenience of bucaniering merely? What a question;—whereat Westminster Hall shudders to its driest parchment; and on the dead wigs each particular horse-hair stands on end!

The Laws of *Laissez-faire*, O Westminster, the laws of industrial Captain and industrial Soldier, how much more of idle Captain and industrial Soldier, will need to be remodelled, and modified, and rectified in a hundred and a hundred ways, —and *not* in the Sliding scale direction, but in the totally opposite one! With two million industrial Soldiers already sitting in Bastilles, and five millions pining on potatoes, methinks Westminster cannot begin too soon!—A man has other obligations laid on him in God's Universe, than the payment of cash: these also Westminster, if it will continue to exist and have board-wages, must contrive to take some charge of:—by Westminster or by another, they must and will be taken charge of; be, with whatever difficulty, got articulated, got enforced, and to a certain approximate extent, put in practice. And, as I say, it cannot be too soon! For Mammonism, left to itself, has become Midas-eared; and with all its gold mountains, sits starving for want of bread: and Dilettantism with its partridge-nets, in this extremely earnest Universe of ours, is playing somewhat too high a game. 'A man by the very look of him promises so much:' yes; and by the rent-roll of him does he promise nothing?—

Alas, what a business will this be, which our Continental friends, groping this long while somewhat absurdly about it and about it, call 'Organisation of Labour;'—which must be taken out of the hands of absurd windy persons, and put into the hands of wise, laborious, modest and valiant men, to begin with it straightway : to proceed with it, and succeed in it more and more, if Europe, at any rate if England, is to continue habitable much longer. Looking at the kind of most noble Corn-Law Dukes or Practical *Duces* we have, and also of right reverend Soul-Overseers, Christian Spiritual *Duces* 'on a minimum of four thousand five hundred,' one's hopes are a little chilled. Courage, nevertheless; there are many brave men in England! My indomitable Plugson,—nay is there not even in thee some hope? Thou art hitherto a Bucanier, as it was written and prescribed for thee by an evil world : but in that grim brow, in that indomitable heart which *can* conquer Cotton, do there not perhaps lie other ten-times nobler conquests?

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## CHAPTER XL

### LABOUR.

For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works : in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature ; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. 'Know thyself : ' long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee ; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe ! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself ; thou art an unknowable individual : know what thou canst work at ; and work at it, like a Hercules ! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, 'an endless significance lies in Work ;'

a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man: but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos once set it *revolving*, grows round and even rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel,—one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezechiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch,—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other



blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose ; he has found it, and will follow it ! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows ; —draining off the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade ; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small ! Labour is Life : from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God ; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness,—to all knowledge, 'self-knowledge' and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge ? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that ; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working : the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge ; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. 'Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone.'

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light ; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time ? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of Fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined Stoneheaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, redtape Officials, idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders of the Faith ; and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no ! Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmen, up to the idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders, to blustering redtape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there not for Christopher's sake and his Cathedral's ; they are there for their own sake mainly ! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these,—if

he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her,—Nature herself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not! His very money, where is it to come from? The pious munificence of England lies far-scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, “I am here;”—must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible like the gods; impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those, notwithstanding, and front all these; understand all these; by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man’s-strength, vanquish and compel all these,—and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul’s Edifice; thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp ‘Great Man’ impressed very legibly on Portland-stone there!—

Yes, all manner of help, and pious response from Men of Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light, till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first ‘impossible.’ In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity; inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether under the wide arch of Heaven there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon’s fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature:—work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer’s; a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. ‘It is so,’ says Goethe, ‘with all things that man undertakes in this world.’

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king,—Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all ! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters ; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep basin (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf ! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward :—and the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle-skiff of thine ! Thou art not among articulate-speaking friends, my brother ; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them : see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-wester spend itself, saving thyself by dexterous science of defence, the while : valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favouring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress ; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage : thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself ;—how much wilt thou swallow down ! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep : a Silence unsoundable ; known to God only. Thou shalt be a great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the World Marine-service,—thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is ; thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down ; and make it bear thee on,—to new Americas, or whither God wills !

## CHAPTER XII.

REWARD.

‘RELIGION,’ I said ; for, properly speaking, all true Work is Religion : and whatsoever Religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will ; with me it shall have no harbour. Admirable was that of the old Monks, ‘*Laborare est Orare*, Work is Worship.’

Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate but ineradicable, forever-enduring Gospel : Work, and therein have well being. Man, son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a Spirit of active Method, a Force for work ;—and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent Facts around thee ! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable ; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy ; attack him swiftly, subdue him ; make Order of him, the subject not of Chaos, but of Intelligence, Divinity and Thee ! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it ; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But above all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness,—yes, there, with or without Church-tithes and Shovel-hat, with or without Talfourd-Mahon Copyrights, or were it with mere dungeons and gibbets and crosses, attack it, I say ; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives ; but smite, smite, in the name of God ! The Highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee ; still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his *unspoken* voice, awfuler than any Sinai thunders or syllabled speech of Whirlwinds ; for the SILENCE of deep

Eternities, of Worlds from beyond the morning-stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn Ages; the old Graves, with their long-mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it now all dry,—do not these speak to thee, what ear hath not heard? The deep Death-kingdoms, the Stars in their never-resting courses, all Space and all Time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called To-day. For the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms,—up to that ‘Agony of bloody sweat,’ which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not ‘worship,’ then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God’s sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother: see thy fellow Workmen there, in God’s Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of Time! To Thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; Heaven is kind,—as a noble Mother; as that Spartan Mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, “With it, my son, or upon it!” Thou too, shalt return *home* in honour; to thy far-distant Home, in honour; doubt it not,—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not *complain*.

And who art thou that braggest of thy life of Idleness; complacently shewest thy bright gilt equipages; sumptuous cushions; appliances for folding of the hands to mere sleep? Looking up, looking down, around, behind or before, dis-



cernest thou, if it be not in Mayfair alone, any *idle* hero, saint, god, or even devil? Not a vestige of one. In the Heavens, in the Earth, in the Waters under the Earth, is none like unto thee. Thou art an original figure in this Creation ; a denizen in Mayfair alone, in this extraordinary Century or Half-Century alone ! One monster there is in the world : the idle man. What is his ‘ Religion ? ’ That Nature is a Phantasm, where cunning beggary or thievery may sometimes find good victual. That God is a lie ; and that Man and his Life are a lie.—Alas, alas, who of us *is* there that can say, I have worked ? The faithfulest of us are unprofitable servants ; the faithfulest of us know that best. The faithfulest of us may say, with sad and true old Samuel, “ Much of my life has been trifled away ! ” But he that has, and except ‘ on public occasions ’ professes to have, no function but that of going idle in a graceful or graceless manner ; and of begetting sons to go idle ; and to address Chief Spinners and Diggers, who at least *are* spinning and digging, “ Ye scandalous persons who produce too much ”—My Corn-Law Friends, on what imaginary still richer Eldorados, and true iron-spikes with law of gravitation, are ye rushing !

As to the Wages of Work there might innumerable things be said ; there will and must yet innumerable things be said and spoken, in St. Stephen’s and out of St. Stephen’s ; and gradually not a few things be ascertained and written, on Law-parchment, concerning this very matter :—‘ Fair day’s-wages for a fair day’s-work ’ is the most unrefusable demand ! Money-wages ‘ to the extent of keeping your worker alive that he may work more ; ’ these, unless you mean to dismiss him straightway out of this world, are indispensable alike to the noblest Worker and to the least noble !

One thing only I will say here, in special reference to the former class, the noble and noblest ; but throwing light on all the other classes and their arrangements of this difficult matter : The ‘ wages ’ of every noble Work do yet lie in Heaven or else Nowhere. Not in Bank-of-England bills, in Owen’s Labour-bank, or any the most improved establishment

of banking and money-changing, needest thou, heroic soul, present thy account of earnings. Human banks and labour-banks know thee not ; or know thee after generations and centuries have passed away, and thou art clean gone from 'rewarding,'—all manner of bank-drafts, shop-tills, and Downing-street Exchequers lying very invisible, so far from thee ! Nay, at bottom, dost thou need any reward ? Was it thy aim and life-purpose to be filled with good things for thy heroism ; to have a life of pomp and ease, and be what men call 'happy,' in this world, or in any other world ? I answer for thee deliberately, No. The whole spiritual secret of the new epoch lies in this, that thou canst answer for thyself, with thy whole clearness of head and heart, deliberately, No !

My brother, the brave man has to give his Life away. Give it, I advise thee ;—thou dost not expect to *sell* thy Life in an adequate manner ? What price, for example, would content thee ? The just price of thy LIFE to thee,—why, God's entire Creation to thyself, the whole Universe of Space, the whole Eternity of Time, and what they hold : that is the price which would content thee ; that, and if thou wilt be candid, nothing short of that ! It is thy all ; and for it thou wouldst have all. Thou art an unreasonable mortal ;—or rather thou art a poor *infinite* mortal, who, in thy narrow clay-prison here, *seemest* so unreasonable ! Thou wilt never sell thy Life, or any part of thy Life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart ; let the price be Nothing : thou *hast* then, in a certain sense, got All for it ! The heroic man,—and is not every man, God be thanked, a potential hero ?—has to do so, in all times and circumstances. In the most heroic age, as in the most unheroic, he will have to say, as Burns said proudly and humbly of his little Scottish Songs, little dewdrops of Celestial Melody in an age when so much was unmelodious : " By Heaven, they shall either be invaluable or of no value ; I do not need your guineas for them ! " It is an element which should, and must, enter deeply into all settlements of wages here below. They never will be 'satisfactory' otherwise ; they cannot, O Mammon Gospel, they never can ! Money for my little piece of work 'to the extent that will allow me to keep working ;'

yes, this,—unless you mean that I shall go my ways *before* the work is all taken out of me : but as to ‘wages’—! —

On the whole, we do entirely agree with those old Monks, *Laborare est Orare*. In a thousand senses, from one end of it to the other, true Work is Worship. He that works, whatsoever be his work, he bodies forth the form of Things Unseen ; a small Poet every Worker is. The idea, were it but of his poor Delf Platter, how much more of his Epic Poem, is as yet ‘seen,’ half-seen, only by himself ; to all others it is a thing unseen, impossible ; to Nature herself it is a thing unseen, a thing which never hitherto was ;—very ‘impossible,’ for it is as yet a No-thing ! The Unseen Powers had need to watch over such a man ; he works in and for the Unseen. Alas, if he look to the Seen Powers only, he may as well quit the business ; his No-thing will never rightly issue as a Thing, but as a Deceptivity, a Sham-thing,—which it had better not do !

Thy No-thing of an Intended Poem, O Poet who hast looked merely to reviewers, copyrights, booksellers, popularities, behold it has not yet become a Thing ; for the truth is not in it ! Though printed, hotpressed, reviewed, celebrated, sold to the twentieth edition : what is all that ? The Thing, in philosophical uncommercial language, is still a No-thing, mostly semblance, and deception of the sight ;—benign Oblivion incessantly gnawing at it, impatient till Chaos to which it belongs do reabsorb it !—

He who takes not counsel of the Unseen and Silent, from him will never come real visibility and speech. Thou must descend to the *Mothers*, to the *Manes*, and Hercules-like long suffer and labour there, wouldst thou emerge with victory into the sunlight. As in battle and the shock of war,—for is not this a battle ?—thou too shalt fear no pain or death, shalt love no ease or life ; the voice of festive Lubberlands, the noise of greedy Acheron shall alike lie silent under thy victorious feet. Thy work, like Dante’s, shall ‘make thee lean for many years.’ The world and its wages, its criticisms, counsels, helps, impediments, shall be as a waste ocean-flood ; the chaos through which thou art to swim and sail. Not the waste waves and their weedy gulf-streams, shalt thou take for guidance : thy

star alone,—‘*Se tu segui tua stella!*’ Thy star alone, now clear-beaming over Chaos, nay now by fits gone out, disastrously eclipsed : this only shalt thou strive to follow. O, it is a business, as I fancy, that of weltering your way through Chaos and the murk of Hell ! Green-eyed dragons watching you, three-headed Cerberuses,—not without sympathy of *their* sort ! “*Eccovi l’ uom ch’ è stato all’ Inferno.*” For in fine, as Poet Dryden says, you do walk hand in hand with sheer Madness, all the way,—who is by no means pleasant company ! You look fixedly into Madness, and *her* undiscovered, boundless, bottomless Night-empire ; that you may extort new Wisdom out of it, as an Eurydice from Tartarus. The higher the Wisdom, the closer was its neighbourhood and kindred with mere Insanity ; literally so :—and thou wilt, with a speechless feeling, observe how highest Wisdom, struggling up into this world, has oftentimes carried such tinctures and adhesions of Insanity still cleaving to it hither !

All Works, each in their degree, are a making of Madness sane ;—truly enough a religious operation ; which cannot be carried on without religion. You have not work otherwise ; you have eye-service, greedy grasping of wages, swift and ever swifter manufacture of semblances to get hold of wages. Instead of better felt-hats to cover your head, you have bigger lath-and-plaster hats set travelling the streets on wheels. Instead of heavenly and earthly Guidance for the souls of men, you have ‘Black or White Surplice’ Controversies, stuffed hair-and-leather Popes ;—terrestrial *Law-wards*, Lords and Law-bringers, ‘organizing Labour’ in these years, by passing Corn-Laws. With all which, alas, this distracted Earth is now full, nigh to bursting. Semblances most smooth to the touch and eye ; most accursed nevertheless to body and soul. Semblances, be they of Sham-woven Cloth or of Dilettante Legislation, which are *not* real wool or substance, but Devil’s-dust, accursed of God and man ! No man has worked, or can work, except religiously ; not even the poor day-labourer, the weaver of your coat, the sewer of your shoes. All men, if they work not as in a Great Taskmaster’s eye, will work wrong, work unhappily for themselves and you.

Industrial work, still under bondage to Mammon, the rational soul of it not yet awakened, is a tragic spectacle. Men in the rapidest motion and self-motion ; restless, with convulsive energy, as if driven by Galvanism, as if possessed by a Devil ; tearing asunder mountains,—to no purpose, for Mammonism is always Midas-eared ! This is sad, on the face of it. Yet courage : the beneficent Destinies, kind in their sternness, are apprising us that this cannot continue. Labour is not a devil, even while encased in Mammonism ; Labour is ever an imprisoned god, writhing unconsciously or consciously to escape out of Mammonism ! Plugson of Undershot, like Taillefer of Normandy, wants victory ; how much happier will even Plugson be to have a Chivalrous victory than a Chactaw one. The unredeemed ugliness is that of a slothful People. Shew me a People energetically busy ; heaving, struggling, all shoulders at the wheel ; their heart pulsing, every muscle swelling, with man's energy and will ;—I shew you a People of whom great good is already predicable ; to whom all manner of good is yet certain, if their energy endure. By very working, they will learn ; they have, Antæus-like, their foot on Mother Fact : how can they but learn ?

The vulgarest Plugson of a Master-Worker, who can command Workers, and get work out of them, is already a considerable man. Blessed and thrice-blessed symptoms I discern of Master-Workers who are not vulgar men ; who are Nobles, and begin to feel that they must act as such : all speed to these, they are England's hope at present ! But in this Plugson himself, conscious of almost no nobleness whatever, how much is there ! Not without man's faculty, insight, courage, hard energy, is this rugged figure. His words none of the wisest ; but his actings cannot be altogether foolish. Think, how were it, stoodest thou suddenly in his shoes ! He has to command a thousand men. And not imaginary commanding ; no, it is real, incessantly practical. The evil passions of so many men (with the Devil in them, as in all of us) he has to vanquish ; by manifold force of speech and of silence, to repress or evade. What a force of silence, to say nothing of the others, is in Plugson ! For these his thousand men he



has to provide raw-material, machinery, arrangement, house-room ; and ever at the week's end, wages by due sale. No Civil-List, or Goulburn-Baring Budget has he to fall back upon, for paying of his regiment ; he has to pick his supplies from the confused face of the whole Earth and Contemporaneous History, by his dexterity alone. There will be dry eyes if he fail to do it !—He exclaims, at present, ‘black in the face,’ near strangled with Dilettante Legislation : “Let me have elbow-room, throat-room, and I will not fail ! No, I will spin yet, and conquer like a giant ; what ‘sinews of war’ lie in me, untold resources towards the Conquest of this Planet, if instead of hanging me, you husband them, and help me !”—My indomitable friend, it is *true* ; and thou shalt and must be helped.

This is not a man I would kill and strangle by Corn-Laws, even if I could ! No, I would fling my Corn-Laws and Shot-belts to the Devil ; and try to help this man. I would teach him, by noble precept and law-precept, by noble example most of all, that Mammonism was not the essence of his or of my station in God's Universe ; but the adscititious excrescence of it ; the gross, terrene, godless embodiment of it ; which would have to become, more or less, a godlike one. By noble *real* legislation, by true *noble's*-work, by unwearied, valiant, and were it wageless effort, in my Parliament and in my Parish, I would aid, constrain, encourage him to effect more or less this blessed change. I should know that it would have to be effected ; that unless it were in some measure effected, he and I and all of us, I first and soonest of all, were doomed to perdition !—Effected it will be ; unless it were a Demon that made this Universe ; which I, for my own part, do at no moment, under no form, in the least believe.

May it please your Serene Highnesses, your Majesties, Lordships and Law-wardships, the proper Epic of this world is not now ‘Arms and the Man ;’ how much less, ‘Shirt-frills and the Man :’ no, it is now ‘Tools and the Man :’ that, henceforth to all time is now our Epic ; and you, first of all others, I think, were wise to take note of that !

## CHAPTER XIII.

## DEMOCRACY.

IF the Serene Highnesses and Majesties do not take note of that, then, as I perceive, *that* will take note of itself! The time for levity, insincerity, and idle babble and play-acting, in all kinds, is gone by; it is a serious, grave time. Old long-vexed questions, not yet solved in logical words or parliamentary laws, are fast solving themselves in facts, somewhat unblest to behold! This largest of questions, this question of Work and Wages, which ought, had we heeded Heaven's voice to have begun two generations ago or more, cannot be delayed longer without hearing Earth's voice. 'Labour' will verily need to be somewhat 'organised,' as they say,—God knows with what difficulty. Man will actually need to have his debts and earnings a little better paid by man; which, let Parliaments speak of them or be silent of them, are eternally his due from man, and cannot, without penalty and at length not without death-penalty, be withheld. How much ought to cease among us straightway; how much ought to begin straightway, while the hours yet are!

Truly they are strange results to which this of leaving all to 'Cash;' of quietly shutting up the God's Temple, and gradually opening wide-open the Mammon's Temple, with 'Laissez-faire, and Every man for himself,'—have led us in these days! We have Upper, speaking Classes, who indeed do 'speak' as never man spake before; the withered flimsiness, the godless baseness and barrenness of whose Speech might of itself indicate what kind of Doing and practical Governing went on under it! For Speech is the gaseous element out of which most kinds of Practice and Performance, especially all kinds of moral Performance, condense themselves, and take shape; as the one is, so will the other be. Descending, accordingly, into the Dumb Class in its Stockport Cellars and Poor-Law Bastilles, have we not to announce that they also are hitherto unexampled in the History of Adam's Posterity?

Life was never a May-game for men : in all times the lot of the dumb millions born to toil was defaced with manifold sufferings, injustices, heavy burdens, avoidable and unavoidable ; not play at all, but hard work that made the sinews sore, and the heart sore. As bond-slaves, *villani*, *bordarii*, *sochemanni*, nay indeed as dukes, earls and kings, men were oftentimes made weary of their life ; and had to say, in the sweat of their brow and of their soul, Behold it is not sport, it is grim earnest, and our back can bear no more ! Who knows not what massacings and harryings there have been ; grinding, long-continuing, unbearable injustices,—till the heart had to rise in madness, and some “ *Eu Sachsen, nimith euer sachsen*, You Saxons, out with your gully-knives then ! ” You Saxons, some ‘ arrestment,’ partial ‘ arrestment of the Knaves and Dastards ’ has become indispensable !—The page of Dryasdust is heavy with such details.

And yet I will venture to believe that in no time, since the beginnings of Society, was the lot of those same dumb millions of toilers so entirely unbearable as it is even in the days now passing over us. It is not to die, or even to die of hunger, that makes a man wretched ; many men have died ; all men must die,—the last exit of us all is in a Fire-Chariot of Pain. But it is to live miserable we know not why ; to work sore and yet gain nothing ; to be heart-worn, weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girt in with a cold universal *Laissez-faire* : it is to die slowly all our life long, imprisoned in a deaf, dead, Infinite Injustice, as in the accursed iron belly of a Phalaris’ Bull ! This is and remains forever intolerable to all men whom God has made. Do we wonder at French Revolutions, Chartisms, Revolts of Three Days ? The times, if we will consider them, are really unexampled.

Never before did I hear of an Irish Widow reduced to ‘ prove her sisterhood by dying of typhus-fever and infecting ‘seventeen persons,’—saying in such undeniable way, “ You see, I was your sister ! ” Sisterhood, brotherhood was often forgotten : but not till the rise of these ultimate Mammon and Shotbelt Gospels, did I ever see it so expressly denied. If no pious Lord or *Law-ward* would remember it, always some

pious Lady ('*Hlaf-dig*,' Benefactress, '*Loaf-giveress*,' they say she is,—blessings on her beautiful heart!) was there, with mild mother-voice and hand, to remember it; some pious thoughtful *Elder*, what we now call '*Prester*,' *Presbyter* or '*Priest*,' was there to put all men in mind of it, in the name of the God who had made all.

Not even in Black Dahomey was it ever, I think, forgotten to the typhus-fever length. Mungo Park, resourceless, had sunk down to die under the Negro Village-Tree, a horrible White object in the eyes of all. But in the poor Black Woman, and her daughter who stood aghast at him, whose earthly wealth and funded capital consisted of one small calabash of rice, there lived a heart richer than '*Laissez-faire*:' they, with a royal munificence, boiled their rice for him; they sang all night to him, spinning assiduous on their cotton distaffs, as he lay to sleep: "Let us pity the poor white man; no mother has he to fetch him milk, no sister to grind him corn!" Thou poor black Noble One,—thou *Lady* too: did not a God make thee too; was there not in thee too something of a God!—

Gurth born thrall of Cedric the Saxon has been greatly pitied by Dryasdust and others. Gurth with the brass collar round his neck, tending Cedric's pigs in the glades of the wood, is not what I call an exemplar of human felicity: but Gurth, with the sky above him, with the free air and tinted boscage and umbrage round him, and in him at least the certainty of supper and social lodging when he came home; Gurth to me seems happy, in comparison with many a Lancashire and Buckinghamshire man, of these days, not born thrall of anybody! Gurth's brass collar did not gall him: Cedric *deserved* to be his Master. The pigs were Cedric's, but Gurth too would get his parings of them. Gurth had the inexpressible satisfaction of feeling himself related indissolubly, though in a rude brass-collar way, to his fellow-mortals in this Earth. He had superiors, inferiors, equals.—Gurth is now 'emancipated' long since; has what we call '*Liberty*.' Liberty, I am told, is a Divine thing. Liberty when it becomes the '*Liberty to die by starvation*' is not so divine!

Liberty? The true liberty of a man you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out the right path, and to walk thereon. To learn or to be taught, what work he actually was able for; and then by permission, persuasion, and even compulsion, to set about doing of the same! That is his true blessedness, honour, 'liberty' and maximum of well being: if liberty be not that, I for one have small care about liberty. You do not allow a palpable madman to leap over precipices; you violate his liberty, you that are wise; and keep him, were it in straight-waistcoats, away from the precipices! Every stupid, every cowardly and foolish man is but a less palpable madman: his true liberty were that a wiser man, that any and every wiser man, could, by brass collars, or in whatever milder or sharper way, lay hold of him when he was going wrong, and order and compel him to go a little righter. O if thou really art my *Senior*, Seigneur, my *Elder*, Presbyter or Priest,—if thou art in very deed my *Wiser*, may a beneficent instinct lead and impel thee to 'conquer' me, to command me! If thou do know better than I what is good and right, I conjure you in the name of God, force me to do it; were it by never such brass collars, whips and handcuffs, leave me not to walk over precipices! That I have been called, by all the Newspapers, a 'free man' will avail me little, if my pilgrimage have ended in death and wreck. O that the Newspapers had called me slave, coward, fool, or what it pleased their sweet voices to name me, and I had attained not death, but life!—Liberty requires new definitions.

A conscious abhorrence and intolerance of Folly, of Base-ness, Stupidity, Poltroonery and all that brood of things, dwells deep in some men: still deeper in others and *uncon-*scious abhorrence and intolérance, clothed moreover by the beneficent Supreme Powers in what stout appetites, energies, egoisms so-called, are suitable to it;—these latter are your Conquerors, Romans, Normans, Russians, Indo-English; Founders of what we call Aristocracies. Which indeed have they not the most 'divine right' to found;—being themselves very truly *Ἀριστοί*, BRAVEST, BEST; and conquering generally



a confused rabble of WORST, or at lowest, clearly enough, of WORSE? I think their divine right, tried with affirmatory verdict, in the greatest Law-Court known to me, was good! A class of men who are dreadfully exclaimed against by Dryasdust; of whom nevertheless beneficent Nature has oftentimes had need; and may, alas, again have need.

When, across the hundredfold poor scepticisms, trivialisms, and constitutional cobwebberies of Dryasdust, you catch any glimpse of a William the Conqueror, a Tancred of Hauteville or such like,—do you not discern veritably some rude outline of a true God-made King; whom not the Champion of England cased in tin, but all Nature and the Universe were calling to the throne? It is absolutely necessary that he get thither. Nature does not mean her poor Saxon children to perish, of obesity, stupor or other malady, as yet: a stern Ruler and Line of Rulers therefore is called in,—a stern but most beneficent *Perpetual House-Surgeon* is by Nature herself called in, and even the appropriate *fees* are provided for him! Dryasdust talks lamentably about Hereward and the Fen Counties; fate of Earl Waltheof; Yorkshire and the North reduced to ashes; all which is undoubtedly lamentable. But even Dryasdust apprises me of one fact: ‘A child, in this William’s reign, might have carried a purse of gold from end to end of England.’ My erudite friend, it is a fact which outweighs a thousand! Sweep away thy constitutional, sentimental and other cobwebberies; look eye to eye, if thou still have any eye, in the face of this big burly William Bastard: thou wilt see a fellow of most flashing discernment, of most strong lion-heart;—in whom, as it were, within a frame of oak and iron, the gods have planted the soul of ‘a man of genius!’ Dost thou call that nothing? I call it an immense thing!—Rage enough was in this Willelmus Conquestor, rage enough for his occasions;—and yet the essential element of him, as of all such men, is not scorching *fire*, but shining illuminative *light*. Fire and light are strangely interchangeable; nay, at bottom, I have found them different forms of the same most godlike ‘elementary substance’ in our world: a thing worth stating in these days. The essential element

of this Conquestor is, first of all, the most sun-eyed perception of what is really what on this God's-Earth ;—which, thou wilt find, does mean at bottom ‘Justice,’ and ‘Virtues’ not a few : *Conformity* to what the Maker has been good to make ; that, I suppose, will mean Justice and a Virtue or two ?—

Dost thou think Willelmus Conquestor would have tolerated ten years’ jargon, on the propriety of killing Cotton-manufactures by partridge Corn-Laws ? I fancy, this was not the man to knock out of his night’s-rest with nothing but a noisy bedlamism in your mouth ! “Assist us still better to bush the partridges ; strangle Plugson who spins the shirts ?”—“*Par la Splendeur de Dieu !*”—Dost thou think Willelmus Conquestor, in this new time, with Steamengine Captains of Industry on one hand of him, and Joe-Manton Captains of Idleness on the other, would have doubted which *was* really the BEST ; which did deserve strangling, and which not ?

I have a certain indestructible regard for Willelmus Conquestor. A resident House-Surgeon, provided by Nature for her beloved English People, and even furnished with the requisite fees as I said ; for he by no means felt himself doing Nature’s work, this Willelmus, but his own work exclusively ! And his own work withal it was ; informed ‘*par la Splendeur de Dieu.*’—I say, it is necessary to get the work out of such a man, however harsh that be ! When a world, not yet doomed for death, is rushing down to ever-deeper Baseness and Confusion, it is a dire necessity of Nature’s to bring in her ARISTOCRACIES, her BEST, even by forcible methods. When their descendants or representatives cease entirely to *be* the Best, Nature’s poor world will very soon rush down again to Baseness ; and it becomes a dire necessity of Nature’s to cast them out. Hence French Revolutions, Five-point Charters, Democracies, and a mournful list of *Elceteras*, in these our afflicted times.

To what extent Democracy has now reached, how it advances irresistible with ominous, ever-increasing speed, he that will open his eyes on any province of human affairs may discern. Democracy is everywhere the inexorable demand of these ages, swiftly fulfilling itself. From the thunder of

Napoleon battles, to the jabbering of Open-vestry in St. Mary Axe, all things announce Democracy. A distinguished man, whom some of my readers will hear again with pleasure, thus writes to me what in these days he notes from the Wahngasse of Weissnichtwo, where our London fashions seem to be in full vogue. Let us hear the Herr Teufelsdröckh again, were it but the smallest word!

‘Democracy, which means despair of finding any Heroes to govern you, and contented putting up with the want of them,—alas, thou too, *mein Lieber*, seest well how close it is of kin to *Atheism*, and other sad *Isms*: he who discovers no God whatever, how shall he discover Heroes, the visible Temples of God?—Strange enough meanwhile it is, to observe with what thoughtlessness, here in our rigidly Conservative Country, men rush into Democracy with full cry. Beyond doubt, his Excellenz the Titular Herr Ritter Kauderwälsch von Pferdefuss-Quacksalber, he our distinguished Conservative Premier himself, and all but the thicker-headed of his Party, discern Democracy to be inevitable as death, and are even desperate of delaying it much!

‘You cannot walk the streets without beholding Democracy announce itself: the very Tailor has become, if not properly Sanseulottic, which to him would be ruinous, yet a Tailor unconsciously symbolising, and prophesying with his scissors, the reign of Equality. What now is our fashionable coat? A thing of superfinest texture, of deeply meditated cut; with Malines-lace cuffs; quilted with gold; so that a man can carry without difficulty an estate of land on his back? *Keineswegs*, By no manner of means! The Sumptuary Laws have fallen into such a state of desuetude as was never before seen. Our fashionable coat is an amphibium between barnsack and drayman’s doublet. The cloth of it is studiously coarse; the colour a speckled soot-black or rust-brown grey;—the nearest approach to a Peasant’s. And for shape, thou shouldst see it! The last consummation of the year now passing over us is definable as Three Bags: a big bag for the body, two small bags for the arms, and by way of collar a hem! The first Antique Cheruscan who, of felt-cloth or

‘bear’s-hide, with bone or metal needle, set about making himself a coat, before Tailors had yet awakened out of Nothing,—did not he make it even so? A loose wide poke for body, with two holes to let out the arms; this was his original coat: to which holes it was soon visible that two small loose pokes, or sleeves, easily appended, would be an improvement.

‘Thus has the Tailor art, so to speak, overset itself, like most other things; changed its centre-of-gravity; whirled suddenly over from zenith to nadir. Your Stulz, with huge somersets, vaults from his high shopboard down to the depths of primal savagery,—carrying much along with him! For I will invite thee to reflect that the Tailor, as topmost ultimate froth of Human Society, is indeed swift-passing, evanescent, slippery to decipher; yet significant of much, nay of all. Topmost evanescent froth, he is churned up from the very lees, and from all intermediate regions of the liquor. The general outcome he, visible to the eye, of what men aimed to do, and were obliged and enabled to do, in this one public department of symbolising themselves to each other by covering of their skins. A smack of all Human Life lies in the Tailor: its wild struggles towards beauty, dignity, freedom, victory; and how, hemmed in by Sedan and Huddersfield, by Nescience, Dulness, Prurience, and other sad necessities and laws of Nature, it has attained just to this: Grey savagery of Three Sacks with a hem!

‘When the very Tailor verges toward Sansculottism, is it not ominous? The last Divinity of poor mankind dethroning himself; sinking *his* taper too, flame downmost, like the Genius of Sleep or of Death; admonitory that Tailor-time shall be no more!—For, little as one could advise Sumptuary Laws at the present epoch, yet nothing is clearer than that where ranks do actually exist, strict division of costumes will also be enforced; that if we ever have a new Hierarchy and Aristocracy, acknowledged veritably as such, for which I daily pray Heaven, the Tailor will reawaken; and be, by volunteering and appointment, consciously and unconsciously, a safeguard of that same.’—Certain further observa-

tions, from the same invaluable pen, on our never-ending changes of mode, our 'perpetual nomadic and even ape-like appetite for change and mere change' in all the equipments of our existence, and the 'fatal revolutionary character' thereby manifested, we suppress for the present. It may be admitted that Democracy, in all meanings of the word, is in full career; irresistible by any Ritter Kauderwalsch or other Son of Adam, as times go. 'Liberty' is a thing men are determined to have.

But truly, as I have to remark in the meanwhile, 'the liberty of not being oppressed by your fellow man' is an indispensable, yet one of the most insignificant fractional parts of Human Liberty. No man oppresses thee, can bid thee fetch or carry, come or go, without reason shown. True; from all men thou art emancipated: but from Thyself and from the Devil—? No man, wiser, unwiser, can make thee come or go: but thy own futilities, bewilderments, thy false appetites for Money, Windsor Georges and such like? No man oppresses thee, O free and independent Franchiser: but does not this stupid Porter-pot oppress thee? No Son of Adam can bid thee come or go; but this absurd Pot of Heavy wet, this can and does! Thou art the thrall not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites, and this scoured dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy 'liberty?' **Thou entire blockhead!**

Heavy-wet and gin: alas, these are not the only kinds of thralldom. Thou who walkest in a vain shew, looking out with ornamental diletante sniff, and serene supremacy, at all Life and all Death; and amblest jauntily; perking up thy poor talk into crochets, thy poor conduct into fatuous somnambulisms;—and *art* as an 'enchanted Ape' under God's sky, where thou mightest have been a man, had proper Schoolmasters and Conquerors, and Constables with cat-o'-nine tails, been vouchsafed thee; dost thou call that 'liberty?' Or your unreposing Mammon-worshipper, again, driven, as if by Galvanisms, by Devils and Fixed-Ideas, who rises early and sits late, chasing the impossible; straining every faculty



to 'fill himself with the east wind,'—how merciful were it, could you, by mild persuasion or by the severest tyranny so-called, check him in his mad path, and turn him into a wiser one! All painful tyranny, in that case again, were but mild 'surgery;' the pain of it cheap, as health and life, instead of galvanism and fixed-idea, are cheap at any price.

Sure enough, of all paths a man could strike into, there *is*, at any given moment, a *best path* for every man; a thing which, here and now, it were of all things *wisest* for him to do;—which could he be but led or driven to do, he were then doing 'like a man,' as we phrase it; all men and gods agreeing with him, the whole Universe virtually exclaiming Well-done to him! His success, in such case, were complete; his felicity a maximum. This path, to find this path and walk in it, is the one thing needful for him. Whatsoever forwards him in that, let it come to him even in the shape of blows and spurnings, is liberty: whatsoever hinders him, were it wardmotes, open-vestries, pollbooths tremendous cheers, rivers of heavy-wet, is slavery.

The notion that a man's liberty consists in giving his vote at election-hustings, and saying, "Behold now I too have my twenty-thousandth part of a Talker in our National Palaver; will not all the gods be good to me?"—is one of the pleasantest! Nature nevertheless is kind at present; and puts it into the heads of many, almost of all. The liberty especially which has to purchase itself by social isolation, and each man standing separate from the other, having 'no business with him' but a cash-account: this is such a liberty as the Earth seldom saw;—as the Earth will not long put up with, recommend it how you may. This liberty turns out, before it have long continued in action, with all men flinging up their caps round it, to be, for the Working Millions a liberty to die by want of food; for the Idle Thousands and Units, alas, a still more fatal liberty to live in want of work; to have no earnest duty to do in this God's-World any more. What becomes of a man in such predicament? Earth's Laws are silent; and Heaven's speak in a voice which is not heard. No work, and the ineradicable need of work, give rise to new very wondrous

life-philosophies, new very wondrous life-practices! Dilettantism, Pococurantism, Beau-Brummelism, with perhaps an occasional, half-mad, protesting burst of Byronism, establish themselves: at the end of a certain period, if you go back to 'the Dead Sea,' there is, say our Moslem friends, a very strange 'Sabbath-day' transacting itself there!—Brethren, we know but imperfectly yet, after ages of Constitutional Government, what Liberty and Slavery are.

Democracy, the chase of Liberty in that direction, shall go its full course; unrestrainable by him of Pferdefuss-Quacksalber, or any of *his* household. The Toiling Millions of Mankind, in most vital need and passionate instinctive desire of Guidance, shall cast away False-Guidance; and hope, for an hour, that No-Guidance will suffice them: but it can be for an hour only. The smallest item of human Slavery is the oppression of man by his Mock-Superiors; the palpeablest, but I say at bottom the smallest. Let him shake off such oppression, trample it indignantly under his feet; I blame him not, I pity and commend him. But oppression by your Mock-Superiors well shaken off, the grand problem yet remains to solve: That of finding government by your Real-Superiors! Alas, how shall we ever learn the solution of that, benighted, bewildered, sniffing, sneering, godforgetting unfortunates as we are? It is a work for centuries; to be taught us by tribulations, confusions, insurrections, obstructions; who knows if not by conflagration and despair! It is a lesson inclusive of all other lessons; the hardest of all lessons to learn.

One thing I do know: Those Apes, chattering on the branches by the Dead Sea, never got it learned; but chatter there to this day. To them no Moses need come a second time; a thousand Moseses would be but so many painted Phantasms, interesting Fellow-Apes of new strange aspect,—whom they would 'invite to dinner,' be glad to meet with in lion-soirées. To them the voice of Prophecy, of heavenly monition, is quite ended. They chatter there, all Heaven shut to them, to the end of the world. The unfortunates! O, what is dying of hunger, with honest tools in your hand,

with a manful purpose in your heart, and much real labour lying round you done in comparison? You honestly quit your tools; quit a most muddy, confused coil of sore work, short rations, of sorrows, dispiriments and contradictions, having now honestly done with it all;—and await, not entirely in a distracted manner, what the Supreme Powers, and the Silences and the Eternities may have to say to you.

A second thing I know: This lesson will have to be learned, —under penalties! England will either learn it, or England also will cease to exist among Nations. England will either learn to reverence its Heroes, and discriminate them from its Sham-Heroes and Valets and gaslighted Histrios; and to prize them as the audible God's-voice, amid all inane jargons and temporary market-cries, and say to them with heart-loyalty, "Be ye King and Priest, and Gospel and Guidance for us:" or else England will continue to worship new and ever-new forms of Quackhood,—and so, with what resiliences and reboundings matters little, go down to the Father of 'Quacks! Can I dread such things of England? Wretched, thick-eyed, gross-hearted mortals, why will ye worship lies, and 'Stuffed Clothes-suits, created by the ninth-parts of men!' It is not your purses that suffer; your farm-rents, your commerces, your mill-revenues, loud as ye lament over these; no, it is not these alone, but a far deeper than these: it is your souls that lie dead, crushed down under despicable Nightmares, Atheisms, Brain-fumes; and are not souls at all, but mere succedanea for salt to keep your bodies and their appetites from putrefying! Your cotton-spinning and thrice-miraculous mechanism, what is this too, by itself, but a larger kind of Animalism? Spiders can spin, Beavers can build and shew contrivance; the Ant lays up accumulation of capital, and has, for aught I know, a Bank of Antland. If there is no soul in man higher than all that, did it reach to sailing on the cloud-rack and spinning sea-sand; then I say, man is but an animal, a more cunning kind of brute: he has no soul, but only a succedaneum for salt. Whereupon, seeing himself to be truly of the beasts that perish, he ought to admit it, I

think ;—and also straightway universally to kill himself ; and so, in a manlike manner, at least, *end*, and wave these brute-worlds *his* dignified farewell !—

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## CHAPTER XIV.

SIR JABESH WINDBAG.

OLIVER CROMWELL, whose body they hung on their Tyburn Gallows because he had found the Christian Religion inexecutable in this country, remains to me by far the remarkablest Governor we have had here for the last five centuries or so. For the last five centuries, there has been no Governor among us with anything like similar talent ; and for the last two centuries, no Governor, we may say, with the possibility of similar talent,—with an idea in the heart of him capable of inspiring similar talent, capable of coexisting therewith. When you consider that Oliver believed in a God, the difference between Oliver's position and that of any subsequent Governor of this Country becomes, the more you reflect on it, the more immeasurable !

Oliver, no volunteer in Public Life, but plainly a ballotted soldier strictly ordered thither, enters upon Public Life ; comports himself there like a man who carried his own life in his hand ; like a man whose Great Commander's eye was always on him. Not without results. 'Oliver, well advanced in years, finds now, by Destiny and his own Deservings, or as he himself better phrased it, by wondrous successive 'Births of Providence,' the Government of England put into his hands. In senate-house and battle-field, in counsel and in action, in private and in public, this man has proved himself a man : England and the voice of God, through waste awful whirlwinds and environments, speaking to his great heart, summon him to assert formally, in the way of solemn Public Fact and as a new piece of English Law, what informally and by Nature's eternal Law needed no asserting, That he, Oliver, was the Ablest-Man of England, the King of England ; that he, Oliver,

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would undertake governing England. His way of making the same 'assertion,' the one way he had of making it, has given rise to immense criticism : but the assertion itself in what way soever 'made,' is it not somewhat of a solemn one, somewhat of a tremendous one !

And now do but contrast this Oliver with my right honourable friend Sir Jabesh Windbag, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Viscount Mealmouth, Earl of Windlestraw, or what other Cagliostro, Cagliostrino, Cagliostraccio, the course of Fortune and Parliamentary Majorities has constitutionally guided to that dignity, any time during these last sorrowful hundred-and-fifty years ! Windbag, weak in the faith of a God, which he believes only at Church on Sundays, if even then ; strong only in the faith that Paragraphs and Plausibilities bring votes ; that force of Public Opinion as he calls it, is the primal Necessity of Things, and highest God we have :—Windbag, if we will consider him, has a problem set before him which may be ranged in the impossible class. He is a Columbus minded to sail to the indistinct country of NOWHERE, to the indistinct country of WHITHERWARD,\* by the *friendship* of those same waste-tumbling Water-Alps and howling waltz of All the Winds ; not by conquest of them and in spite of them, but by friendship of them, when once *they* have made up their mind ! He is the most original Columbus I ever saw. Nay, his problem is not an impossible one : he will infallibly *arrive* at that same country of NOWHERE ; his indistinct Whitherward will be a *Thither*-ward ! In the Ocean Abysses and Locker of Davy Jones, there certainly enough do he and *his* ship's company, and all their cargo and navigatings, at last find lodgement.

Oliver knew that his America lay THERE, Westward Ho :—and it was not entirely by *friendship* of the Water-Alps, and yeasty insane Froth-Oceans, that he meant to get thither ! He sailed accordingly ; had compass-card, and Rules of Navigation, —older and greater than these Froth-Oceans, old as the Eternal God ! Or again, do but think of this. Windbag in these his probable five years of office has to prosper and get Paragraphs : the Paragraphs of these five years must be his salva-



tion, or he is a lost man ; redemption nowhere in the Worlds or in the Times discoverable for him. Oliver too would like his Paragraphs ; successes, popularities in these five years are not undesirable to him : but mark, I say, this enormous circumstance : *after* these five years are gone and done, comes an Eternity for Oliver ! Oliver has to appear before the Most High Judge : the utmost flow of Paragraphs, the utmost ebb of them, is now, in strictest arithmetic, verily no matter at all ; its exact value *zero* ; an account altogether erased ! Enormous ;—which a man, in these days, hardly fancies with an effort ! Oliver's Paragraphs are all done, his battles, division-lists, successes all summed : and now in that awful unerring Court of Review, the real question first rises, Whether he has succeeded at all ; whether he has not been defeated miserably forevermore ? Let him come with world-wide *Io-Pæans*, these avail him not. Let him come covered over with the world's execrations, gashed with ignominious death-wounds, the gallows-rope about his neck : what avails that ? The word is, Come thou brave and faithful ; the word is, Depart thou quack and accursed !

O Windbag, my right honourable friend, in very truth I pity thee. I say, these Paragraphs, and low or loud votings of thy poor fellow-blockheads of mankind, will never guide thee in any enterprise at all. Govern a country on such guidance ? Thou canst not make a pair of shoes, sell a penny-worth of tape, on such. No, thy shoes are vamped up falsely to meet the market ; behold, the leather only *seemed* to be tanned ; thy shoes melt under me to rubbishy pulp, and are not veritable mud-defying shoes, but plausible vendible similitudes of shoes,—thou unfortunate, and I ! O my right honourable friend, when the Paragraphs flowed in, who was like Sir Jabesh ? On the swelling tide he mounted ; higher, higher, triumphant, heaven-high. But the Paragraphs again ebbed out, as unwise Paragraphs needs must : Sir Jabesh lies stranded, sunk and forever sinking in ignominious ooze ; the Mud-nymphs, and ever-deepening bottomless Oblivion, his portion to eternal time. 'Posterity ?' Thou appealest to Posterity, thou ? My right honourable friend, what will Pos-

terity do for thee! The voting of Posterity, were it continued through centuries in thy favour, will be quite inaudible, extra-forensic, without any effect whatever. Posterity can do simply nothing for a man; nor even seem to do much, if the man be not brainsick. Besides, to tell thee truth, the bets are a thousand to one, Posterity will not hear of thee, my right honourable friend! Posterity, I have found, has generally his own Windbags sufficiently trumpeted in all market-places, and no leisure to attend to ours. Posterity which has made of Norse Odin a similitude, and of Norman William a brute monster, what will or can it make of English Jabesh? O Heavens, 'Posterity!'—

"These poor persecuted Scotch Covenanters," said I to my inquiring Frenchman, in such stunted French as stood at command, "*ils s'en appelaient à*"—"A la Postérité," interrupted he, helping me out.—"*Ah, Monsieur, non, mille fois non!* They appealed to the Eternal God; not to Posterity at all! *C'était différent.*"

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## CHAPTER XV.

MORRISON AGAIN.

NEVERTHELESS, O advanced Liberal, one cannot promise thee any 'New Religion,' for some time; to say truth, I do not think we have the smallest chance of any! Will the candid reader, by way of closing this Book Third, listen to a few transient remarks on that subject?

Candid readers have not lately met with any man who had less notion to interfere with their Thirty-Nine, or other Church-Articles; wherewith, very helplessly, as is like, they may have struggled to form for themselves some not inconceivable hypothesis about this Universe, and their own Existence there. Superstition, my friend, is far from me; Fanaticism, for any *Fatum* likely to arise soon on this Earth, is far. A man's Church-Articles are surely articles of price to him; and in these times one has to be tolerant of many strange 'Articles,' and of many still stranger 'No-articles,' which go about placarding themselves in a very distracted manner,—the numer-

ous long placard-poles, and questionable infirm paste-pots, interfering with one's peaceable thoroughfare sometimes!

Fancy a man, moreover, recommending his fellow-men to believe in God, that so Chartism might abate, and the Manchester Operatives be got to spin peaceably! The idea is more distracted than any placard-pole seen hitherto in a public thoroughfare of men! My friend, if thou ever do come to believe in God, thou wilt find all Chartism, Manchester riot, Parliamentary incompetence, Ministries of Windbag, and the wildest Social Dissolutions, and the burning up of this entire Planet, a most small matter in comparison. Brother, this Planet, I find, is but an inconsiderable sandgrain in the continents of Being: this Planet's poor temporary interests, thy interests and my interests there, when I looked fixedly into that eternal Light-Sea and Flame-Sea with *its* eternal interests, dwindle literally into Nothing; my speech of it is--silence for the while. I will as soon think of making Galaxies and Star-Systems to guide little herring-vessels by, as of preaching Religion that the Constable may continue possible. O my Advanced-Liberal friend, this new second progress, of proceeding 'to invent God,' is a very strange one! Jacobinism unfolded into Saint-Simonism bodes innumerable blessed things; but the thing itself might draw tears from a Stoic!—As for me, some twelve or thirteen New Religions, heavy Packets, most of them unfranked, having arrived here from various parts of the world, in a space of six calendar months, I have instructed my invaluable friend the Stamped Postman to introduce no more of them, if the charge exceed one penny.

Henry of Essex, duelling in that Thames Island, 'near to Reading Abbey,' had a religion. But was it in virtue of his seeing armed Phantasms of St. Edmund 'on the rim of the horizon,' looking minatory on him? Had that, intrinsically, anything to do with his religion at all? Henry of Essex's religion was the Inner Light or Moral Conscience of his own soul; such as is vouchsafed still to all souls of men;—which Inner Light shone here 'through such intellectual and other media' as there were; producing 'Phantasms,' Kircherean Visual-

Spectra, according to circumstances ! It is so with all men. The clearer my Inner Light may shine, through the *less* turbid media ; the *fewer* Phantasms it may produce,—the gladder surely shall I be, and not the sorrier ! Hast thou reflected, O serious reader, Advanced-Liberal or other, that the one end, essence, use of all religion past, present and to come, was this only : To keep that same Moral Conscience or Inner Light of ours alive and shining ;—which certainly the ‘Phantasms’ and the ‘turbid media’ were not essential for ! All religion was here to remind us, better or worse, of what we already know better or worse, of the quite *infinite* difference there is between a Good man and a Bad ; to bid us love infinitely the one, abhor and avoid infinitely the other,—strive infinitely to *be* the one, and not to be the other. ‘All religion issues in due Practical Hero-worship.’ He that has a soul unasphyxied will never want a religion ; he that has a soul asphyxied, reduced to a succedaneum for salt, will never find any religion, though you rose from the dead to preach him one.

But indeed, when men and reformers ask for ‘a religion,’ it is analogous to their asking, ‘What would you have us to do?’ and such like. They fancy that their religion too shall be a kind of Morrison’s Pill, which they have only to swallow once, and all will be well. Resolutely once gulp down your Religion, your Morrison’s Pill, you have it all plain sailing now : you can follow your affairs, your no-affairs, go along money-hunting, pleasure-hunting, dilettanteing, dangling, and miming and chattering like a Dead-Sea Ape : your Morrison will do your business for you. Men’s notions are very strange !—Brother, I say there is not, was not, nor will ever be, in the wide circle of Nature, any Pill or Religion of that character. Man cannot afford thee such ; for the very gods it is impossible. I advise thee to renounce Morrison ; once for all, quit hope of the Universal Pill. For body, for soul, for individual or society, there has not any such article been made. *Non extat.* In Created Nature it is not, was not, will not be. In the void imbroglios of Chaos only, and realms of Bedlam, does some shadow of it hover, to bewilder and bemoek the poor inhabitants *there*.

Rituals, Liturgies, Creeds, Hierarchies: all this is not religion; all this, were it dead as Odinism, as Fetishism, does not kill religion at all! It is Stupidity alone, with never so many rituals, that kills religion. Is not this still a world? Spinning Cotton under Arkwright and Adam Smith; founding Cities by the Fountain of Juturna, on the Janiculum Mount; tilling Canaan under Prophet Samuel and Psalmist David, man is ever man; the missionary of Unseen Powers; and great and victorious, while he continues true to his mission; mean, miserable, foiled, and at last annihilated and trodden out of sight and memory, when he proves untrue. Brother, thou art a Man, I think; thou art not a mere building Beaver, or two-legged Cotton-Spider; thou hast verily a Soul in thee, asphyxied or otherwise! Sooty Manchester,—it too is built on the infinite Abysses; overspanned by the skyey Firmaments; and there is birth in it, and death in it;—and it is every whit as wonderful, as fearful, unimaginable, as the oldest Salem or Prophetic City. Go or stand, in what time, in what place we will, are there not Immensities, Eternities over us, around us, in us:

‘ Solemn before us,  
 Veiled, the dark Portal,  
 Goal of all mortal;—  
 Stars silent rest o’er us,  
 Graves under us silent!’

Between *these* two great Silences, the hum of all our spinning cylinders, Trades-Unions, Anti-Corn-Law Leagues and Carlton Clubs goes on. Stupidity itself ought to pause a little, and consider that. I tell thee, through all thy Ledgers, Supply-and-demand Philosophies, and daily most modern melancholy Business and Cant, there does shine the presence of a Primeval Unspeakable; and thou wert wise to recognise, not with lips only, that same!

The Maker’s Laws, whether they are promulgated in Sinai Thunder, to the ear or imagination, or quite otherwise promulgated, are the Laws of God; transcendent, everlasting, imperatively demanding obedience from all men. This, without any



thunder, or with never so much thunder, thou, if there be any soul left in thee, canst know of a truth. The Universe, I say, is made by Law ; the great Soul of the World is just and not unjust. Look thou, if thou have eyes or soul left, into this great shoreless Incomprehensible ; in the heart of its tumultuous Appearances, Embroilments, and mad Time-vortexes, is there not, silent, eternal, an All-just, an All-beautiful ; sole Reality and ultimate controlling Power of the whole ? This is not a figure of speech ; this is a fact. The fact of Gravitation known to all animals, is not surer than this inner Fact, which may be known to all men. He who knows this, it will sink, silent, awful, unspeakable, into his heart. He will say with Faust : “ Who *dare* name HIM ? ” Most rituals or ‘ namings ’ he will fall in with at present, are like to be ‘ namings ’—which shall be nameless ! In silence, in the Eternal Temple, let him worship, if there be no fit word. Such knowledge, the crown of his whole spiritual being, the life of his life, let him keep and sacredly walk by. He has a religion. Hourly and daily, for himself and for the whole world, a faithful, unspoken, but not ineffectual prayer rises, “ Thy will be done.” His whole work on Earth is an emblematic spoken or acted prayer, Be the will of God done on Earth,—not the Devil’s will, or any of the Devil’s servants’ wills ! He has a religion, this man ; an everlasting Loadstar that beams the brighter in the Heavens, the darker here on Earth grows the night around him. Thou, if thou know not this, what are all rituals, liturgies, mythologies, mass-chantings, turnings of the rotatory calabash ? They are as nothing ; in a good many respects they are as *less*. Divorced from this, getting half-divorced from this, they are a thing to fill one with a kind of horror ; with a sacred inexpressible pity and fear. The most tragical thing a human eye can look on. It was said to the Prophet, “ Behold, I will shew thee worse things than these : women weeping to Thammuz.” That was the acme of the Prophet’s vision—then as now.

Rituals, Liturgies, Credos, Sinai Thunder : I know more or less the history of these ; the rise, progress, decline and fall of these. Can thunder from all the thirty-two azimuths, repeated daily for centuries of years, make God’s Laws more

godlike to me? Brother, No. Perhaps I am grown to be a man now; and do not need the thunder and the terror any longer! Perhaps I am above being frightened; perhaps it is not Fear, but Reverence alone, that shall now lead me!—Revelations, Inspirations? Yes: and thy own god-created Soul; dost thou not call that a ‘revelation?’ Who made THEE? Where didst Thou come from? The Voice of Eternity, if thou be not a blasphemer and poor asphyxied mute, speaks with that tongue of thine! *Thou* art the latest Birth of Nature; it is ‘the Inspiration of the Almighty’ that giveth *thee* understanding! My brother, my brother!—

Under baleful Atheisms, Mammonisms, Joe-Manton Dilettantisms, with their appropriate Cants and Idolisms, and whatsoever scandalous rubbish obscures and all but extinguishes the soul of man,—religion now is; its Laws, written if not on stone tables, yet on the Azure of Infinitude, in the inner heart of God’s Creation, certain as Life, certain as Death! I say the Laws are there, and thou shalt not disobey them. It were better for thee not. Better a hundred deaths than yes. Terrible ‘penalties’ withal, if thou still need ‘penalties,’ are there for disobeying. Dost thou observe, O redtape Politician, that fiery infernal Phenomenon, which men name FRENCH REVOLUTION, sailing unlooked-for, unbidden; through thy inane Protocol Dominion:—far-seen, with splendour not of Heaven? Ten centuries will see it. There were Tanneries at Meudon for human skins. And Hell, very truly Hell, had power over God’s upper Earth for a season. The cruelest Portent that has risen into created Space these ten centuries: let us hail it, with awestruck repentant hearts, as the voice once more of a God, though of one in wrath. Blessed be the God’s voice; for *it* is true, and Falsehoods have to cease before it! But for that same preternatural quasi-infernal Portent, one could not know what to make of this wretched world, in these days, at all. The deplorablest quack-ridden, and now hunger-ridden, downtrodden Despicability and *FleBILE Ludibrium*, of redtape Protocols, rotatory Calabashes, Poor-Law Bastilles: who is there that could think of *its* being fated to continue?—

Penalties enough, my brother! This penalty inclusive of

all : Eternal Death to thy own hapless Self, if thou heed no other. Eternal Death, I say,—with many meanings old and new, of which let this single one suffice us here : The eternal impossibility for thee to be aught but a Chimera, and swift-vanishing deceptive Phantasm, in God's Creation ;—swift-vanishing, never to reappear : why should *it* reappear ! Thou hadst one chance, thou wilt never have another. Everlasting ages will roll on, and no other be given thee. The foolishlest articulate-speaking soul now extant, may not he say to himself : “A whole Eternity I waited to be born ; and now I have a whole Eternity waiting to see what I will do when born !” This is not Theology, this is Arithmetic. And thou but half-discernest this ; thou but half believest it ? Alas, on the shores of the Dead Sea on Sabbath there goes on a Tragedy !—

But we will leave this of ‘Religion ;’ of which, to say truth, it is chiefly profitable in these unspeakable days to keep silence. Thou needest no ‘New Religion ;’ nor art thou like to get any. Thou hast already more ‘religion’ than thou makest use of. This day, thou knowest ten commanded duties, seest in thy mind ten things which should be done, for one that thou doest ! Do one of them ; this of itself will shew thee ten others which can and shall be done. “But my future fate ?” Yes, thy future fate, indeed ? Thy future fate, while thou makest *it* the chief question, seems to me—extremely questionable ! I do not think it can be good. Norse Odin, immemorial centuries ago, did not he, though a poor Heathen, in the dawn of Time, teach us that for the Dastard there was, and could be, no good fate ; no harbour anywhere, save down with Hela, in the pool of Night ! Dastards, Knaves, are they that lust for Pleasure, that tremble at Pain. For this world and for the next, Dastards are a class of creatures made to be ‘arrested :’ they are good for nothing else, can look for nothing else. A greater than Odin has been here. A greater than Odin has taught us—not a greater Dastardism, I hope ! My brother, thou must pray for a *soul* ; struggle, as with life-and-death energy, to get back thy soul ! Know that ‘religion’ is no Morrison’s Pill

from without, but a reawakening of thy own Self from within :—and, above all, leave me alone of thy ‘religions’ and ‘new religions’ here and elsewhere ! I am weary of this sick croaking for a Morrison’s-Pill religion ; for any and for every such. I want none such ; and discern all such to be impossible. The resuscitation of old liturgies fallen dead ; much more, the manufacture of new liturgies that will never be alive : how hopeless ! Stylitisms, eremite fanaticisms and fakeerisms ; spasmodic agonistic posture-makings, and narrow, cramped, morbid, if forever noble wrestlings : all this is not a thing desirable to me. It is a thing the world *has* done once,—when its beard was not grown as now !

And yet there is, at worst, one Liturgy which does remain forever unexceptionable : that of *Praying* (as the old Monks did withal) *by Working*. And indeed the Prayer which accomplished itself in special chapels at stated hours, and went not with a man, rising up from all his Work and Action, at all moments sanctifying the same,—what was it ever good for ? “Work is Worship :” yes, in a highly considerable sense,—which, in the present state of all ‘worship,’ who is there that can unfold ! He that understands it well, understands the Prophecy of the whole Future ; the last Evangel, which has included all others. *Its* cathedral the Dome of Immensity,—hast thou seen it ? coped with the star-galaxies ; paved with the green mosaic of land and ocean ; and for altar, verily, the Star-throne of the Eternal ! Its litany and psalmody the noble acts, the heroic work and suffering, and true heart-utterance of all the Valiant of the Sons of Men. Its choir-music the ancient Winds and Occans, and deep-toned, inarticulate, but most speaking voices of Destiny and History,—supernal ever as of old. Between two great Silences :

‘ Stars silent rest o’er us,  
Graves under us silent.’

Between which two great Silences, do not, as we said, all human Noises, in the naturalest times, most *preternaturally* march and roll ?—

I will insert this also, in a lower strain, from Sauerteig's *Ästhetische Springwürzel*. 'Worship?' says he: 'Before that inane tumult of Hearsay filled men's heads, while the world lay yet silent, and the heart true and open, many things were Worship! To the primeval man whatsoever good came, descended on him (as, in mere fact, it ever does) direct from God; whatsoever duty lay visible for him, this a Supreme God had prescribed. To the present hour I ask thee, Who else? For the primeval man, in whom dwelt Thought, this Universe was all a Temple; Life everywhere a Worship.

'What Worship, for example, is there not in mere Washing! Perhaps one of the most moral things a man, in common cases, has it in his power to do. Strip thyself, go into the bath, or were it into the limpid pool and running brook, and there wash and be clean; thou wilt step out again a purer and a better man. This consciousness of perfect outer pureness, that to thy skin there now adheres no foreign speck of imperfection, how it radiates in on thee, with cunning symbolic influences, to thy very soul! Thou hast an increase of tendency towards all good things whatsoever. The oldest Eastern Sages, with joy and holy gratitude, had felt it so,—and that it was the Maker's gift and will. Whose else is it? It remains a religious duty, from oldest times, in the East.—Nor could Herr Professor Strauss, when I put the question, deny that for us at present it is still such here in the West! To that dingy fuliginous Operative, emerging from his soot-mill, what is the first duty I will prescribe, and offer help towards? That he clean the skin of him. *Can* he pray, by any ascertained method? One knows not entirely:—but with soap and a sufficiency of water, he can wash. Even the dull English feel something of this; they have a saying, "Cleanliness is near of kin to Godliness:"—yet never, in any country, saw I operative men worse washed, and, in a climate drenched with the softest cloud-water, such a scarcity of baths!—Alas, Sauerteig, our 'operative men' are at present short even of potatoes: what 'duty' can you prescribe to them!

Or let us give a glance at China. Our new friend, the Em-



peror there, is Pontiff of three hundred million men ; who do all live and work, these many centuries now ; authentically patronised by Heaven so far ; and therefore must have some ' religion ' of a kind. This Emperor-Pontiff has, in fact, a religious belief of certain Laws of Heaven ; observes, with a religious rigour, his ' three thousand punctualities,' given out by men of insight, some sixty generations since, as a legible transcript of the same,—the Heavens do seem to say, not totally an incorrect one. He has not much of a ritual, this Pontiff-Emperor ; believes, it is likeliest, with the old Monks, that ' Labour is Worship.' His most public Act of Worship, it appears, is the drawing solemnly at a certain day, on the green bosom of our Mother Earth, when the Heavens, after dead black winter, have again with their vernal radiances awakened her, a distinct red Furrow with the Plough,—signal that all the Ploughs of China are to begin ploughing and worshipping ! It is notable enough. He, in sight of the Seen and Unseen Powers, draws his distinct red Furrow there ; saying, and praying, in mute symbolism, so many most eloquent things !

If you ask this Pontiff, " Who made him ? What is to become of him and us ? " he maintains a dignified reserve ; waves his hand and pontiff-eyes over the unfathomable deep of Heaven, the ' Tsien,' the azure kingdoms of Infinitude ; as if asking, " Is it doubtful that we are right *well* made ? Can aught that is *wrong* become of us ? "—He and his three hundred millions (it is their chief ' punctuality ') visit yearly the Tombs of their Fathers ; each man the Tomb of his Father and his Mother ; alone there, in silence, with what of ' worship ' or of other thought there may be, pauses solemnly each man ; the divine Skies all silent over him ; the divine Graves, and this divinest Grave, all silent under him ; the pulsing of his own soul, if he have any soul, alone audible. Truly it may be a kind of worship ! Truly, if a man cannot get some glimpse into the Eternities, looking through this portal,—through what other need he try it ?

Our friend the Pontiff-Emperor permits cheerfully, though with contempt, all manner of Buddhists, Bonzes, Talapains and

such like, to build brick Temples, on the voluntary principle ; to worship with what of chantings, paper-lanterns and tumultuous brayings, pleases them ; and make night hideous, since they find some comfort in so doing. Cheerfully, though with contempt. He is a wiser Pontiff than many persons think ! He is as yet the one Chief Potentate or Priest in this Earth who has made a distinct systematic attempt at what we call the ultimate result of all religion, '*Practical Hero-worship* : ' he does incessantly, with true anxiety, in such way as he can, search and sift (it would appear) his whole enormous population for the Wisest born among them ; by which Wisest, as by born Kings, these three hundred million men are governed. The Heavens, to a certain extent, do appear to countenance him. These three hundred millions actually make porcelain, souchong tea, with innumerable other things ; and fight, under Heaven's flag, against Necessity ;—and have fewer Seven-Years Wars, Thirty-Years Wars, French Revolution Wars, and infernal fightings with each other, than certain millions elsewhere have !

Nay, in our poor distracted Europe itself, in these newest times, have there not religious voices risen,—with a religion new and yet the oldest ; entirely indisputable to all hearts of men ? Some I do know, who did not call or think themselves '*Prophets*,' far enough from that ; but who were, in very truth, melodious Voices from the eternal Heart of Nature once again ; souls forever venerable to all that have a soul. A French Revolution is one phenomenon ; as complement and spiritual exponent thereof, a Poet Goethe and German Literature is to me another. The old Secular or Practical World, so to speak, having gone up in fire, is not here the prophecy and dawn of a new Spiritual World, parent of far nobler, wider, new Practical Worlds ? A life of Antique devoutness, Antique veracity and heroism, has again become possible, is again *seen* actual there, for the most modern man. A phenomenon, as quiet as it is, comparable for greatness to no other ! '*The great event for the world is, now as always, the arrival in it of a new 'Wise Man.'*' Touches there are, be the Heavens ever thanked,

of new Sphere-melody ; audible once more, in the infinite jargonning discords and poor scrannel-pipings of the thing called Literature :—priceless there, as the voice of new Heavenly Psalms ! Literature, like the old Prayer-Collections of the first centuries, were it ‘ well selected from and burnt,’ contains precious things. For Literature, with all its printing-presses, puffing-engines and shoreless deafening triviality, is yet ‘ the Thought of Thinking Souls.’ A sacred ‘ religion,’ if you like the name, does live in the heart of that strange froth-ocean, not wholly froth, which we call Literature ; and will more and more disclose itself therefrom ;—not now as scorching Fire : the red smoky scorching Fire has purified itself into white sunny Light. Is not Light grander than Fire ? It is the same element in a state of purity.

My ingenuous readers, we will march out of this Third Book with a rhythmic word of Goethe’s on our lips ; a word which perhaps has already sung itself, in dark hours and in bright, through many a heart. To me, finding it devout yet wholly credible and veritable, full of piety yet free of cant ; to me joyfully finding much in it, and joyfully missing so much in it, this little snatch of music, by the greatest German Man, sounds like a stanza in the grand *Road-Song* and *Marching-Song* of our great Teutonic Kindred, wending, wending, valiant and victorious, through the undiscovered Deepes of Time ! He calls it *Mason-Lodge*,—not Psalm or Hymn :

‘ The Mason’s ways are  
A type of Existence,  
And his persistance  
Is as the days are  
Of men in this world.

The Future hides in it  
Gladness and sorrow ;  
We press still thorow,  
Nought that abides in it  
Daunting us,—onward.

And solemn before us,  
Veiled, the dark Portal,  
Goal of all mortal :—  
Stars silent rest o’er us,  
Graves under us silent.

While earnest thou gazest,  
Comes boding of terror,  
Comes phantasm and error,  
Perplexes the bravest  
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices,—  
Heard are the Sages,  
The Worlds and the Ages :  
• “ Choose well, your choice is  
Brief and yet endless:

Here eyes do regard you,  
In Eternity's stillness ;  
Here is all fulness,  
Ye brave, to reward you :  
Work, and despair not.”





## BOOK IV.

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### *HOROSCOPE.*

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### ARISTOCRACIES.

To predict the Future, to manage the Present, would not be so impossible, had not the Past been so sacrilegiously mis-handled ; effaced, and what is worse, defaced ! The Past cannot be seen ; the Past, looked at through the medium of 'Philosophical History' in these times, cannot even be *not* seen : it is misseen ; affirmed to have existed,—and to have been a godless Impossibility. Your Norman Conquerors, true royal souls, crowned kings as such, were vulturous irrational tyrants : your Becket was a noisy egoist and hypocrite ; getting his brains spilt on the floor of Canterbury Cathedral, to secure the main chance,—somewhat uncertain how ! 'Policy, Fanaticism ;' or say 'Enthusiasm,' even 'honest Enthusiasm,'—ah, yes, of course :

'The Dog, to gain his private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the Man !'

For in truth, the eye sees in all things 'what it brought with it the means of seeing.' A godless century, looking back on centuries that were godly, produces portraitures more miraculous than any other. All was inane discord in the Past ; brute Force bore rule everywhere ; Stupidity, savage Unreason, fitter for Bedlam than for a human World ! Whereby indeed it become sufficiently natural that the like qualities, in new sleeker habiliments, should continue in our time to rule.

Millions enchanted in Bastille Workhouses; Irish Widows proving their relationship by typhus-fever: what would you have? It was ever so, or worse. Man's History, was it not always even this: The cookery and eating up of imbecile Dupedom by successful Quackhood; the battle, with various weapons, of vulturous Quack and Tyrant against vulturous Tyrant and Quack? No God was in the Past Time; nothing but Mechanisms and Chaotic Brute-gods:—how shall the poor 'Philosophic Historian,' to whom his own century is all god-less, see any God in other centuries?

Men believe in Bibles, and disbelieve in them: but of all Bibles the frightfullest to disbelieve in is this 'Bible of Universal History.' This is the Eternal Bible and God's-Book, 'which every born man,' till once the soul and eyesight are extinguished in him, 'can and must, with his own eyes, see the God's-Finger writing!' To discredit this, is an *infidelity* like no other. Such infidelity you would punish, if not by fire and faggot, which are difficult to manage in our times, yet by the most peremptory order, To hold its peace till it got something wiser to say. Why should the blessed Silence be broken into noises, to communicate only the like of this? If the Past have no God's-Reason in it, nothing but Devil's-Unreason, let the Past be eternally forgotten: mention *it* no more;—we whose ancestors were all hanged, why should we talk of ropes!

It is, in brief, not true that men ever lived by Delirium, Hypocrisy, Injustice, or any form of Unreason, since they came to inhabit this Planet. It is not true that they ever did, or ever will, live except by the reverse of these. Men will again be taught this. Their acted History will then again be a Heroism; their written History, what it once was, an Epic. Nay, forever it is either such; or else it virtually is—Nothing. Were it written in a thousand volumes, the Unheroic of such volumes hastens incessantly to be forgotten; the net content of an Alexandrian Library of Unheroics is, and will ultimately shew itself to be, *zero*. What man is interested to remember *it*; have not all men, at all times, the liveliest interest to forget it?—'Revelations,' if not celestial,

then infernal, will teach us that God is ; we shall then, if needful, discern without difficulty that He has always been ! The Dryasdust Philosophisms and enlightened Scepticisms of the Eighteenth Century, historical and other, will have to survive for a while with the Physiologists, as a memorable *Nightmare-Dream*. All this haggard epoch, with its ghastly Doctrines, and death's-head Philosophies 'teaching by example' or otherwise, will one day have become, what to our Moslem friends their godless ages are, 'the Period of Ignorance.'

If the convulsive struggles of the last Half-Century have taught poor struggling convulsed Europe any truth, it may perhaps be this as the essence of innumerable others : That Europe requires a real Aristocracy, a real Priesthood, or it cannot continue to exist. Huge French Revolutions, Napoleonisms, then Bourbonisms with their corollary of Three Days, finishing in very unfinal Louis-Philippisms : all this ought to be didactic ! All this may have taught us, That False Aristocracies, are insupportable ; that No-Aristocracies, Liberty-and-Equalities are impossible ; that True Aristocracies are at once indispensable and not easily attained.

Aristocracy and Priesthood, a Governing Class and a Teaching Class : these two, sometimes separate, and endeavouring to harmonise themselves, sometimes conjoined as one, and the King a Pontiff-King :—there did no Society exist without these two vital elements, there will none exist. It lies in the very nature of man : you will visit no remotest village in the most republican country of the world, where virtually or actually you do not find these two powers at work. Man, little as he may suppose it, is necessitated to obey superiors. He is a social being in virtue of this necessity ; nay he could not be gregarious otherwise. He obeys those whom he esteems better than himself, wiser, braver ; and will forever obey such ; and even be ready and delighted to do it.

The Wiser, Braver : these, a Virtual Aristocracy everywhere and everywhen, do in all Societies that reach any articulate shape, develop themselves into a ruling class, an Actual Aristocracy, with settled modes of operating, what are called laws

and even *private-laws* or privileges, and so forth ; very notable to look upon in this world.—Aristocracy and Priesthood, we say, are sometimes united. For indeed the Wiser and the Braver are properly but one class : no wise man but needed first of all to be a brave man, or he never had been wise. The noble Priest was always a noble *Aristos* to begin with, and something more to end with. Your Luther, your Knox, your Anselm, Becket, Abbot Samson, Samuel Johnson, if they had not been brave enough, by what possibility could they ever have been wise?—If, from accident or forethought, this your Actual Aristocracy have got discriminated into Two Classes, there can be no doubt but the Priest Class is the more dignified ; supreme over the other, as governing head is over active hand. And yet in practice again, it is likeliest the reverse will be found arranged ; a sign that the arrangement is already vitiated ; that a split is introduced into it, which will widen and widen till the whole be rent asunder.

In England, in Europe generally, we may say that these two Virtualities have unfolded themselves into Actualities, in by far the noblest and richest manner any region of the world ever saw. A Spiritual Guideship, a practical Governorship, fruit of the grand conscious endeavours, say rather of the immeasurable unconscious instincts and necessities of men, have established themselves ; very strange to behold. Everywhere, while so much has been forgotten, you find the King's Palace, and the Viceking's Castle, Mansion, Manorhouse ; till there is not an inch of ground from sea to sea but has both its King and Viceking, long due series of Vicekings, its Squire, Earl, Duke or whatever the title of him—to whom you have given the land that he may govern you in it.

More touching still, there is not a hamlet where poor peasants congregate, but by one means and another a Church-Apparatus has been got together,—roofed edifice, with revenues and belfries ; pulpit, reading-desk, with Books and Methods : possibility, in short, and strict prescription, That a man stand there and speak of spiritual things to men. It is beautiful ;—even in its great obscuriation and decadence, it is among the beautifullest, most touching objects one sees on the Earth.

This Speaking Man has indeed, in these times, wandered terribly from the point ; has, alas, as it were, totally lost sight of the point : yet, at bottom, whom have we to compare with him ? Of all public functionaries boarded and lodged on the Industry of Modern Europe, is there one worthier of the board he has ? A man even professing, and never so languidly making still some endeavour, to save the souls of men : contrast him with a man professing to do little but shoot the partridges of men ! I wish he could find the point again, this Speaking One ; and stick to it with tenacity, with deadly energy ; for there is need of him yet ! The Speaking Function, this of Truth coming to us with a living voice, nay in a living shape, and as a concrete practical exemplar : this, with all our Writing and Printing Functions, has a perennial place. Could he but find the point again,—take the old spectacles off his nose, and looking up discover, almost in contact with him, what the *real* Satanas, and soul-devouring, world-devouring *Devil*, now is ! Original Sin and such like are bad enough, I doubt not : but distilled Gin, dark Ignorance, Stupidity, dark Corn-Law, Bastille and Company, what are they ! *Will* he discover our new real Satan, whom he has to fight ; or go on droning through his old nose-spectacles about old extinct Satans ; and never see the real one, till he *feel* him at his own throat and ours ? That is a question, for the world ! Let us not intermeddle with it here.

Sorrowful, phantasmal as this same Double Aristocracy of Teachers and Governors now looks, it is worth all men's while to know that the purport of it is and remains noble and most real. Dryasdust, looking merely at the surface, is greatly in error as to those ancient Kings. William Conqueror, William Rufus or Redbeard, Stephen Curthose himself, much more Henry Beauclerc and our brave Plantagenet Henry : the life of these men was not a vulturous Fighting ; it was a valorous Governing,—to which occasionally Fighting did, and alas must yet, though far seldomer now, superadd itself as an accident, a distressing impedimental adjunct. The fighting too was indispensable, for ascertaining who had the might over whom, the right over whom. By much hard fighting, as we once said,



‘the unrealities, beaten into dust, flew gradually off ;’ and left the plain reality and fact, “Thou stronger than I ; thou wiser than I ; thou king, and subject I,” in a somewhat clearer condition.

Truly we cannot enough admire, in those Abbot-Samson and William-Conqueror times, the arrangement they had made of their Governing Classes. Highly interesting to observe how the sincere insight, on their part, into what did, of primary necessity, behove to be accomplished, had led them to the way of accomplishing it, and in the course of time to get it accomplished ! No imaginary Aristocracy would serve their turn ; and accordingly they attained a real one. The Bravest men, who, it is ever to be repeated and remembered, are also on the whole the Wisest, Strongest, everyway Best, had here, with a respectable degree of accuracy, been got selected ; seated each on his piece of territory, which was lent him, then gradually given him, that he might govern it. These Vice-kings, each on his portion of the common soil of England, with a Head King over all, were a ‘Virtuality perfected into an Actuality’ really to an astonishing extent.

For those were rugged stalwart ages ; full of earnestness, of a rude God’s-truth :—nay, at any rate, their *quilting* was so unspeakably *thinner* than ours ; Fact came swiftly on them, if at any time they had yielded to Phantasm ! ‘The Knaves and Dastards’ had to be ‘arrested’ in some measure ; or the world, almost within year and day, found that it could not live. The Knaves and Dastards accordingly were got arrested. Dastards upon the very throne had to be got arrested, and taken off the throne,—by such methods as there were ; by the roughest method, if there chanced to be no smother one ! Doubtless there was much harshness of operation, much severity ; as indeed government and surgery are often somewhat severe. Gurth born thrall of Cedric, it is like, got cuffs as often as pork-parings, if he misdemeaned himself : but Gurth did belong to Cedric : no human creature then went about connected with nobody ; left to go his ways into Bastilles or worse, under *Laissez-faire* ; reduced to prove his relationship by dying of typhus-fever !—Days come when there is no King in Israel, but

every man is his own king, doing that which is right in his own eyes ;—and tarbarrels are burnt to ‘Liberty,’ ‘Tenpound Franchise’ and the like, with considerable effect in various ways !—

That Feudal Aristocracy, I say, was no imaginary one. To a respectable degree, its *Jarls*, what we now call Earls, were *Strong-Ones* in fact as well as etymology ; its Dukes *Leaders* ; its Lords *Law-wards*. They did all the Soldiering and Police of the country, all the Judging, Law-making, even the Church-Extension ; whatsoever in the way of Governing, of Guiding and Protecting could be done. It was a Land Aristocracy ; it managed the Governing of this English People, and had the reaping of the Soil of England in return. It is, in many senses, the Law of Nature, this same Law of Feudalism ;—no right Aristocracy but a Land one ! The curious are invited to meditate upon it in these days. Soldiering, Police and Judging, Church-Extension, nay real Government and Guidance, all this was actually *done* by the Holders of the Land in return for their Land. How much of it is now done by them ; done by anybody ? Good Heavens, “Laissez-faire, Do ye nothing, eat your wages and sleep,” is everywhere the passionate half-wise cry of this time ; and they will not so much as do nothing, but must do mere Corn-Laws ! We raise Fifty-two millions, from the general mass of us, to get our Governing done,—or, alas, to get ourselves persuaded that it is done : and the ‘peculiar burden of the Land’ is to pay, not all this, but to pay, as I learn, one twenty-fourth part of all this. Our first Chartist Parliament, or Oliver *Redivivus*, you would say, will know where to lay the new taxes of England !—Or, alas, taxes ? If we made the Holders of the Land pay every shilling still of the expense of Governing the Land, what were all that ? The Land, by mere hired Governors, cannot be got governed. You cannot hire men to govern the Land : it is by a mission not contracted for in the Stock-Exchange, but felt in their own hearts as coming out of Heaven, that men can govern a Land. The mission of a Land Aristocracy is a *sacred* one, in both the senses of that old word. The footing it stands on, at present, might give rise to thoughts other than of Corn-Laws !—

But truly a 'Splendour of God,' as in William Conqueror's rough oath, did dwell in those old rude veracious ages ; did inform, more and more, with a heavenly nobleness, all departments of their work and life. Phantasms could not yet walk abroad in mere Cloth Tailorage ; they were at least Phantasms 'on the rim of the horizon,' pencilled there by an eternal Light-beam from within. A most 'practical' Hero-worship went on, unconsciously or half-consciously, everywhere. A Monk Samson, with a maximum of two shillings in his pocket, could, without ballot-box, be made a Viceking of, being seen to be worthy. The difference between a good man and a bad man was as yet felt to be, what it forever is, an immeasurable one. Who *durst* have elected a Pandarus Dog-draught, in those days, to any office, Carlton Club, Senatorship, or place whatsoever ? It was felt that the arch Satanas and no other had a clear right of property in Pandarus ; that it were better for you to have no hand in Pandarus, to keep out of Pandarus his neighbourhood ! Which is, to this hour, the mere fact ; though for the present, alas, the forgotten fact. I think they were comparatively blessed times those, in their way ! 'Violence,' 'war,' 'disorder : ' well, what is war, and death itself, to such a perpetual life-in-death, and 'peace, peace where there is no peace ! ' Unless some Hero-worship, in its new appropriate form, can return, this world does not promise to be very habitable long.

Old Anselm, exiled Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the purest-minded 'men of genius,' was travelling to make his appeal to Rome against King Rufus—a man of rough ways, in whom the 'inner Light-beam' shone very fitfully. It is beautiful to read, in Monk Eadmer, how the Continental populations welcomed and venerated this Anselm, as no French population now venerates Jean-Jacques or giant-killing Voltaire ; as not even an American population now venerates a Schnüspel the distinguished Novelist ! They had, by phantasy and true insight, the intensest conviction that a God's Blessing dwelt in this Anselm,—as is my conviction too. They crowded round, with bent knees and enkindled hearts, to receive his blessing, to hear his voice, to see the light of his face. My

blessings on them and on him !—But the notablest was a certain necessitous or covetous Duke of Burgundy, in straitened circumstances we shall hope,—who reflected that in all likelihood this English Archbishop, going towards Rome to appeal, must have taken store of cash with him to bribe the Cardinals. Wherefore he of Burgundy, for his part, decided to lie in wait and rob him. ‘In an open space of a wood,’ some ‘wood’ then green and growing, eight centuries ago, in Burgundian Land,—this fierce Duke, with fierce steel followers, shaggy, savage, as the Russian bear, dashes out on the weak old Anselm ; who is riding along there, on his small quiet-going pony ; escorted only by Eadmer and another poor Monk on ponies ; and, except small modicum of roadmoney, not a gold coin in his possession. The steelclad Russian bear emerges, glaring : the old white-bearded man starts not,—paces on unmoved, looking into him with those clear old earnest eyes, with that venerable sorrowful time-worn face ; of whom no man or thing need be afraid, and who also is afraid of no created man or thing. The fire-eyes of his Burgundian Grace meet these clear eye-glances, convey them swift to his heart : he bethinks him that probably this feeble, fearless, hoary Figure has in it something of the Most High God ; that probably he shall be damned if he meddle with it,—that, on the whole, he had better not. He plunges, the rough savage, from his war-horse, down to his knees ; embraces the feet of old Anselm : he too begs his blessing ; orders men to escort him, guard him from being robbed, and under dread penalties see him safe on his way. *Per os Dei*, as his Majesty was wont to ejaculate !

Neither is this quarrel of Rufus and Anselm, of Henry and Becket, uninstrusive to us. It was, at bottom, a great quarrel. For, admitting that Anselm was full of divine blessing, he by no means included in him all forms of divine blessing :—there were far other forms withal, which he little dreamed of ; and William Redbeard was unconsciously the representative and spokesman of these. In truth, could your divine Anselm, your divine Pope Gregory have had their way, the results had been very notable. Our Western World had all

become a European Thibet, with one Grand Lama sitting at Rome ; our one honourable business that of singing mass, all day and all night. Which would not in the least have suited us ! The Supreme Powers willed it not so.

It was as if King Redbeard unconsciously, addressing Anselm, Becket and the others, had said : “ Right Reverend, your Theory of the Universe is indisputable by man or devil. To the core of our heart we feel that this divine thing, which you call Mother Church, does fill the whole world hitherto known, and is and shall be all our salvation and all our desire. And yet—and yet—Behold though it is an unspoken secret, the world is *wider* than any of us think, Right Reverend ! Behold, there are yet other immeasurable Sacrednesses in this that you call Heathenism, Secularity ! On the whole I, in an obscure but most rooted manner feel that I cannot comply with you. Western Thibet and perpetual mass-chanting.—No. I am, so to speak, in the family-way ; with child, of I know not what,—certainly of something far different from this ! I have—*Per os Dei*, I have Manchester Cotton-trades, Bromwicham Iron-trades, American Commonwealths, Indian Empires, Steam Mechanisms and Shakspeare Dramas, in my belly ; and cannot do it, Right Reverend ! ”—So accordingly it was decided : and Saxon Becket spilt his life in Canterbury Cathedral, as Scottish Wallace did on Tower-Hill, and as generally a noble man and martyr has to do,—not for nothing ; no, but for a divine something, other than *he* had altogether calculated. We will now quit this of the hard, organic, but limited Feudal Ages ; and glance timidly into the immense Industrial Ages, as yet all inorganic, and in a quite pulpy condition, requiring desperately to harden themselves into some organism !

Our Epic having now become *Tools and the Man*, it is more than usually impossible to prophesy the Future. The boundless Future does lie there, pre-destined, nay already extant though unseen ; hiding, in its Continents of Darkness, ‘ gladness and sorrow : ’ but the supremest intelligence of man cannot prefigure much of it :—the united intelligence and effort



of All Men in all coming generations, this alone will gradually prefigure it, and figure and form it into a seen fact ! Straining our eyes hitherto, the utmost effort of intelligence sheds but some most glimmering dawn, a little way into its dark enormous Deeps : only huge outlines loom uncertain on the sight ; and the ray of prophecy, at a short distance, expires. But may we not say, here as always, Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof ! To shape the whole Future is not our problem ; but only to shape faithfully a small part of it, according to rules already known. It is perhaps possible for each of us, who will with due earnestness inquire, to ascertain clearly what he, for his own part, ought to do : this let him, with true heart do, and continue doing. The general issue will, as it has always done, rest well with a Higher Intelligence than ours.

One grand ‘outline,’ or even two, many earnest readers may perhaps, at this stage of the business, be able to prefigure for themselves,—and draw some guidance from. One prediction, or even two, are already possible. For the Life-tree Igdrasil, in all its new developments, is the self-same world-old Life-tree : having found an element or elements there, running from the very roots of it in Hela’s Realms, in the Well of Mimer and of the Three Nornas or TIMES, up to this present hour of it in our own hearts, we conclude that such will have to continue. A man has in his own soul, an Eternal ; can read something of the Eternal there, if he will look ! He already knows what will continue ; what cannot, by any means or appliance whatsoever, be made to continue !

One wide and widest ‘outline’ ought really, in all ways, to be becoming clear to us ; this namely : That a ‘ Splendour of God,’ in one form or other, will have to unfold itself from the heart of these our Industrial Ages too ; or they will never get themselves ‘organised ;’ but continue chaotic, distressed, distracted evermore, and have to perish in frantic suicidal dissolution. A second ‘outline’ or prophecy, narrower, but also wide enough, seems not less certain : That there will again *be* a King in Israel ; a system of Order and Government ; and every man shall, in some measure, see himself constrained to

do that which is right in the King's eyes. This too we may call a sure element of the Future ; for this too is of the Eternal ;—this too is of the Present, though hidden from most ; and without it no fibre of the Past ever was. An actual new Sovereignty, Industrial Aristocracy, real not imaginary Aristocracy, is indispensable and indubitable for us.

But what an Aristocracy ; on what new, far more complex and cunningly devised conditions than that old Feudal fighting one ! For we are to bethink us that the Epic verily is not *Arms and the Man*, but *Tools and the Man*,—an infinitely wider kind of Epic. And again we are to bethink us that men cannot now be bound to men by *brass-collars*,—not at all : that this brass-collar method, in all figures of it, has vanished out of Europe forevermore ! Huge Democracy, walking the streets everywhere in its Sack Coat, has asserted so much ; irrevocably, brooking no reply ! True enough, man is forever the 'born thrall' of certain men, born master of certain other men, born equal of certain others, let him acknowledge the fact or not. It is unblessed for him when he cannot acknowledge this fact ; he is in the chaotic state, ready to perish, till he do get the fact acknowledged. But no man is, or can henceforth be, the brass-collar thrall of any man ; you will have to bind him by other, far nobler and cunninger methods. Once for all, he is to be loose of the brass-collar, to have a scope as wide as his faculties now are :—will he not be all the usefuler to you, in that new state ? Let him go abroad as a trusted one, as a free one ; and return home to you with rich earnings at night ! Gurth could only tend pigs ; this one will build cities, conquer waste worlds.—How, in conjunction with inevitable Democracy, indispensable Sovereignty is to exist : certainly it is the hugest question ever heretofore propounded to Mankind ! The solution of which is work for long years and centuries. Years and centuries, of one knows not what complexion ;—blessed or unblessed, according as they shall, with earnest valiant effort, make progress therein, or, in slothful unverity and dilettantism, only talk of making progress. For either progress therein, or swift and ever swifter progress towards dissolution, is henceforth a necessity.

It is of importance that this grand reformation were begun ; that Corn-Law Debatings and other jargon, little less than delirious in such a time, had fled far away, and left us room to begin ! For the evil has grown practical, extremely conspicuous ; if it be not seen and provided for, the blindest fool will have to feel it ere long. There is much that can wait ; but there is something also that cannot wait. With millions of eager Working Men imprisoned in ‘Impossibility’ and Poor-Law Bastilles, it is time that some means of dealing with them were trying to become ‘possible !’ Of the Government of England, of all articulate-speaking functionaries, real and imaginary Aristocracies, of me and of thee, it is imperatively demanded, “How do you mean to manage these men ? Where are they to find a supportable existence ? What is to become of them,—and of you ?”

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## CHAPTER II.

### BRIBERY COMMITTEE.

IN the case of the late Bribery Committee, it seemed to be the conclusion of the soundest practical minds that Bribery could not be put down ; that Pure Election was a thing we had seen the last of, and must now go on without, as we best could. A conclusion not a little startling ; to which it requires a practical mind of some seasoning to reconcile yourself at once ! It seems, then, we are henceforth to get ourselves constituted Legislators not according to what merit we may have, or even what merit we may seem to have, but according to the length of our purse, and our frankness, impudence and dexterity in laying out the contents of the same. Our theory, written down in all books and law-books, spouted forth from all barrel-heads, is perfect purity of Tenpound Franchise,—absolute sincerity of question put and answer given ;—and our practice is irremediable bribery ; irremediable, unpunishable, which you will do more harm than good by attempting to punish ! Once more, a very startling conclusion indeed ; which, whatever the soundest practical minds

in Parliament may think of it, invites all British men to meditations of various kinds.

A Parliament, one would say, which proclaims itself elected and eligible by bribery, tells the Nation that is governed by it a piece of singular news. Bribery: have we reflected what bribery is? Bribery means not only length of purse, which is neither qualification nor the contrary for legislating well; but it means dishonesty, and even impudent dishonesty;—brazen insensibility to lying and to making others lie; total oblivion, and flinging overboard, for the nonce, of any real thing you can call veracity, morality; with dextrous putting on the cast-clothes of that real thing, and strutting about in them! What Legislating can you get out of a man in that fatal situation? None that will profit much, one would think! A Legislator who has left his veracity lying on the door-threshold, he, why verily *he*—ought to be sent out to seek it again!

Heavens, what an improvement, were there once fairly in Downing-street, an Election-Office opened, with a Tariff of Boroughs! Such and such a population, amount of property-tax, ground-rental, extent of trade; returns two Members, returns one Member, for so much money down: Ipswich so many thousands, Nottingham so many,—as they happened, one by one, to fall into this new Downing-street Schedule A! An incalculable improvement, in comparison: for now at least you have it fairly by length of purse, and leave the dishonesty, the impudence, the untruthfulness all handsomely aside. Length of purse, and desire to be a Legislator ought to get a man into Parliament, not *with*, but if possible *without* the untruthfulness, the impudence and the dishonesty! Length of purse and desire, these are, as intrinsic qualifications, correctly equal to zero; but they are not yet *less* than zero,—as the smallest addition of that latter sort will make them!

And is it come to this? And does our venerable Parliament announce itself elected and eligible in this manner? Surely such a Parliament promulgates strange horoscopes of itself. What is to become of a Parliament elected or eligible in this manner? Unless Belial and Beelzebub have got possession of the throne of this Universe, such Parliament is pre-

paring itself for new Reform-bills. We shall have to try it by Chartism, or any conceivable *ism*, rather than put up with this ! There is already in England 'religion' enough to get six hundred and fifty-eight Consulting Men brought together who do *not* begin work with a lie in their mouth. Our poor old Parliament, thousands of years old, is still good for something, for several things ;—though many are beginning to ask, with ominous anxiety, in these days : For what thing ? But for whatever thing and things Parliament be good, indisputably it must start with other than a lie in its mouth ! On the whole, a Parliament working with a lie in its mouth, will have to take itself away. To no Parliament or thing, that one has heard of, did this Universe ever long yield harbour on that footing. At all hours of the day and night, some Chartism is advancing, some armed Cromwell is advancing, to apprise such Parliament : "Ye are no Parliament. In the name of God,—go !"

In sad truth, once more, how is our whole existence, in these present days, built on Cant, Speciosity, Falsehood, Dilettantism ; with this one serious Veracity in it : Mammonism ! Dig down where you will, through the Parliament-floor or elsewhere, how infallibly do you, at spade's depth below the surface, come upon this universal *Liars-rock* substratum ! Much else is ornamental ; true on barrel-heads, in pulpits, hustings, Parliamentary benches ; but this is forever true and truest : "Money does bring money's worth ; Put money in your purse." Here, if nowhere else, is the human soul still in thorough earnest ; sincere with a prophet's sincerity : and 'the Hell of the English,' as Sauerteig said, 'is 'the infinite terror of Not getting on, especially of Not making 'money.' With results !

To many persons the horoscope of Parliament is more interesting than to me : but surely all men with souls must admit that sending members to Parliament by bribery is an infamous solecism ; an act entirely immoral, which no man can have to do with, more or less, but he will soil his fingers more or less. No Carlton Clubs, Reform Clubs, nor any sort



of clubs or creatures, or of accredited opinions or practices, can make a Lie Truth, can make Bribery a Propriety. The Parliament should really either punish and put away Bribery, or legalise it by some Office in Downing-street. As I read the Apocalypses, a Parliament that can do neither of these things is not in a good way.—And yet, alas, what of Parliaments and their Elections? Parliamentary Elections are but the topmost ultimate outcome of an electioneering which goes on at all hours, in all places, in every meeting of two or more men. It is *we* that vote wrong, and teach the poor ragged Freemen of Boroughs to vote wrong. We pay respect to those worthy of no respect.

Is not Pandarus Dogdraught a member of select clubs, and admitted into the drawingrooms of men? Visibly to all persons he is of the offal of Creation; but he carries money in his purse, due lacker on his dog-visage, and it is believed will not steal spoons. The human species does not with one voice, like the Hebrew Psalmist, ‘shun to sit’ with Dogdraught, refuse totally to dine with Dogdraught; men called of honour are willing enough to dine with him, his talk being lively, and his champagne excellent. We say to ourselves, “The man is in good society,”—others have already voted for him; why should not I? We *forget* the indefeasible right of property that Satan has in Dogdraught,—we are not afraid to be near Dogdraught! It is *we* that vote wrong; blindly, nay with falsity prepense! It is *we* that no longer know the difference between Human Worth and Human Unworth; or feel that the one is admirable and alone admirable, the other detestable, damnable! How shall *we* find out a Hero and Viceking Samson with a maximum of two shillings in his pocket? We have no chance to do such a thing. We have got out of the Ages of Heroism, deep into the Ages of Flunkeyism—and must return or die. What a noble set of mortals are we, who, because there is no Saint Edmund threatening us at the rim of the horizon, are not afraid to be whatever, for the day and hour, is smoothest for us!

And now, in good sooth, why should an indigent discerning Freeman give his vote without bribes? Let us rather honour

the poor man that he does discern clearly wherein lies, for him, the true kernel of the matter. What is it to the ragged grimy Freeman of a Tenpound-Franchise Borough, whether Aristides Rigmarole Esq. of the Destructive, or the Hon. Alcides Dolittle of the Conservative Party be sent to Parliament ;—much more, whether the two-thousandth part of them be sent, for that is the amount of his faculty in it ? Destructive or Conservative, what will either of them destroy or conserve of vital moment to this Freeman ? Has he found either of them care, at bottom, a sixpence for him or his interests, or those of his class or of his cause, or of any class or cause that is of much value to God or to man ? Rigmarole and Dolittle have alike cared for themselves hitherto : and for their own clique, and self-conceited crochets,—their greasy dishonest interests of pudding, or windy dishonest interests of praise ; and not very perceptibly for any other interest whatever. Neither Rigmarole nor Dolittle will accomplish any good or any evil for this grimy Freeman, like giving him a five-pound note, or refusing to give it him. It will be smoothest to vote according to value received. That is the veritable fact ; and he indigent, like others that are not indigent, acts conformably thereto.

Why, reader, truly, if they asked thee or me, Which way we meant to vote?—were it not our likeliest answer : Neither way ! I, as a Tenpound Franchiser, will receive no bribe : but also I will not vote for either of these men. Neither Rigmarole nor Dolittle shall, by furtherance of mine, go and make laws for this country. I will have no hand in such a mission. How dare I ! If other men cannot be got in England, a totally other sort of men, different as light is from dark, as star-fire is from street-mud, what is the use of votings, or of Parliaments in England ? England ought to resign herself ; there is no hope or possibility for England. If England cannot get her Knaves and Dastards, ‘arrested,’ in some degree, but only get them ‘elected,’ what is to become of England ?

I conclude, with all confidence, that England will verily have to put an end to briberies on her Election Hustings and else-

where, at what cost soever ;—and likewise that we, Electors and Eligibles, one and all of us, for our own behoof and hers, cannot too soon begin, at what cost soever, to put an end to *bribeabilities* in ourselves. The death-leprosy, attacked in this manner, by purifying lotions from without and by rallying of the vital energies and purities from within, will probably abate somewhat ! It has otherwise no chance to abate.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE ONE INSTITUTION.

WHAT our Government can do in this grand Problem of the Working Classes of England ? Yes, supposing the insane Corn-Laws totally abolished, all speech of them ended, and ‘from ten to twenty years of new possibility to live and find wages’ conceded us in consequence : What the English Government might be expected to accomplish or attempt towards rendering the existence of our Labouring Millions somewhat less anomalous, somewhat less impossible, in the years that are to follow those ‘ten or twenty,’ if either ‘ten’ or ‘twenty’ there be ?

It is the most momentous question. For all this of the Corn-Law Abrogation, and what can follow therefrom, is but as the shadow on King Hezekiah’s Dial : the shadow has gone back twenty years ; but will again, in spite of Free-Trades and Abrogations, travel forward its old fated way. With our present system of individual Mammonism, and Government by *Laissez-faire*, this Nation cannot live. And if, in the priceless interim, some new life and healing be not found, there is no second respite to be counted on. The shadow on the Dial advances thenceforth without pausing. What Government can do ? This that they call ‘Organising of Labour’ is, if well understood, the Problem of the whole Future, for all who will in future pretend to govern men. But our first preliminary stage of it, How to deal with the Actual Labouring Millions of England ? this is the imperatively pressing Problem of the Present, pressing with a truly fearful intensity and imminence

in these very years and days. No Government can longer neglect it : once more, what can our Government do in it ?

Governments are of very various degrees of activity : some, altogether Lazy Governments, in 'free countries' as they are called, seem in these times almost to profess to do, if not nothing, one knows not at first what. To debate in Parliament, and gain majorities ; and ascertain who shall be, with a toil hardly second to Ixion's, the Prime Speaker and Spoke-holder, and keep the Ixion's-Wheel going, if not forward, yet round ? Not altogether so :—much, to the experienced eye, is not what it seems ! Chancery and certain other Law-Courts seem nothing ; yet in fact they are, the worst of them, something : chimneys for the devilry and contention of men to escape by ;—a very considerable something ! Parliament too has its tasks, if thou wilt look ; fit to wear out the lives of toughest men. The celebrated Kilkenny Cats, through their tumultuous congress, cleaving the ear of Night, could they be said to do nothing ? Hadst thou been of them, thou hadst seen ! The feline heart laboured, as with steam up—to the bursting point ; and death-doing energy nerved every muscle : they had a work there ; and did it ! On the morrow, two tails were found left, and peaceable annihilation ; a neighbourhood *delivered* from despair.

Again, are not Spinning-Dervishes an eloquent emblem, significant of much ? Hast thou noticed him, that solemn-visaged Turk, the eyes shut ; dingy wool mantle circularly hiding his figure ;—bell-shaped ; like a dingy bell set spinning on the *tongue* of it ? By centrifugal force the dingy wool mantle heaves itself ; spreads more and more, like upturned cup widening into upturned saucer : thus spins he, to the praise of Allah and advantage of mankind, fast and faster, till collapse ensue, and sometimes death !—

A Government such as ours, consisting of from seven to eight hundred Parliamentary Talkers, with their escort of Able Editors and Public Opinion ; and for head, certain Lords and Servants of the Treasury, and Chief Secretaries and others, who find themselves at once Chiefs and No-

Chiefs, and often commanded rather than commanding,—is doubtless a most complicate entity, and none of the alertest for getting on with business! Clearly enough, if the Chiefs be not self-motive and what we call men, but mere patient lay-figures without self-motive principle, the Government will not move anywhither; it will tumble disastrously, and jumble, round its own axis, as for many years past we have seen it do.—And yet a self-motive man who is not a lay-figure, place him in the heart of what entity you may, will make it move more or less! The absurdest in Nature he will make a little less absurd, he. The unwieldiest he will make to move;—that is the use of his existing there. He will at least have the manfulness to depart out of it, if not; to say: “I cannot move in thee, and be a man; like a wretched drift-log dressed in man’s clothes and minister’s clothes, doomed to a lot baser than belongs to man, I will not continue with thee, tumbling aimless on the Mother of Dead Dogs here:—Adieu!”

For, on the whole, it is the lot of Chiefs everywhere, this same. No Chief in the most despotic country, but was a Servant withal; at once an absolute commanding General, and a poor Orderly-Sergeant, ordered by the very men in the ranks,—obliged to collect the vote of the ranks too, in some articulate or inarticulate shape, and weigh well the same. The proper name of all Kings is minister, Servant. In no conceivable Government can a lay-figure get forward! *This Worker*, surely he above all others has to ‘spread out his Gideon’s Fleece,’ and collect the monitions of Immensity; the poor Localities, as we said, and Parishes of Palace-yard or elsewhere, having no due monition in them. A Prime Minister, even here in England, who shall dare believe the heavenly omens, and address himself like a man and hero to the great dumb-struggling heart of England; and speak out for it, and act out for it, the God’s-Justice it is writhing to get uttered and perishing for want of,—yes, he too, will see awakened round him, in passionate burning all-defiant loyalty, the heart of England, and such a ‘support’ as no Division-List or Parliamentary Majority was ever yet known to yield a man! Here as there, now as then, he who can and dare



trust the heavenly Immensities, all earthly Localities are subject to him. We will pray for such a Man and First-Lord ;—yes, and far better, we will strive and incessantly make ready, each of us, to be worthy to serve and second such a First-Lord ! We shall then be as good as sure of his arriving ; sure of many things, let him arrive or not.

Who can despair of Governments that passes a Soldiers' Guardhouse, or meets a redcoated man on the streets ! That a body of men could be got together to kill other men when you bade them : this, *a priori*, does it not seem one of the impossiblest things ? Yet look, behold it : in the stolidest of Donothing Governments, that impossibility is a thing done. See it there with buff-belts, red coats on its back ; walking sentry at guard-houses, brushing white breeches in barracks ; an indisputable palpable fact. Out of grey Antiquity, amid all finance-difficulties, *scaccarium*-tallies, ship-moneys, coat-and-conduct moneys, and vicissitudes of Chance and Time, there, down to the present blessed hour, it is.

Often, in these painfully decadent and painfully nascent Times, with their distresses, inarticulate gaspings and 'impossibilities ;' meeting a tall Lifeguardsman in his snow-white trousers, or seeing those two statuesque Lifeguardsmen in their frowning bearskins, pipe-clayed buckskins, on their coal-black sleek fiery quadrupeds, riding sentry at the Horse-Guards,—it strikes one with a kind of mournful interest, how, in such universal down-rushing and wrecked impotence of almost all old institutions, this oldest Fighting Institution is still so young ! Fresh-complexioned, firm-limbed, six feet by the standard, this fighting-man has verily been got up, and can fight. While so much has not yet got into being ; while so much has gone gradually out of it, and become an empty Semblance of Clothes-suit ; and highest king's-cloaks, mere chimeras parading under them so long, are getting unsightly to the earnest eye, unsightly, almost offensive, like a costlier kind of scarecrow's-blanket,—here still is a reality !

The man in horsehair wig advances, promising that he will get me 'justice :' he takes me into Chancery Law-Courts, into decades, half-centuries of hubbub, of distracted jargon ;

and does *get* me—disappointment, almost desperation ; and one refuge : that of dismissing him and his ‘justice’ altogether out of my head. For I have work to do ; I cannot spend my decades in mere arguing with other men about the exact wages of my work : I will work cheerfully with no wages, sooner than with a ten-years gangrene or Chancery Lawsuit in my heart ! . He of the horsehair wig is a sort of failure ; no substance, but a fond imagination of the mind. He of the shovel-hat, again, who comes forward professing that he will save my soul—O ye Eternities, of him in this place be absolute silence !—But he of the red coat, I say, is a success and no failure ! He will veritably, if he get orders, draw out a long sword and kill me. No mistake there. He is a fact and not a shadow. Alive in this Year Forty-three, able and willing to do *his* work. In dim old centuries, with William Rufus, William of Ipres, or far earlier, he began ; and has come down safe so far. Catapult has given place to cannon, pike has given place to musket, iron mail-shirt to coat of red cloth, saltpetre ropematch to percussion cap ; equipments, circumstances have all changed, and again changed : but the human battle-engine, in the inside of any or of each of these, ready still to do battle, stands there, six feet in standard size. There are Pay-Offices, Woolwich Arsenal, there is a Horse-Guards, War-Office, Captain-General : persuasive Sergeants, with tap of drum, recruit in market-towns and villages ;—and, on the whole, I say, here is your actual drilled fighting-man ; here are your actual Ninety-thousand of such, ready to go into any quarter of the world and fight !

Strange, interesting, and yet most mournful to reflect on. Was this, then, of all the things mankind had some talent for, the one thing important to learn well, and bring to perfection ; this of successfully killing one another ? Truly you have learned it well, and carried the business to a high perfection. It is incalculable what, by arranging, commanding and regimenting, you can make of men. These thousand straight-standing firmset individuals, who shoulder arms, who march, wheel, advance, retreat ; and are, for your behoof, a magazine charged with fiery death, in the most perfect condi-

tion of potential activity : few months ago, till the persuasive sergeant came, what were they ? Multiform ragged losels, runaway apprentices, starved weavers, thievish valets ; an entirely broken population, fast tending towards the treadmill. But the persuasive sergeant came ; by tap of drum enlisted, or formed lists of them, took heartily to drilling them ;—and he and you have made them this ! Most potent, effectual for all work whatsoever, is wise planning, firm combining and commanding among men. Let no man despair of Governments who look on these two sentries at the Horse-Guards, and our United-Service Clubs ! I could conceive an Emigration Service, a Teaching Service, considerable varieties of United and Separate Services, of the due thousands strong, all effective as this Fighting Service is ; all doing *their* work, like it ;—which work, much more than fighting, is henceforth the necessity of these New Ages we are got into ! Much lies among us, convulsively, nigh desperately *struggling to be born*.

But mean Governments, as mean-limited individuals do, have stood by the physically indispensable ; have realised that and nothing more. The Soldier is perhaps one of the most difficult things to realise ; but Governments, had they not realised him, could not have existed : accordingly he is here. O Heavens if we saw an army ninety-thousand strong, maintained and fully equipt, in continual real action and battle against Human Starvation, against Chaos, Necessity, Stupidity, and our real ‘natural enemies,’ what a business were it ! Fighting and molesting not ‘the French,’ who, poor men, have a hard enough battle of their own in the like kind, and need no additional molesting from us ; but fighting and incessantly spearing down and destroying Falsehood, Nescience, Delusion, Disorder, and the Devil and his Angels ! Thou thyself, cultivated reader, hast done something in that alone true warfare ; but, alas, under what circumstances was it ? Thee no beneficent drill-sergeant, with any effectiveness, would rank in line beside thy fellows ; train, like a true didactic artist, by the wit of all past experience, to do thy soldiering ; encourage thee when right, punish thee when wrong, and everywhere with wise word-of-command say, Forward on this

hand, Forward on that! Ah, no: thou hadst to learn thy small-sword and platoon exercise where and how thou couldst; to all mortals but thyself it was indifferent whether thou shouldst ever learn it. And the rations, and shilling a day, were they provided thee,—reduced as I have known brave Jean-Pauls, learning their exercise, to live on ‘water *without* the bread?’ The rations; or any furtherance of promotion to corporalship, lance-corporalship, or due cat-o’-nine tails, with the slightest reference to thy deserts were not provided. Forethought, even as of a pipe-clayed drill-sergeant, did not preside over thee. To corporalship, lance-corporalship, thou didst attain; alas, also to the halberts and cat; but thy rewarder and punisher seemed blind as the Deluge; neither lance-corporalship, nor even drummer’s cat, because both appeared delirious, brought thee due profit.

It was well, all this, we know;—and yet it was not well! Forty soldiers, I am told, will disperse the largest Spitalfields mob: forty to ten-thousand, that is the proportion between drilled and undrilled. Much there is which cannot yet be organised in this world; but somewhat also which can, somewhat also which must. When one thinks, for example, what Books are become and becoming for us, what Operative Lancashires are become; what a Fourth Estate, and innumerable Virtualities not yet got to be Actualities are become and becoming,—one sees Organisms enough in the dim huge Future; and ‘United Services’ quite other than the redcoat one; and much, even in these years, struggling to be born!

Of Time-Bill, Factory-Bill and other such Bills the present Editor has no authority to speak. He knows not, it is for others than him to know, in what specific ways it may be feasible to interfere, with Legislation, between the Workers and the Master-Workers;—knows only and sees, what all men are beginning to see, that Legislative interference, and interferences not a few are indispensable; that as a lawless anarchy of supply-and-demand, on market-wages alone, this province of things cannot longer be left. Nay interference has begun: there are already Factory Inspectors,—who seem

to have no *lack* of work. Perhaps there might be Mine-Inspectors too:—might there not be Furrowfield Inspectors withal, and ascertain for us how on seven and sixpence a week a human family does live! Interference has begun; it must continue, must extensively enlarge itself, deepen and sharpen itself. Such things cannot longer be idly lapped in darkness, and suffered to go on unseen: the Heavens do see them; the curse, not the blessing of the Heavens is on an Earth that refuses to see them.

Again, are not Sanitary Regulations possible for a Legislature? The old Romans had their *Ædiles*; who would, I think, in direct contravention to supply-and-demand, have rigorously seen rammed up into total abolition many a foul cellar in our Southwarks, Saint-Gileses, and dark poison-lanes; saying sternly, “Shall a Roman man dwell there?” The Legislature, at whatever cost of consequences, would have had to answer, “God forbid!”—The Legislature, even as it now is, could order all dingy Manufacturing Towns to cease from their soot and darkness; to let in the blessed sunlight, the blue of Heaven, and become clear and clean; to burn their coal-smoke, namely, and make flame of it. Baths, free air, a wholesome temperature, ceilings twenty feet high, might be ordained, by Act of Parliament, in all establishments licensed as Mills. There are such Mills already extant;—honour to the builders of them! The Legislature can say to others: Go ye and do likewise; better if you can.

Every toiling Manchester, its smoke and soot all burnt, ought it not, among so many world-wide conquests, to have a hundred acres or so of free greenfield, with trees on it, conquered, for its little children to disport in; for its all conquering workers to take a breath of twilight air in? You would say so! A willing Legislature could say so with effect. A willing Legislature could say very many things! And to whatsoever ‘vested interest,’ or such like, stood up, gainsaying merely, “I shall lose profits,”—the willing Legislature would answer, “Yes, but my sons and daughters will gain health, and life, and a soul.”—“What is to become of our Cotton-trade?” cried certain Spinners, when the Factory-Bill



was proposed ; “What is to become of our invaluable Cotton-trade?” The Humanity of England answered stedfastly : “Deliver me these rickety perishing souls of infants, and let your Cotton-trade take its chance. God Himself commands the one thing ; not God especially the other thing. We cannot have prosperous Cotton-trades at the expense of keeping the Devil a partner in them !”—

Bills enough, were the Corn-Law Abrogation Bill once passed, and a Legislature willing ! Nay this one Bill, which lies yet unenacted, a right Education Bill, is not this of itself the sure parent of innumerable wise Bills,—wise regulations, practical methods and proposals, gradually ripening towards the state of Bills ? To irradiate with intelligence, that is to say, with order, arrangement and all blessedness, the Chaotic, Unintelligent : how, except by educating, *can* you accomplish this ? That thought, reflection, articulate utterance and understanding be awakened in these individual million heads, which are the atoms of your Chaos : there is no other way of illuminating any Chaos ! The sum-total of intelligence that is found in it, determines the extent of order that is possible for your Chaos,—the feasibility and rationality of what your Chaos will dimly demand from you, and will gladly obey when proposed by you ! It is an exact equation ; the one accurately measures the other.—If the whole English People, during these ‘twenty years of respite,’ be not educated, with at least schoolmaster’s educating, a tremendous responsibility, before God and men, will rest somewhere ! How dare any man, especially a man calling himself minister of God, stand up in any Parliament or place, under any pretext or delusion, and for a day or an hour forbid God’s Light to come into the world, and bid the Devil’s Darkness continue in it one hour more ! For all light and science, under all shapes, in all degrees of perfection, is of God ; all darkness, nescience, is of the Enemy of God. ‘The schoolmaster’s creed is somewhat awry ?’ Yes, I have found few creeds entirely correct ; few light-beams shining *white*, pure of admixture : but of all creeds and religions now or ever before known, was not that of thoughtless thriftless Animalism, of Distilled Gin, and

Stupor and Despair, unspeakably the least orthodox? We will exchange *it* even with Paganism, with Fetishism; and, on the whole, must exchange it with something.

An effective 'Teaching Service' I do consider that there must be; some Education Secretary, Captain-General of Teachers, who will actually contrive to get us *taught*. Then again, why should there not be an 'Emigration Service,' and Secretary, with adjuncts, with funds, forces, idle Navy-ships, and ever-increasing apparatus; in fine an *effective system* of Emigration; so that, at length, before our twenty years of respite ended, every honest willing Workman who found England too strait, and the 'Organisation of Labour' not yet sufficiently advanced, might find likewise a bridge built to carry him into new Western Lands, there to 'organise' with more elbow-room some labour for himself? There to be a real blessing, raising new corn for us, purchasing new webs and hatchets from us; leaving us at least in peace;—instead of staying here to be a Physical-Force Chartist, unblest and no blessing! Is it not scandalous to consider that a Prime Minister could raise within the year, as I have seen it done a Hundred and Twenty Millions sterling to shoot the French; and we are stopt short for want of the hundredth part of that to keep the English living? The bodies of the English living; and the souls of English living:—these two 'Services,' an Education Service and an Emigration Service, these with others will actually have to be organised!

A free bridge for Emigrants: why, we should then be on a par with America itself, the most favoured of all lands that have no government; and we should have, besides, so many traditions and mementos of priceless things which America has cast away. We could proceed deliberately to 'organise Labour,' not doomed to perish unless we effected it within year and day;—every willing Worker that proved superfluous, finding a bridge ready for him. This verily will have to be done; the Time is big with this. Our little Isle is grown too narrow for us; but the world is wide enough yet for another Six Thousand Years. England's sure markets will be among new Colonies of Englishmen in all quarters of the Globe. All

men trade with all men, when mutually convenient ; and are even bound to do it by the Maker of men. Our friends of China, who guiltily refused to trade, in these circumstances,—had we not to argue with them, in cannon-shot at last, and convince them that they ought to trade ! ‘ Hostile Tariffs ’ will arise, to shut us out ; and then again will fall, to let us in : but the Sons of England, speakers of the English language were it nothing more, will in all times have the ineradicable predisposition to trade with England. Mycale was the *Pan-Ionion*, rendezvous of all the Tribes of Ion, for old Greece : why should not London long continue the *All-Saxon-home*, rendezvous of all the ‘ Children of the Harz-Rock,’ arriving, in select samples, from the Antipodes and elsewhere, by steam and otherwise, to the ‘ season ’ here !—What a Future ; wide as the world, if we have the heart and heroism for it,—which, by Heaven’s blessing we shall :

‘ Keep not standing fixed and rooted,  
Briskly venture, briskly roam ;  
Head and hand, where’er thou foot it,  
And stout heart are still at home.

In what land the sun does visit,  
Brisk are we, whate’er betide :  
To give space for wandering is it  
That the world was made so wide.’ \*

Fourteen hundred years ago, it was by a considerable ‘ Emigration Service,’ never doubt it, by much enlistment, discussion and apparatus, that we ourselves arrived in this remarkable Island,—and got into our present difficulties among others !

It is true the English Legislature, like the English People, is of slow temper ; essentially conservative. In our wildest periods of reform, in the Long Parliament itself, you notice always the invincible instinct to hold fast by the Old ; to admit the *minimum* of New ; to expand, if it be possible, some old habit or method, already found fruitful, into new growth

\* Goethe, *Wilhelm Mesiter*.

for the new need. It is an instinct worthy of all honour ; akin to all strength and all wisdom. The Future hereby is not dis-severed from the Past, but based continuously on it ; grows with all the vitalities of the Past, and is rooted down deep into the beginnings of us. The English Legislature is entirely repugnant to believe in 'new epochs.' The English Legislature does not occupy itself with epochs ; has, indeed, other business to do than looking at the Time-Horologe and hearing it tick ! Nevertheless new epochs do actually come ; and with them new imperious peremptory necessities ; so that even an English Legislature has to look up, and admit, though with reluctance, that the hour has struck. The hour having struck, let us not say 'impossible ;'—it will have to be possible ! 'Contrary to the habits of Parliament, the habits of Government?' Yes : but did any Parliament or Government ever sit in a Year Forty-three before ? One of the most original, unexampled years and epochs ; in several important respects, totally unlike any other ! For Time, all-edacious and all-feracious, does run on : and the Seven Sleepers, awakening hungry after a hundred years, find that it is not their old nurses who can now give them suck !

For the rest, let not any Parliament, Aristocracy, Millocracy, or Member of the Governing Class, condemn with much triumph this small specimen of 'remedial measures ;' or ask again, with the least anger, of this Editor, What is to be done, How that alarming problem of the Working Classes is to be managed ? Editors are not here, foremost of all, to say How. A certain Editor thanks the gods that nobody pays him three hundred thousand pounds a year, two hundred thousand, twenty thousand, or any similar sum of cash for saying How :—that his wages are very different, his work somewhat fitter for him. An Editor's stipulated work is to apprise *thee* that it must be done. The 'way to do it,'—is to try it, knowing that thou shalt die if it be not done. There is the bare back, there is the web of cloth ; thou shalt cut me a coat to cover the bare back, thou whose trade it is. 'Impossible ?' Hapless Fraction, dost thou discern Fate there, half unveiling herself in the gloom of the future, with her gibbet-cords, her

steel-whips, and very authentic Tailor's Hell ; waiting to see whether it is 'possible?' Out with thy scissors, and cut that cloth or thy own windpipe !

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## CHAPTER IV.

### CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

IF I believed that Mammonism with its adjuncts was to continue henceforth the one serious principle of our existence, I should reckon it idle to solicit remedial measures from any Government, the disease being insusceptible of remedy. Government can do much, but it can in no wise do all. Government, as the most conspicuous object in Society, is called upon to give signal of what shall be done ; and, in many ways, to preside over, further, and command the doing of it. But the Government cannot do, by all its signalling and commanding, what the Society is radically indisposed to do. In the long-run every Government is the exact symbol of its People, with their wisdom and unwisdom ; we have to say, Like People like Government.—The main substance of this immense Problem of Organising Labour, and first of all of Managing the Working Classes, will, it is very clear, have to be solved by those who stand practically in the middle of it ; by those who themselves work and preside over work. Of all that can be enacted by any Parliament in regard to it, the germs must already lie potentially extant in those two Classes, who are to obey such enactment. A human Chaos *in* which there is no light, you vainly attempt to irradiate by light shed *on* it ; order never can arise there.

But it is my firm conviction that the 'Hell of England' will *cease* to be that of 'not making money ;' that we shall get a nobler Hell and a nobler Heaven ! I anticipate light *in* the Human Chaos, glimmering, shining more and more ; under manifold true signals from without That light shall shine. Our deity no longer being Mammon,—O Heavens, each man will then say to himself : "Why such deadly haste to make money? I shall not go to Hell, even if I do not



make money! There is another Hell, I am told!" Competition, at railway-speed, in all branches of commerce and work will then abate:—good felt-hats for the head, in every sense, instead of seven-feet lath-and-plaster hats on wheels, will then be discoverable! Bubble-periods, with their panics and commercial crises, will again become infrequent; steady modest industry will take the place of gambling speculation. To be a noble Master, among noble Workers, will again be the first ambition with some few; to be a rich Master only the second. How the Inventive Genius of England, with the whirr of its bobbins and billy-rollers shoved somewhat into the backgrounds of the brain, will contrive and devise, not cheaper produce exclusively, but fairer distribution of the produce at its present cheapness! By degrees, we shall again have a Society with something of Heroism in it, something of Heaven's Blessing on it; we shall again have, as my German friend asserts, 'instead of Mammon-Feudalism with unsold 'cotton-shirts and Preservation of the Game, noble just Industrialism and Government by the Wisest!'

It is with the hope of awakening here and there a British man to know himself for a man and divine soul, that a few words of parting admonition, to all persons to whom the Heavenly Powers have lent power of any kind in this land, may now be addressed. And first to those same Master-Workers, Leaders of Industry; who stand nearest, and in fact powerfulest, though not most prominent, being as yet in too many senses a Virtuality rather than an Actuality.

The Leaders of Industry, if Industry is ever to be led, are virtually the Captains of the World; if there be no nobleness in them, there will never be an Aristocracy more. But let the Captains of Industry consider: once again, are they born of other clay than the old Captains of Slaughter; doomed forever to be no Chivalry, but a mere gold-plated *Doggery*,—what the French well name *Canaille*, 'Doggery' with more or less gold carrion at its disposal? Captains of Industry are the true Fighters, henceforth recognisable, as the only true ones: Fighters against Chaos, Necessity and the Devils and

Jötuns ; and lead on Mankind in that great, and alone true, and universal warfare ; the stars in their courses fighting for them, and all Heaven and all Earth saying audibly, Well-done ! Let the Captains of Industry retire into their own hearts, and ask solemnly, If there is nothing but vulturous hunger, for fine wines, valet reputation and gilt carriages, discoverable there ? Of hearts made by the Almighty God I will not believe such a thing. Deep-hidden under wretchedest godforgetting Cants, Epicurisms, Dead-Sea Apisms ; forgotten as under foulest fat Lethe mud and weeds, there is yet, in all hearts born into this God's-World, a spark of the God-like slumbering. Awake, O nightmare sleepers ; awake, arise, or be forever fallen ! This is not playhouse poetry ; it is sober fact. Our England, our world cannot live as it is. It will connect itself with a God again, or go down with nameless throes and fire-consummation to the Devils. Thou who feelest aught of such a God-like stirring in thee, any faintest intimation of it, as through heavy-laden dreams, follow *it*, I conjure thee. Arise, save thyself, be one of those that save thy country.

Bucaniers, Chactaw Indians, whose supreme aim in fighting is that they may get the scalps, the money, that they may amass scalps and money : out of such came no Chivalry, and never will ! Out of such came only gore and wreck, infernal rage and misery ; desperation quenched in annihilation. Behold it, I bid thee, behold there, and consider ! What is it that thou have a hundred thousand-pound bills laid up in thy strong-rooms, a hundred scalps hung up in thy wigwam ? I value not them or thee. Thy scalps and thy thousand-pound bills are as yet nothing, if no nobleness from within irradiate them ; if no Chivalry, in action, or in embryo ever struggling towards birth and action, be there.

Love of men cannot be bought by cash-payment ; and without love, men cannot endure to be together. You cannot lead a Fighting World without having it regimented, chivalried : the thing in a day becomes impossible ; all men in it, the highest at first, the very lowest at last, discern consciously, or by a noble instinct, this necessity. And can you

any more continue to lead a Working World unregimented, anarchic? I answer, and the Heavens and Earth are now answering, No! The thing becomes not 'in a day' impossible; but in some two generations it does. Yes, when fathers and mothers, in Stockport hunger-cellars, begin to eat their children, and Irish widows have to prove their relationship by dying of typhus-fever; and amid Governing 'Corporations of the Best and Bravest,' busy to preserve their game by 'bushing,' dark millions of God's human creatures start up in mad Chartisms, impracticable Sacred-Months, and Manchester Insurrections; and there is a virtual Industrial Aristocracy as yet only half-alive, spell-bound amid money-bags and ledgers; and an actual Idle Aristocracy seemingly near dead in somnolent delusions, in trespasses and double-barrels; 'sliding,' as on inclined planes, which every new year they *soap* with new Hansard's-jargon under God's sky, and so are 'sliding' ever faster, towards a 'scale' and balance-scale whereon is written *Thou art found Wanting*:—in such days, after a generation or two, I say, it does become, even to the low and simple, very palpably impossible! No Working World, any more than a Fighting World, can be led on without a noble Chivalry of Work, and laws and fixed rules which follow out of that,—far nobler than any Chivalry of Fighting was. As an anarchic multitude on mere Supply-and-demand, it is becoming inevitable that we dwindle in horrid suicidal convulsion, and self-abrasion, frightful to the imagination, into *Chactaw* Workers. With wigwams and scalps,—with palaces and thousand-pound bills; with savagery, depopulation, chaotic desolation! Good Heavens, will not one French Revolution and Reign of Terror suffice us, but must there be two? There will be two if needed; there will be twenty if needed; there will be precisely as many as are needed. The Laws of Nature will have themselves fulfilled. That is a thing certain to me.

Your gallant battle-hosts, and work-hosts, as the others did, will need to be made loyally yours; they must and will be regulated, methodically secured in their just share of conquest under you;—joined with you in veritable brotherhood, son-

hood, by quite other and deeper ties than those of temporary day's wages ! How would mere red-coated regiments, to say nothing of chivalries, fight for you, if you could discharge them on the evening of the battle, on payment of the stipulated shillings,—and they discharge you on the morning of it ! Chelsea Hospitals, pensions, promotions, rigorous lasting covenant on the one side and on the other, are indispensable even for a hired fighter. The Feudal Baron, much more,—how could he subsist with mere temporary mercenaries round him, at sixpence a day ; ready to go over to the other side, if sevenpence were offered ? He could not have subsisted ;—and his noble instinct saved him from the necessity of even trying ! The Feudal Baron had a Man's Soul in him ! to which anarchy, mutiny, and the other fruits of temporary mercenaries, were intolerable : he had never been a Baron otherwise, but had continued a Chactaw and Bucanier. He felt it precious, and at last it became habitual, and his fruitful enlarged existence included it as a necessity, to have men round him who in heart loved him ; whose life he watched over with rigour yet with love ; who were prepared to give their life for him, if need came. It was beautiful ; it was human ! Man lives not otherwise, nor can live contented, anywhere or anywhen. Isolation is the sum-total of wretchedness to man. To be cut off, to be left solitary : to have a world alien, not your world ; all a hostile camp for you ; not a home at all, of hearts and faces who are yours, whose you are ! It is the frightfullest enchantment ; too truly a work of the Evil One. To have neither superior, nor inferior, nor equal, united manlike to you. Without father, without child, without brother. Man knows no sadder destiny. 'How is each of us,' exclaims Jean Paul, 'so lonely, in the wide bosom of the All !' Encased each as in his transparent 'ice-palace ;' our brother visible in his, making signals and gesticulations to us ;—visible, but forever unattainable : on his bosom we shall never rest, nor he on ours. It was not a God that did this ; no !

Awake, ye noble Workers, warriors in the one true war : all this must be remedied. It is you who are already half-alive, whom I will welcome into life ; whom I will conjure in God's

name to shake off your enchanted sleep, and live wholly ! Cease to count scalps, gold-purses ; not in these lies your or our salvation. Even these, if you count only these, will not long be left. Let bucaniering be put far from you ; alter, speedily abrogate all laws of the bucaniers, if you would gain any victory that shall endure. Let God's justice, let pity, nobleness and manly valour, with more gold-purses or with fewer, testify themselves in this your brief Life-transit to all the Eternities, the Gods and Silences. It is to you I call ; for ye are not dead, ye are already half-alive : there is in you a sleepless dauntless energy, the prime-matter of all nobleness in man. Honour to you in your kind. It is to you I call : ye know at least this, That the mandate of God to His creature man is : Work ! The future Epic of the World rests not with those that are near dead, but with those that are alive, and those that are coming into life.

Look around you. Your world-hosts are all in mutiny, in confusion, destitution ; on the eve of fiery wreck and madness ! They will not march farther for you, on the sixpence a day and supply-and-demand principle : they will not ; nor ought they, nor can they. Ye shall reduce them to order, begin reducing them. To order, to just subordination ; noble loyalty in return for noble guidance. Their souls are driven nigh mad ; let yours be sane and ever saner. Not as a bewildered bewildering mob ; but as a firm regimented mass, with real captains over them, will these men march any more. All human\* interests, combined human endeavours, and social growths in this world, have, at a certain stage of their development, required organising : and Work, the grandest of human interests, does now require it.

God knows, the task will be hard : but no noble task was ever easy. This task will wear away your lives, and the lives of your sons and grandsons : but for what purpose, if not for tasks like this, were lives given to men ? Ye shall cease to count your thousand-pound scalps, the noble of you shall cease ! Nay the very scalps, as I say, will not long be left if you count only these. Ye shall cease wholly to be barbarous vulturous Chactaws, and become noble European Nine-



teenth-Century Men. Ye shall know that Mammon, in never such gigs and flunkey 'respectabilities,' is not the alone God ; that of himself he is but a Devil, and even a Brute-god.

Difficult ? Yes, it will be difficult. The short-fibre Cotton ; that too was difficult. The waste cotton-shrub, long useless, disobedient, as the thistle by the wayside,—have ye not conquered it ; made it into beautiful bandana webs ; white woven shirts for men ; bright-tinted air-garments wherein flit goddesses ? Ye have shivered mountains asunder, made the hard iron pliant to you as soft putty : the Forest-giants, Marsh-jötuns bear sheaves of golden grain ; Ægir the Sea-demon himself stretches his back for a sleek highway to you, and on Firehorses and Windhorses ye career. Ye are most strong. Thor red-bearded, with his blue sun-eyes, with his cheery heart and strong thunder-hammer, he and you have prevailed. Ye are most strong, ye Sons of the icy North, of the far East,—far marching from your rugged Eastern Wildernesses, hitherward from the grey Dawn of Time ! Ye are Sons of the *Jötun*-land ; the land of Difficulties Conquered. Difficult ? You must try this thing. Once try it with the understanding that it will and shall have to be done. Try it as ye try the paltrier thing, making of money ! I will bet on you once more, against all Jötuns, Tailor-gods, Double-barrelled Lawwards, and Denizens of Chaos whatsoever !

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## CHAPTER V.

### PERMANENCE.

STANDING on the threshold, nay as yet outside the threshold, of a 'Chivalry of Labour,' and an immeasurable Future which it is to fill with fruitfulness and verdant shade ; where so much has not yet come even to the rudimental state, and all speech of positive enactments were hazardous in those who know this business only by the eye,—let us here hint at simply one widest universal principle, as the basis from which all organisation hitherto has grown up among men, and all henceforth

will have to grow : The principle of Permanent Contract instead of Temporary.

Permanent not Temporary :—you do not hire the mere red-coated fighter by the day, but by the score of years ! Permanence, persistence is the first condition of all fruitfulness in the ways of men. The ‘tendency to persevere,’ to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements and ‘impossibilities :’ it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak ; the civilised burgher from the nomadic savage,—the Species Man from the Genus Ape ! The Nomad has his very house set on wheels ; the Nomad, and in a still higher degree the Ape, are all for ‘liberty ;’ the privilege to flit continually is indispensable for them. Alas, in how many ways, does our humour, in this swift-rolling self-abrading Time, shew itself nomadic, apelike ; mournful enough to him that looks on it with eyes ! This humour will have to abate ; it is the first element of all fertility in human things, that such ‘liberty’ of apes and nomads do by freewill or constraint abridge itself, give place to a better. The civilised man lives not in wheeled houses. He builds stone castles, plants lands, makes lifelong marriage-contracts ;—has long-dated hundred-fold possessions, not to be valued in the money-market ; has pedigrees, libraries, law-codes ; has memories and hopes, even for this Earth, that reach over thousands of years. Life-long marriage-contracts : how much preferable were year-long or month-long—to the nomad or ape !

Month-long contracts please me little, in any province where there can by possibility be found virtue enough for more. Month-long contracts do not answer well even with your house-servants ; the liberty on both sides to change every month is growing very apelike, nomadic ;—and I hear philosophers predict that it will alter, or that strange results will follow : that wise men, pestered with nomads, with unattached ever-shifting spies and enemies rather than friends and servants, will gradually, weighing substance against semblance, with indignation, dismiss such, down almost to the very shoe-black, and say, “Begone ; I will serve myself rather, and have

peace!" Gurth was hired for life to Cedric, and Cedric to Gurth. O Anti-Slavery Convention, loud-sounding long-eared Exeter-Hall—But in thee too is a kind of instinct towards justice, and I will complain of nothing. Only, black Quashee over the seas being once sufficiently attended to, wilt thou not perhaps open thy dull sodden eyes to the 'sixty-thousand 'valets in London itself who are yearly dismissed to the 'streets, to be what they can, when the season ends;'—or to the hungerstricken, pallid, *yellow-coloured* 'Free Labourers' in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Buckinghamshire, and all other shires! These Yellow-coloured, for the present, absorb all my sympathies: if I had a Twenty Millions, with Model-Farms and Niger Expeditions, it is to these that I would give it! Quashee has already victuals, clothing; Quashee is not dying of such despair as the yellow-coloured pale man's. Quashee, it must be owned, is hitherto a kind of blockhead. The Haiti Duke of Marmalade, educated now for almost half a century, seems to have next to no sense in him. Why, in one of those Lancashire Weavers, dying of hunger, there is more thought and heart, a greater arithmetical amount of misery and desperation, than in whole gangs of Quashees. It must be owned, thy eyes are of the sodden sort; and with thy emancipations, and thy twenty-millionings and long-eared clamourings, thou, like Robespierre and his pasteboard *Etre Suprême*, threatenest to become a bore to us: *Avec ton Etre Suprême tu commences m'embêter!*—

In a Printed Sheet of the assiduous, much-abused, and truly useful Mr. Chadwick's, containing queries and responses from far and near, as to this great question, 'What is the effect of Education on workingmen, in respect of their value as mere workers?' the present Editor, reading with satisfaction a decisive unanimous verdict as to Education, reads with inexpressible interest this special remark, put in by way of marginal incidental note, from a practical manufacturing Quaker, whom, as he is anonymous, we will call Friend Prudence. Prudence keeps a thousand workmen; has striven in all ways to attach them to him; has provided conversational soirées; play-grounds, bands of music for the young ones;

went even 'the length of buying them a drum : ' all which has turned out to be an excellent investment. For a certain person, marked here by a black stroke, whom we shall name Blank, living over the way,—he also keeps somewhere about a thousand men ; but has done none of these things for them, nor any other thing, except due payment of the wages by supply-and-demand. Blank's workers are perpetually getting into mutiny, into broils and coils : every six months, we suppose, Blank has a strike ; every one month, every day and every hour, they are fretting and obstructing the short-sighted Blank ; pilfering from him, wasting and idling for him, omitting and committing for him. "I would not," says Friend Prudence, "exchange my workers for his *with seven thousand pounds to boot.*" \*

Right, O honourable Prudence ; thou art wholly in the right : Seven thousand pounds even as a matter of profit for this world, nay for the mere cash-market of this world ! And as a matter of profit not for this world only, but for the other world and all worlds, it outweighs the Bank of England !—Can the sagacious reader descry here, as it were the outmost inconsiderable rockledge of a universal rock-foundation, deep once more as the Centre of the World, emerging so, in the experience of this good Quaker, through the Stygian mud-vortexes and general Mother of Dead Dogs, whereon, for the present, all swags and insecurely hovers, as if ready to be swallowed ?

Some Permanence of Contract is already almost possible ; the principle of Permanence, year by year, better seen into and elaborated, may enlarge itself, expand gradually on every side into a system. This once secured, the basis of all good results were laid. Once permanent, you do not quarrel with the first difficulty on your path, and quit it in weak disgust ; you reflect that it cannot be quitted, that it must be conquered, a wise arrangement fallen on with regard to it. Ye foolish Wedded Two, who have quarrelled, between whom the Evil Spirit has stirred up transient strife and bitterness,

\* Report on the Training of Pauper Children (1841), p. 18.

so that 'incompatibility' seems almost nigh, ye are nevertheless the Two who, by long habit, were it by nothing more, do best of all others suit each other : it is expedient for your own two foolish selves, to say nothing of the infants, pedigrees and public in general, that ye agree again ; that ye put away the Evil Spirit, and wisely on both hands struggle for the guidance of a Good Spirit !

The very horse that is permanent, how much kindlier do his rider and he work, than the temporary one, hired on any hack principle yet known ! I am for permanence in all things, at the earliest possible moment, and to the latest possible. Blessed is he that continueth where he is. Here let us rest, and lay out seedfields ; here let us learn to dwell. Here, even here, the orchards that we plant will yield us fruit ; the acorns will be wood and pleasant umbrage, if we wait. How much grows everywhere, if we do but wait ! Through the swamps we will shape causeways, force purifying drains ; we will learn to thread the rocky inaccessibilities ; and beaten tracks, worn smooth by mere travelling of human feet, will form themselves. Not a difficulty but can transfigure itself into a triumph ; not even a deformity but, if our own soul have imprinted worth on it, will grow dear to us. The sunny plains and deep indigo transparent skies of Italy are all indifferent to the great sick heart of a Sir Walter Scott : on the back of the Apennines, in wild spring weather, the sight of bleak Scotch firs, and snow-spotted heath and desolation, brings tears into his eyes.\*

O unwise mortals that forever change and shift, and say, Yonder, not Here ! Wealth richer than both the Indies lies everywhere for man, if he will endure. Not his oaks only and his fruit-trees, his very heart roots itself wherever he will abide ;—roots itself, draws nourishment from the deep fountains of Universal Being !—Vagrant Sam-Slicks, who rove over the Earth doing 'strokes of trade,' what wealth have they ? Horseloads, shiploads of white or yellow metal : in very sooth, what *are* these ? Slick rests nowhere, he is homeless. He can build stone or marble houses ; but to continue in

\* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.



them is denied him. The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by ! The herdsman in his poor clay shealing, where his very cow and dog are friends to him, and not a cataract but carries memories for him, and not a mountain-top but nods old recognition : his life, all encircled as in blessed mother's-arms, is it poorer than Slick's with the ass-loads of yellow metal on his back ? Unhappy Slick ! Alas, there has so much grown nomadic, apelike, with us : so much will have, with whatever pain, repugnance and 'impossibility,' to alter itself, to fix itself again,—in some wise way, in any not delirious way !

A question arises here : Whether, in some ulterior, perhaps some not far-distant stage of this 'Chivalry of Labour,' your Master-Worker may not find it possible, and needful, to grant his Workers permanent *interest* in his enterprise and theirs ? So that it become, in practical result, what in essential fact and justice it ever is, a joint enterprise ; all men, from the Chief Master down to the lowest Overseer and Operative, economically as well as loyally concerned for it ?—Which question I do not answer. The answer, near or else far, is perhaps, Yes ;—and yet one knows the difficulties. Despotism is essential in most enterprises ; I am told, they do not tolerate 'freedom of debate' on board a Seventy-four ! Republican senate and *plebiscita* would not answer well in Cotton-Mills. And yet observe there too : Freedom, not nomad's or ape's Freedom, but man's Freedom ; this is indispensable. We must have it, and will have it ! To reconcile Despotism with Freedom :—well, is that such a mystery ? Do you not already know the way ? It is to make your Despotism *just*. Rigorous as Destiny ; but just too, as Destiny and its Laws. The Laws of God : all men obey these, and have no 'Freedom' at all but in obeying them. The way is already known, part of the way ;—and courage and some qualities are needed for walking on it !

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE LANDED.

A MAN with fifty, with five hundred, with a thousand pounds a day, given him freely, without condition at all,—on condition, as it now runs, that he will sit with his hands in his pockets and do no mischief, pass no Corn-Laws or the like,—he too, you would say, is or might be a rather strong Worker ! He is a Worker with such tools as no man in this world ever before had. But in practice, very astonishing, very ominous to look at, he proves not a strong Worker ;—you are too happy if he will prove but a No-worker, do nothing, and not be a Wrong-worker.

You ask him, at the year's end : “ Where is your three-hundred thousand pound ; what have you realised to us with that ? ” He answers, in indignant surprise : “ Done with it ? Who are you that ask ? I have eaten it ; I and my flunkeys, and parasites, and slaves two-footed and four-footed, in an ornamental manner ; and I am here alive by it ; *I* am realised by it to you ! ”—It is, as we have often said, such an answer as was never before given under this Sun. An answer that fills me with boding apprehension, with foreshadows of despair. O stolid Use-and-wont of an atheistic Half-century, O Ignavia, Tailor-godhood, soul-killing Cant, to what passes art thou bringing us !—Out of the loud-piping whirlwind, audibly to him that has ears, the Highest God is again announcing in these days : “ Idleness shall not be.” God has said it, man cannot gainsay.

Ah, how happy were it, if he this Aristocrat Worker would, in like manner, see *his* work and do it ! It is frightful seeking another to do it for him. Guillotines, Meudon Tanneries, and half-a-million men shot dead, have already been expended in that business ; and it is yet far from done. This man too is something ; nay he is a great thing. Look on him there : a man of manful aspect ; something of the ‘ cheerfulness of pride ’ still lingering in him. A free air of graceful stoicism,

of easy silent dignity sits well on him ; in his heart, could we reach it, lie elements of generosity, self-sacrificing justice, true human valour. Why should he, with such appliances, stand an incumbrance in the Present ; perish disastrously out of the Future ! From no section of the Future would we lose these noble courtesies, impalpable yet all-controlling ; these dignified reticences, these kingly simplicities ;—lose aught of what the fruitful Past still gives us token of, memento of, in this man. Can we not save him :—can he not help us to save him ! A brave man he too ; had not undivine Ignavia, Hearsay, Speech without meaning,—had not Cant, thousand-fold Cant within him and around him, enveloping him like choke-damp, like thick Egyptian darkness, thrown his soul into asphyxia, as it were extinguished his soul ; so that he sees not, hears not, and Moses and all the Prophets address him in vain.

Will he awaken, be alive again, and have a soul ; or is this death-fit very death ? It is a question of questions, for himself and for us all ! Alas, is there no noble work for this man too ? Has he not thick-headed ignorant boors ; lazy, enslaved farmers ; weedy lands ? Lands ! Has he not weary heavy-laden ploughers of land ; immortal souls of men, ploughing, ditching, day-drudging ; bare of back, empty of stomach, nigh desperate of heart ; and none peaceably to help them but he, under Heaven ? Does he find, with his three hundred thousand pounds, no noble thing trodden down in the thoroughfares which it were godlike to help up ? Can he do nothing for his Burns but make a Gauger of him ; lionise him, bedinner him, for a foolish while ; then whistle him down the wind, to desperation and bitter death ?—His work too is difficult, in these modern, far-dislocated ages. But it may be done ; it may be tried ;—it must be done.

A modern Duke of Weimar, not a god he either, but a human duke, levied, as I reckon, in rents and taxes and all incomings whatsoever, less than several of our English Dukes do in rent alone. The Duke of Weimar, with these incomings, had to govern, judge, defend, every way administer *his* Dukedom. He does all this as few others did : and he im-

proves lands besides all this, makes river-embankments, maintains not soldiers only, but Universities and Institutions :—and in his Court were these four men : Wieland, Herder, Schiller, Goethe. Not as parasites, which was impossible ; not as table-wits and poetic Katerfeltoes ; but as noble Spiritual Men working under a noble Practical Man. Shielded by him from many miseries ; perhaps from many shortcomings, destructive aberrations. Heaven had sent, once more, heavenly Light into the world ; and this man's honour was that he gave it welcome. A new noble kind of Clergy, under an old but still noble kind of King ! I reckon that this one Duke of Weimar did more for the Culture of his Nation than all the English Dukes and *Duces* now extant, or that were extant since Henry the Eighth gave them the Church Lands to eat, have done for theirs !—I am ashamed, I am alarmed for my English Dukes : what word have I to say ?

*If* our Actual Aristocracy, appointed 'Best-and Bravest,' will be wise, how inexpressibly happy for us ! If not,—the voice of God from the whirlwind is very audible to me. Nay, I will thank the Great God, that He has said, in whatever fearful ways, and just wrath against us, "Idleness shall be no more !" Idleness ? The awakened soul of man, all but the asphyxied soul of man, turns from it as from worse than death. It is the life-in-death of Poet Coleridge. That fable of the Dead-Sea Apes ceases to be a fable. The poor Worker starved to death is not the saddest of sights. He lies there, dead on his shield ; fallen down into the bosom of his old Mother ; with haggard pale face, sorrow-worn, but stilled now into divine peace, silently appeals to the Eternal God and all the Universe—the most silent, the most eloquent of men.

Exceptions,—ah yes, thank Heaven, we know there are exceptions. Our case were too hard, were there not exceptions, and partial exceptions not a few, whom we know, and whom we do not know. Honour to the name of Ashley,—honour to this and the other valiant Abdiel, found faithful still ; who would fain by work and by word, admonish their Order not to rush upon destruction ! These are they who will, if not save their Order, postpone the wreck of it ;—by whom, under

blessing of the Upper Powers, 'a quiet euthanasia spread 'over generations, instead of a swift torture-death concentrated into years,' may be brought about for many things. All honour and success to these. The noble man can still strive nobly to save and serve his Order ;—at lowest, he can remember the precept of the Prophet: "Come out of her, my people ; come out of her !"

To sit idle aloft, like living statues, like absurd Epicurus'-gods, in pampered isolation, in exclusion from the glorious fateful battlefield of this God's-World : it is a poor life for a man, when all Upholsterers and French-Cooks have done their utmost for it !—Nay, what a shallow delusion is this we have all got into, That any man should or can keep himself apart from men, have 'no business' with them, except a cash-account 'business !' It is the silliest tale a distressed generation of men ever took to telling one another. Men cannot live isolated : we *are* all bound together, for mutual good or else for mutual misery, as living nerves in the same body. No highest man can disunite himself from any lowest. Consider it. Your poor 'Werter blowing out his distracted existence because Charlotte will not have the keeping thereof :' this is no peculiar phasis ; it is simply the highest expression of a phasis traceable wherever one human creature meets another ! Let the meanest crookbacked Thersites teach the supremest Agamemnon that he actually does not reverence him, the supremest Agamemnon's eyes flash fire responsive ; a real pain, and partial insanity has seized Agamemnon. Strange enough : a many-counselled Ulysses is set in motion by a scoundrel-blockhead ; plays tunes, like a barrel-organ, at the scoundrel blockhead's touch,—has to snatch, namely, his sceptre cudgel, and weal the crooked back with bumps and thumps ! Let a chief of men, reflect well on it. Not in having 'no business' with men, but in having no unjust business with them, and in *having* all manner of true and just business, can either his or their blessedness be found possible, and this waste world become, for both parties, a home and peopled garden.



Men do reverence men. Men do worship in that 'one, temple of the world,' as Novalis calls it, the Presence of a Man! Hero-worship, true and blessed, or else mistaken, false and accursed, goes on everywhere and everywhen. In this world there is one godlike thing, the essence of all that was or ever will be of godlike in this world: the veneration done to Human Worth by the hearts of men. Hero-worship, in the souls of the heroic, of the clear and wise,—it is the perpetual presence of Heaven in our poor Earth: when it is not there, Heaven is veiled from us; and all is under Heaven's ban and interdict, and there is no worship, or worth-ship, or worth or blessedness in the Earth any more!—

Independence, 'lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,'—alas, yes, he is one we have got acquainted with in these late times: a very indispensable one, for spurning off with due energy innumerable sham-superiors, Tailor-made: honour to him, entire success to him! Entire success is sure to him. But he must not stop there, at that small success, with his eagle-eye. He has now a second far greater success to gain: to seek out his real superiors, whom not the Tailor but the Almighty God has made superior to him, and see a little what he will do with these! Rebel against these also? Pass by with minatory eagle-glance, with calm-sniffing mockery, or even without any mockery or sniff, when these present themselves? The lion-hearted will never dream of such a thing. Forever far be it from him! His minatory eagle-glance will veil itself in softness of the dove: his lion-heart will become a lamb's; all its just indignation changed into just reverence, dissolved in blessed floods of noble humble love, how much heavenlier than any pride, nay, if you will, how much prouder! I know him, this lion-hearted, eagle-eyed one; have met him, rushing on, 'with bosom bare,' in a very distracted dishevelled manner, the times being hard;—and can say, and guarantee on my life, That in him is no rebellion; that in him is the reverse of rebellion, the needful preparation for obedience. For if you do mean to obey God-made superiors, your first step is to sweep

out the Tailor-made ones ; order them, under penalties, to vanish, to make ready for vanishing !

Nay, what is best of all, he cannot rebel, if he would. Superiors whom God has made for us we cannot order to withdraw ! Not in the least. No Grand-Turk himself, thickest-quilted tailor-made Brother of the Sun and Moon can do it : but an Arab Man, in cloak of his own clouting ; with black beaming eyes, with flaming sovereign-heart direct from the centre of the Universe ; and also, I am told, with terrible ‘horse-shoe vein’ of swelling wrath in his brow, and lightning (if you will not have it as light) tingling through every vein of him,—he rises ; says authoritatively : “Thickest-quilted Grand-Turk, tailor-made Brother of the Sun and Moon, No :—*I* withdraw not ; thou shalt obey me or withdraw !” And so accordingly it is : thickest-quilted Grand-Turks and all their progeny, to this hour, obey that man in the remarkablest manner ; preferring *not* to withdraw.

O brother, it is an endless consolation to me, in this disorganic, as yet so quack-ridden, what you may well call hag-ridden and hell-ridden world, to find that disobedience to the Heavens, when they send any messenger whatever, is and remains impossible. It cannot be done ; no Turk grand or small can do it. ‘Shew the dullest clod-pole,’ says my invaluable German friend, ‘shew the haughtiest featherhead, that a soul ‘higher than himself is here ; were his knees stiffened into ‘brass, he must down and worship.’

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE GIFTED.

YES, in what tumultuous huge anarchy soever a Noble human Principle may dwell and strive, such tumult is in the way of being calmed into a fruitful sovereignty. It is inevitable. No Chaos can continue chaotic with a soul in it. Besouled with earnest human Nobleness, did not slaughter, violence and fire-eyed fury, grow into a Chivalry ; into a blessed Loyalty of Governor and Governed ? And in Work, which is

of itself noble, and the only true fighting, there shall be no such possibility? Believe it not; it is incredible; the whole Universe contradicts it. Here too the Chactaw Principle will be subordinated; the Man Principle will, by degrees, become superior, become supreme.

I know Mammon, too; Banks-of-England, Credit-Systems, world-wide possibilities of work and traffic; and applaud and admire them. Mammon is like Fire; the usefulest of all servants, if the frightfulest of all masters! The Cliffords, Fitzadelms and Chivalry Fighters 'wished to gain victory,' never doubt it: but victory, unless gained in a certain spirit, was no victory; defeat, sustained in a certain spirit, was itself victory. I say again and again, had they counted the scalps alone, they had continued Chactaws, and no Chivalry or lasting victory had been. And in Industrial Fighters and Captains is there no nobleness discoverable? To them, alone of men, there shall forever be no blessedness but in swollen coffers? To see beauty, order, gratitude, loyal human hearts around them, shall be of no moment; to see fuliginous deformity, mutiny, hatred and despair, with the addition of half a million guineas, shall be better? Heaven's blessedness not there; Hell's cursedness, and your half million bits of metal, a substitute for that! Is there no profit in diffusing Heaven's blessedness, but only in gaining gold?—If so, I apprise the Mill-owner and Millionaire, that he too must prepare for vanishing; that neither is *he* born to be of the sovereigns of this world; that he will have to be trampled and chained down in whatever terrible ways, and brass-collared safe, among the born thralls of this world! We cannot have *Canailles* and *Doggeries* that will not make some Chivalry of themselves: our noble Planet is impatient of such; in the end totally intolerant of such!

For the Heavens, unwearying in their bounty, do send other souls into this world, to whom yet, as to their forerunners, in Old Roman, in Old Hebrew and all noble times, the omnipotent guinea is, on the whole, an impotent guinea. Has your half-dead avaricious Corn-Law Lord, your half-alive avaricious Cotton-Law Lord, never seen one such? Such are, not one,

but several ; are, and will be, unless the gods have doomed this world to swift dire ruin. These are they, the elect of the world ; the born champions, strong men, and liberatory Samsons of this poor world : whom the poor Delilah-world will not always shear of their strength and eyesight, and set to grind in darkness at *its* poor gin-wheel ! Such souls are, in these days, getting somewhat out of humour with the world. Your very Byron, in these days, is at least driven mad ; flatly refuses fealty to the world. The world with its injustices, its golden brutalities, and dull yellow guineas, is a disgust to such souls : the ray of Heaven that is in them does at least predoom them to be very miserable here. Yes :—and yet all misery is faculty misdirected, strength that has not yet found its way. The black whirlwind is mother of the lightning. No *smoke*, in any sense, but can become flame and radiance ! Such soul, once graduated in Heaven's stern University, steps out superior to your guinea.

Dost thou know, O sumptuous Corn-Lord, Cotton-Lord, O mutinous Trades-Unionist, gin-vanquished, undeliverable ; O much enslaved World,—this man is not a slave with thee ! None of thy promotions is necessary for him. His place is with the stars of Heaven : to thee it may be momentous, to thee it may be life or death, to him it is indifferent, whether thou place him in the lowest hut, or forty feet higher at the top of thy stupendous high tower, while here on Earth. The joys of Earth that are precious, they depend not on thee and thy promotions. Food and raiment and, round a social hearth, souls who love him, whom he loves : these are already his. He wants none of thy rewards ; behold also, he fears none of thy penalties. Thou canst not answer even by killing him : the case of Anaxarchus thou canst kill ; but the self of Anaxarchus, the word or act of Anaxarchus, in no wise whatever. To this man death is not a bugbear ; to this man life is already as earnest and awful, and beautiful and terrible as death.

Not a May-game is this man's life ; but a battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers. No idle promenade through fragrant-orange-groves and green flowery

spaces, waited on by the choral Muses and the rosy Hours ; it is a stern pilgrimage through burning sandy solitudes, through regions of thick-ribbed ice. He walks among men ; loves men, with inexpressible soft pity,—as they *cannot* love him : but his soul dwells in solitude, in the uttermost parts of Creation. In green oases by the palm-tree wells, he rests a space ; but anon he has to journey forward, escorted by the Terrors and the Splendours, the Archdemons and Archangels. All Heaven, all Pandemonium are his escort. The stars keenglancing, from the Immensities, send tidings to him ; the graves, silent with their dead, from the Eternities. Deep calls for him unto Deep.

Thou, O World, how wilt thou secure thyself against this man ? Thou canst not hire him by thy guineas ; nor by thy gibbets and law-penalties restrain him. He eludes thee like a Spirit. Thou canst not forward him, thou canst not hinder him. Thy penalties, thy poverties, neglects, contumelies : behold, all these are good for him. Come to him as an enemy ; turn from him as an unfriend ; only do not this one thing,—infect him not with thy own delusion : the benign Genius, were it by very death, shall guard him against this !—What wilt thou do with him ? He is above thee, like a god. Thou, in thy stupendous three-inch pattens, art under him. He is thy born king, thy conqueror and supreme law-giver : not all the guineas and cannons, and leather and prunella, under the sky can save thee from him. Hardest thickskinned Mammon-world, ruggedest Caliban shall obey him, or become not Caliban but a cramp. Oh, if in this man, whose eyes can flash Heaven's lightning, and make all Calibans into a cramp, there dwelt not, as the essence of his very being, a God's Justice, human Nobleness, Veracity and Mercy,—I should tremble for the world. But his strength, let us rejoice to understand, is even this : The quantity of Justice, of Valour and Pity that is in him. To hypocrites and tailored quacks in high places, his eyes are lightning ; but they melt in dewy pity softer than a mother's to the downpressed, maltreated ; in his heart, in his great thought, is a sanctuary for all the wretched. This world's improvement is forever sure.



‘Man of Genius?’ Thou hast small notion, meseems, O Mecænas Twiddledee, of what a Man of Genius is. Read in thy New Testament and elsewhere,—if, with floods of mealy-mouthed inanity, with miserable froth-vortices of Cant now several centuries old, thy New Testament is not all bedimmed for thee. *Canst* thou read in thy New Testament at all? The highest Man of Genius, knowest thou him; Godlike and a God to this hour? His crown a Crown of Thorns? Thou fool, with *thy* empty Godhoods, Apotheoses *edgegilt*; the Crown of Thorns made into a poor jewel-room crown, fit for the head of blockheads; the bearing of the Cross changed to a riding in the Long-Acre Gig! Pause in thy mass-chantings, in thy litanyings, and Calmuck prayings by machinery; and pray, if noisily, at least in a more human manner. How with thy rubrics and dalmatics, and clothwebs and cobwebs, and with thy stupidities and grovelling baseheartedness, hast thou hidden the Holiest into all but invisibility!—

‘Man of Genius:’ O Mecænas Twiddledee, hast thou any notion what a Man of Genius is? Genius is ‘the inspired gift of God.’ It is the clearer presence of God Most High in a man. Dim, potential in all men; in this man it has become clear, actual. So says John Milton, who ought to be a judge; so answer him the Voices of all Ages and all Worlds. Wouldst thou commune with such a one? *Be* his real peer then: does that lie in thee? Know thyself and thy real and thy apparent place, and know him and his real and his apparent place, and act in some noble conformity with all that. What! The star-fire of the Emyrean shall eclipse itself, and illuminate magic-lanterns to amuse grown children? He, the god-inspired, is to twang harps for thee, and blow through scrannel-pipes, to soothe thy sated soul with visions of new, still wider Eldorados, Hourî Paradises, richer Lands of Cockaigne? Brother, this is not he; this is a counterfeit, this twangling, jangling, vain, acrid, scrannel-piping man. Thou dost well to say with sick Saul, “It is naught, such harping!”—and in sudden rage, to grasp thy spear, and try if thou canst pin such a one to the wall. King Saul was mistaken in his man, but thou art right in thine. It is the due of such a one: nail

him to the wall, and leave him there. So ought copper shillings to be nailed on counters ; copper geniuses on walls, and left there for a sign !—

I conclude that the Men of Letters too may become a 'Chivalry,' an actual instead of a virtual Priesthood, with result immeasurable,—so soon as there is nobleness in themselves for that. And, to a certainty, not sooner ! Of intrinsic Val-etisms you cannot, with whole Parliaments to help you, make a Heroism. Doggeries never so gold-plated, Doggeries never so escutcheoned, Doggeries never so diplomaed, bepuffed, gas-lighted, continue Doggeries, and must take the fate of such.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DIDACTIC.

CERTAINLY it were a fond imagination to expect that any preaching of mine could abate Mammonism ; that Bobus of Houndsditch will love his guineas less, or his poor soul more, for any preaching of mine ! But there is one Preacher who does preach with effect, and gradually persuade all persons : his name is Destiny, is Divine Providence, and his Sermon the inflexible Course of Things. Experience does take dreadfully high school-wages ; but he teaches like no other !

I revert to Friend Prudence the good Quaker's refusal of 'seven thousand pounds to boot.' Friend Prudence's practical conclusion will, by degrees, become that of all rational practical men whatsoever. On the present scheme and principle, Work cannot continue. Trades' Strikes, Trades' Unions, Chartisms ; mutiny, squalor, rage and desperate revolt, growing ever more desperate, will go on their way. As dark misery settles down on us, and our refuges of lies fall in pieces one after one, the hearts of men, now at last serious, will turn to refuges of truth. The eternal stars shine out again, so soon as it is dark enough.

Begin with desperate Trades' Unionism and Anarchic Mutiny, many an Industrial *Law-ward*, by and by, who has neglected to make laws and keep them, will be heard saying to

himself : " Why have I realised five hundred thousand pounds ? I rose early and sat late, I toiled and moiled, and in the sweat of my brow and of my soul I strove to gain this money, that I might become conspicuous, and have some honour among my fellow-creatures. I wanted them to honour me, to love me. The money is here, earned with my best lifeblood : but the honour ? I am encircled with squalor, with hunger, rage, and sooty desperation. Not honoured, hardly even envied ; only fools and the flunkey-species so much as envy me. I am conspicuous,—as a mark for curses and brickbats. What good is it ? My five hundred scalps hang here in my wig-wam : would to Heaven I had sought something else than the scalps ; would to Heaven I had been a Christian Fighter, not a Chactaw one ! To have ruled and fought not in a Mammonish but in a Godlike spirit ; to have had the hearts of the people bless me as a true ruler and captain of my people ; to have felt my own heart bless me, and that God above instead of Mammon below was blessing me,—this had been something. Out of my sight, ye beggarly five hundred scalps of banker's-thousands : I will try for something other, or account my life a tragical futility ! "

Friend Prudence's ' rock-ledge,' as we called it, will gradually disclose itself to many a man ; to all men. Gradually, assaulted from beneath and from above, the Stygian mud-deluge of *Laissez-faire*, *Supply-and-demand*, *Cash-payment* the one Duty, will abate on all hands ; and the everlasting mountain-tops, and secure rock-foundations that reach to the centre of the world, and rest on Nature's self, will again emerge, to found on, and to build on. When Mammon-worshippers here and there begin to be God-worshippers, and bipeds-of-prey become men, and there is a Soul felt once more in the huge-pulsing elephantine mechanic Animalism of this Earth, it will be again a blessed Earth.

" Men cease to regard money ? " cries Bobus of Hounds-ditch : " What else do all men strive for ? The very Bishop informs me that Christianity cannot get on without a minimum of Four thousand five hundred in its pocket. Cease to regard money ? That will be at Doomsday in the afternoon ! "

—O Bobus, my opinion is somewhat different. My opinion is, that the Upper Powers have not yet determined on destroying this Lower World. A respectable, ever-increasing minority, who do strive for something higher than money, I with confidence anticipate; ever-increasing, till there be a sprinkling of them found in all quarters, as salt of the Earth once more. The Christianity that cannot get on without a minimum of Four thousand five hundred, will give place to something better that can. Thou wilt not join our small minority, thou? Not till Doomsday in the afternoon? Well; *then*, at least, thou wilt join it, thou and the majority in mass!

But truly it is beautiful to see the brutish empire of Mammon cracking everywhere; giving sure promise of dying, or of being changed. A strange, chill, almost ghastly dayspring strikes up in Yankeeland itself: my Transcendental friends announce there in a distinct, though somewhat lankhaired, ungainly manner, that the Demiurgus Dollar is dethroned; that new unheard of Demiurgusships, Priesthoods, Aristocracies, Growths and Destructions, are already visible in the grey of coming Time. Chronos is dethroned by Jove; Odin by St. Olaf: the Dollar cannot rule in Heaven forever. No, I reckon, not. Socinian Preachers quit their pulpits in Yankeeland, saying, "Friends, this is all gone to coloured cobweb, we regret to say!"—and retire into the fields to cultivate onion-beds, and live frugally on vegetables. It is very notable. Old godlike Calvinism declares that its old body is now fallen to tatters, and done; and its mournful ghost, disembodied, seeking new embodiment, pipes again in the winds;—a ghost and spirit as yet, but heralding new Spirit-worlds, and better Dynasties than the Dollar one.

Yes, here as there, light is coming into the world; men love not darkness, they do love light. A deep feeling of the eternal nature of Justice looks out among us everywhere,—even through the dull eyes of Exeter Hall; an unspeakable religiousness struggles, in the most helpless manner, to speak itself, in Puseyisms and the like. Of our Cant, all condemnable, how much is not condemnable without pity; we had

almost said, without respect! The *inarticulate* worth and truth that is in England goes down yet to the Foundations.

Some 'Chivalry of Labour,' some noble Humanity and practical Divineness of Labour, will yet be realised on this Earth. Or why *will*; why do we pray to Heaven, without setting our own shoulder to the wheel? The Present, if it will have the Future accomplish, shall itself commence. Thou who prophesiest, who believest, begin thou to fulfil. Here or nowhere, now equally as at any time! That outcast help-needing thing or person, trampled down under vulgar feet or hoofs, no help 'possible' for it, no prize offered for the saving of it,—canst not thou save it then, without prize? Put forth thy hand, in God's name; know that 'impossible,' where Truth and Mercy and the everlasting Voice of Nature order, has no place in the brave man's dictionary. That when all men have said "Impossible" and tumbled noisily elsewhither, and thou alone art left, then first thy time and possibility have come. It is for thee now: do thou that, and ask no man's counsel, but thy own only and God's. Brother, thou hast possibility in thee for much: the possibility of writing on the eternal skies the record of a heroic life. That noble downfallen or yet unborn 'Impossibility,' thou canst lift it up, thou canst, by thy soul's travail, bring it into clear being. That loud inane Actuality, with millions in its pocket, too 'possible' that, which rolls along there, with quilted trumpeters blaring round it, and all the world escorting it as mute or vocal flunkey,—escort it not thou; say to it, either nothing, or else deeply in thy heart: "Loud-blaring Nonentity, no force of trumpets, cash, Long-Acre art, or universal flunkeyhood of men, makes thee an Entity; thou art a *Non*-entity, and deceptive Simulacrum, more accursed than thou seemest. Pass on in the Devil's name, unworshipped by at least one man, and leave the thoroughfare clear!"

Not on Ilion's or Latium's plains; on far other plains and places henceforth can noble deeds be now done. Not on Ilion's plains; how much less in Mayfair's drawingrooms! Not in victory over poor brother French or Phrygians; but in victory over Frost-jötuns, Marsh-giants, over Demons of



Discord, Idleness, Injustice, Unreason, and Chaos come again. None of the old Epics is longer possible. The Epic of French and Phrygians was comparatively a small Epic : but that of Flirts and Fribbles, what is that ? A thing that vanishes at cock-crowing,—that already begins to scent the morning air ! Game-preserving Aristocracies, let them ‘bush’ never so effectually, cannot escape the Subtle Fowler. Game seasons will be excellent, and again will be indifferent, and by and by they will not be at all. The Last Partridge of England, of an England where millions of men can get no corn to eat, will be shot and ended. Aristocracies with beards on their chins will find other work to do than amuse themselves with trundling-hoops.

But it is to you, ye Workers, who do already work, and are as grown men, noble and honourable in a sort, that the whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Subdue mutiny, discord, wide-spread despair, by manfulness, justice, mercy and wisdom. Chaos is dark, deep as Hell ; let light be, and there is instead a green flowery World. O, it is great, and there is no other greatness. To make some nook of God’s Creation a little fruitfuler, better, more worthy of God ; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuler, happier,—more blessed, less accursed ! It is work for a God. Sooty Hell of mutiny and savagery and despair can, by man’s energy, be made a kind of Heaven ; cleared of its soot, of its mutiny, of its need to mutiny ; the everlasting arch of Heaven’s azure overspanning *it* too, and its cunning mechanisms and tall chimney-steeple, as a birth of Heaven ; God and all men looking on it well pleased.

Unstained by wasteful deformities, by wasted tears or heart’s-blood of men, or any defacement of the Pit, noble fruitful Labour, growing ever nobler, will come forth,—the grand sole miracle of Man ; whereby Man has risen from the low places of this Earth, very literally, into divine Heavens. Ploughers, Spinners, Builders ; Prophets, Poets, Kings ; Brindleys and Goethes, Odins and Arkwrights ; all martyrs, and noble men, and gods are of one grand Host : immeasurable ; marching ever forward since the Beginnings of the

World. The enormous, all-conquering, flame-crowned Host, noble every soldier in it ; sacred and alone noble. Let him who is not of it hide himself ; let him tremble for himself. Stars at every button cannot make him noble ; sheaves of Bath-garters, nor bushels of Georges ; nor any other contrivance but manfully enlisting in it, valiantly taking place and step in it. O Heavens, will he not bethink himself ; he too is so needed in the Host ! It were so blessed, thrice-blessed, for himself and for us all ! In hope of the Last Partridge, and some Duke of Weimar among our English Dukes, we will be patient yet a while.

‘The Future hides in it  
Gladness and sorrow ;  
We press still thorow,  
Nought that abides in it  
Daunting us,—onward.’



# THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

AND

## MIRABEAU

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

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NEW YORK:

JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER,

1885.

TROW'S  
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,  
NEW YORK.



# THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.<sup>1</sup>

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[1837.]

## CHAPTER I.

### AGE OF ROMANCE.

The Age of Romance has not ceased ; it never ceases ; it does not, if we will think of it, so much as very sensibly decline. "The passions are repressed by social forms ; great passions no longer show themselves?" Why, there are passions still great enough to replenish Bedlam, for it never wants tenants ; to suspend men from bed-posts, from improved-drops at the west end of Newgate. A passion that explosively shivers asunder the Life it took rise in, ought to be regarded as considerable : more no passion, in the highest heyday of Romance, yet did. The passions, by grace of the Supernal and also of the Infernal Powers (for both have a hand in it), can never fail us.

And then, as to 'social forms,' be it granted that they are of the most buckram quality, and bind men up into the pitifullest straitlaced commonplace existence,—you ask, Where is the Romance? In the Scotch way one answers, Where is it not? That very spectacle of an Immortal Nature, with faculties and destiny extending through Eternity, hampered and bandaged up, by nurses, pedagogues, posture-masters, and the tongues of innumerable old women (named 'force of public opinion') ; by prejudice, custom, want of knowledge, want of money, want of strength, into, say, the meagre Pattern, Figure that, in these days, meets you in all thoroughfares : a 'god-created Man,' all but abnegating the character of Man ;

<sup>1</sup> FRASER'S MAGAZINE, Nos. 85 and 86.

forced to exist, automatised, mummy-wise (scarcely in rare moments audible or visible from amid his wrappings and ceremonies), as Gentleman or Gigman ;<sup>1</sup> and so selling his birth-right of Eternity for the three daily meals, poor at best, which Time yields :—is not this spectacle itself highly romantic, tragical, if we had eyes to look at it ? The high-born (highest-born, for he came out of Heaven) lies drowning in the despicablest puddles ; the priceless gift of Life, which he can have but *once*, for he waited a whole Eternity to be born, and now has a whole Eternity waiting to see what he will do when born, —*this* priceless gift we see strangled slowly out of him by innumerable packthreads ; and there remains of the glorious Possibility, which we fondly named Man, nothing but an inanimate mass of foul loss and disappointment, which we wrap in shrouds and bury underground, —surely with well-merited tears. To the Thinker here lies Tragedy enough ; the epitome and marrow of all Tragedy whatsoever.

But so few are Thinkers ? Ay, Reader, so few think ; there is the rub ! Not one in the thousand has the smallest turn for thinking ; only for passive dreaming and hearsaying, and active babbling by rote. Of the eyes that men do glare withal so few can *see*. Thus is the world become such a fearful confused Treadmill ; and each man's task has got entangled in his neighbour's, and pulls it awry ; and the Spirit of Blindness, Falsehood and Distraction, justly named the Devil, continually maintains himself among us ; and even hopes (were it not for the Opposition, which by God's grace will also maintain itself) to become supreme. Thus too, among other things, has the Romance of Life gone wholly out of sight : and all History, degenerating into empty invoice-lists of Pitched Battles and Changes of Ministry ; or still worse, into 'Constitutional History,' or 'Philosophy of History,' or 'Philosophy teaching by Experience,' is become dead, as the Almanacs of other years,—to which species of composition, indeed, it bears, in several points of view, no inconsiderable affinity.

'Of all blinds that shut-up men's vision,' says one, 'the

<sup>1</sup> 'I always considered him a respectable man.—What do you mean by respectable ? He kept a Gig.'—*Thurtell's Trial*.

worst is Self.' How true! How doubly true, if Self, assuming her cunningest, yet miserablest disguise, come on us, in never-ceasing, all-obscuring reflexes from the innumerable Selves of others; not as Pride, not even as real Hunger, but only as Vanity, and the shadow of an imaginary Hunger for Applause; under the name of what we call 'Respectability!' Alas now for our Historian: to his other spiritual deadness (which however, so long as he physically breathes, cannot be considered *complete*) this sad new magic influence is added! Henceforth his Histories must all be screwed up into the 'dignity of History.' Instead of looking fixedly at the *Thing*, and first of all, and beyond all, endeavouring to *see* it, and fashion a living Picture of it, not a wretched politico-metaphysical Abstraction of it, he has now quite other matters to look to. The Thing lies shrouded, invisible, in thousandfold hallucinations, and foreign air-images: What did the Whigs say of it? What did the Tories? The Priests? The Free-thinkers? Above all, What will my own listening circle say of *me* for what I say of it? And then his Respectability in general, as a literary gentleman; his not despicable talent for philosophy! Thus is our poor Historian's faculty directed mainly on two objects: the Writing and the Writer, both of which are quite extraneous; and the Thing written-of fares as we see. Can it be wonderful that Histories, wherein open lying is not permitted, are unromantic? Nay, our very Biographies, how stiff-starched, visionless, hollow! They stand there respectable; and—what more? Dumb idols; with a skin of delusively painted wax-work; inwardly empty, or full of rags and bran. In our England especially, which in these days is become the chosen land of Respectability, Life-writing has dwindled to the sorrowfullest condition; it requires a man to be some disresponsible, ridiculous Boswell before he can write a tolerable Life. Thus too, strangely enough, the only Lives worth reading are those of Players, emptiest and poorest of the sons of Adam; who nevertheless were sons of his, and brothers of ours; and by the nature of the case, had already bidden Respectability good-day. Such bounties, in this as in infinitely deeper matters, does Respectability

shower down on us. Sad are thy doings, O *Gig* ; sadder than those of Juggernaut's Car : that, with huge wheel, suddenly crushes asunder the bodies of men ; thou in thy light-bobbing Long-Acre springs, gradually winnowest away their souls !

Depend upon it, for one thing, good Reader, no age ever seemed the Age of Romance to *itself*. Charlemagne, let the Poets talk as they will, had his own provocations in the world : what with selling of his poultry and pot-herbs, what with wanton daughters carrying secretaries through the snow ; and, for instance, that hanging of the Saxons over the Weser-bridge (four thousand of them they say, at one bout), it seems to me that the Great Charles had his temper ruffled at times. Roland of Roncesvalles too, we see well in thinking of it, found rainy weather as well as sunny ; knew what it was to have hose need darning ; got tough beef to chew, or even went dinnerless ; was saddle-sick, calumniated, constipated (as his madness too clearly indicates) ; and oftenest felt, I doubt not, that this was a very Devil's world, and he, Roland himself, one of the sorriest caitiffs there. Only in long subsequent days, when the tough beef, the constipation and the calumny had clean vanished, did it all begin to seem Romantic, and your Turpins and Ariostos found music in it. So, I say, is it *ever* ! And the more, as your true hero, your true Roland, is ever *unconscious* that he is a hero : this is a condition of all greatness.

In our own poor Nineteenth Century, the Writer of these lines has been fortunate enough to see not a few glimpses of Romance ; he imagines his Nineteenth is hardly a whit less romantic than that Ninth, or any other, since centuries began. Apart from Napoleon, and the Dantons, and Mirabeaus, whose fire-words of public speaking, and fire-whirlwinds of cannon and musketry, which for a season darkened the air, are perhaps at bottom but superficial phenomena, he has witnessed, in remotest places, much that could be called romantic, even miraculous. He has witnessed overhead the infinite Deep, with greater and lesser lights, bright-rolling, silent-beaming, hurled forth by the Hand of God : around him and under his

feet, the wonderfullest Earth, with her winter snow-storms and her summer spice-airs ; and, unaccountablest of all, *himself* standing there. He stood in the lapse of Time ; he saw Eternity behind him, and before him. The all-encircling mysterious tide of FORCE, thousandfold (for from force of Thought to force of Gravitation what an interval ! ) billowed shoreless on ; bore him too along with it,—he too was part of it. From its bosom rose and vanished, in perpetual change, the lordliest Real-Phantasmagory, which men name *Being* ; and ever anew rose and vanished ; and ever that lordliest many-coloured scene ~~was~~ <sup>full</sup>, another yet the same. Oak-trees fell, young acorns sprang : Men too, new-sent from the Unknown, he met, of tiniest size, who waxed into stature, into strength of sinew, passionate fire and light : in other men the light was growing dim, the sinews all feeble ; then sank, motionless, into ashes, into invisibility ; returned *back* to the Unknown, beckoning him their mute farewell. He wanders still by the parting-spot ; cannot hear *them* ; they are far, how far !—It was a sight for angels, and archangels ; for, indeed, God himself had made it wholly. One many glancing asbestos-thread in the Web of Universal-History, spirit-woven, it rustled there, as with the howl of mighty winds, through that ‘wild-roaring Loom of Time.’ Generation after generation, hundreds of them or thousands of them from the unknown Beginning, so loud, so stormful-busy, rushed torrent-wise, thundering down, down ; and fell all silent,—nothing but some feeble re-echo, which grew ever feebler, struggling up ; and Oblivion swallowed *them all*. Thousands more, to the unknown Ending, will follow : and *thou* here, of this present one, hangest as a drop, still sungilt, on the giddy edge ; one moment, while the Darkness has not yet engulfed thee. O Brother ! is *that* what thou callest prosaic ; of small interest ? Of small interest and for *thee* ? Awake poor troubled sleeper : shake off thy torpid nightmare-dream ; look, see, behold it, the Flame-image ; splendours high as Heaven, terrors deep as Hell : this is God’s Creation ; this is Man’s Life !—Such things has the Writer of these lines witnessed, in this poor Nineteenth Century of ours ; and what are all such to the



things he yet hopes to witness? Hopes, with truest assurance. 'I have painted so much,' said the good Jean Paul, in his old days, 'and I have never seen the Ocean; the Ocean of Eternity I shall not fail to see!'

Such being the intrinsic quality of this Time, and of all Time whatsoever, might not the Poet who chanced to walk through it find objects enough to paint? What object soever he fixed on, were it the meanest of the mean, let him but paint it in its actual truth, as it swims there, in such environment; world-old, yet new and never-ending; an indestructible portion of the miraculous All,—his picture of it were a Poem. How much more if the object fixed on were not mean, but one already wonderful; the mystic 'actual truth' of which, if it lay not on the surface, yet shone through the surface, and invited even Prosaists to search for it!

The present Writer, who unhappily belongs to that class, has nevertheless a firmer and firmer persuasion of two things: first, as was seen, that Romance exists; secondly, that now, and formerly, and evermore it exists, strictly speaking, in Reality alone. The thing that *is*, what can be so wonderful; what, especially to us that *are*, can have such significance? Study Reality, he is ever and anon saying to himself; search out deeper and deeper *its* quite endless mystery: see it, know it; then, whether thou wouldst learn from it, and again teach; or weep over it, or laugh over it, or love it, or despise it, or in any way relate thyself to it, thou hast the firmest enduring basis: *that* hieroglyphic page is one thou canst read on forever, find new meaning in forever.

Finally, and in a word, do not the critics teach us: 'In 'whatsoever thing thou hast thyself felt interest, in that or in 'nothing hope to inspire others with interest?'—In partial obedience to all which, and to many other principles, shall the following small Romance of the *Diamond Necklace* begin to come together. A small Romance, let the reader again and again assure himself, which is no brainweb of mine, or of any other foolish man's; but a fraction of that mystic 'spirit-woven web,' from the 'Loom of Time,' spoken of above. It is an actual Transaction that happened in this Earth of ours.

Wherewith our whole business, as already urged, is to paint it truly.

For the rest, an earnest inspection, faithful endeavour has not been wanting, on our part ; nor, singular as it may seem, the strictest regard to chronology, geography (or rather in this case, topography), documentary evidence, and what else true historical research would yield. Were there but on the reader's part a kindred openness, a kindred spirit of endeavour ! Beshone strongly, on both sides, by such united two-fold Philosophy, this poor opaque Intrigue of the *Diamond Necklace* might become quite translucent between us ; transfigured, lifted up into the serene of Universal-History ; and might hang there like a smallest Diamond Constellation, visible without telescope,—so long as it could.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE NECKLACE IS MADE.

Herr, or as he is now called Monsieur, Boehmer, to all appearance wanted not that last infirmity of noble and ignoble minds—a love of fame ; he was destined also to be famous more than enough. His outlooks into the world were rather of a smiling character : he has long since exchanged his guttural speech, as far as possible, for a nasal one ; his rustic Saxon fatherland for a polished city of Paris, and thriven there. United in partnership with worthy Monsieur Bas-sange, a sound practical man, skilled in the valuation of all precious stones, in the management of workmen, in the judgment of their work, he already sees himself among the highest of his guild : nay, rather the very highest,—for he has secured, by purchase and hard money paid, the title of King's Jeweller ; and can enter the Court itself, leaving all other Jewellers, and even innumerable Gentlemen, Gigmen and small Nobility, to languish in the vestibule. With the costliest ornaments in his pocket, or borne after him by assiduous shopboys, the happy Boehmer sees high drawing rooms and sacred *ruelles* fly open, as with talismanic *Sesame* ; and the

brightest eyes of the whole world grow brighter : to him alone of men the Unapproachable reveals herself in mysterious *négligée* ; taking and giving counsel. Do not, on all gala-days and gala-nights, his works praise him ? On the gorgeous robes of State, on Court-dresses and Lords' stars, on the diadem of Royalty : better still, on the swan-neck of Beauty, and her queenly garniture from plume-bearing aigrette to shoe-buckle on fairy-slipper,—that blinding play of colours is Boehmer's doing : he is *Joaillier-Bijoutier de la Reine*.

Could the man but have been content with it ! He could not : Icarus-like, he must mount too high ; have his wax-wings melted, and descend prostrate,—amid a cloud of vain goose-quills. One day, a fatal day (of some year, probably among the *Seventies* of last Century<sup>1</sup>), it struck Boehmer : Why should not I, who, as Most Christian King's Jeweller, am properly first Jeweller of the Universe,—make a Jewel which the Universe has not matched ? Nothing can prevent thee, Boehmer, if thou have the skill to do it. Skill or no skill, answers he, I have the ambition : my Jewel, if not the beautifullest, shall be the dearest. Thus was the Diamond Necklace determined on.

Did worthy Bassange give a willing, or a reluctant consent ? In any case he consents ; and coöperates. Plans are sketched, consultations held, stucco models made ; by money or credit the costliest diamonds come in ; cunning craftsmen cut them, set them : proud Boëhmer sees the work go prosperously on. Proud man ! Behold him on a morning after breakfast : he has stepped down to the innermost workshop, before sallying out ; stands there with his laced three-cornered hat, cane under arm ; drawing-on his gloves : with nod, with nasal-guttural word, he gives judicious confirmation, judicious abnegation, censure and approval. A still joy is dawning over that bland, blond face of his ; he can think, while in many a sacred boudoir he visits the Unapproachable, that an *opus*

<sup>1</sup> Except that Madame Campan (*Mémoires*, tome ii.) says the Necklace 'was intended for Du Barry,' one cannot discover, within many years, the date of its manufacture. Du Barry went 'into half-pay' on the 10th of May 1774,—the day when her king died.

*magnum*, of which the world wotteth not, is progressing. At length comes a morning when care has terminated, and joy can not only dawn but shine ; the Necklace, which shall be famous and world-famous, is made.

*Made* we call it, in conformity with common speech : but properly it was not made ; only, with more or less spirit of method, arranged and agglomerated. What spirit of method lay in it, might be made ; nothing more. But to tell the various Histories of those various Diamonds, from the first making of them ; or even, omitting all the rest, from the first digging of them in the far Indian mines ! How they lay, for uncounted ages and æons (under the uproar and splashing of such Deucalion Deluges, and Hutton Explosions, with steam enough, and Werner Submersions), silently imbedded in the rock ; did nevertheless, when their hour came, emerge from it, and first beheld the glorious Sun smile on them, and with their many-coloured glances smile back on him. How they served next, let us say, as eyes of Heathen Idols, and received worship. How they had then, by fortune of war or theft, been knocked out ; and exchanged among camp-sutlers for a little spirituous liquor, and bought by Jews, and worn as signets on the fingers of tawny or white Majesties ; and again been lost, with the fingers too, and perhaps life (as by Charles the Rash, among the mud-ditches of Nancy), in old-forgotten glorious victories : and so, through innumerable varieties of fortune,—had come at last to the cutting-wheel of Boehmer ; to be united, in strange fellowship, with comrades also blown together from all ends of the Earth, each with a history of its own ! Could these aged stones, the youngest of them Six Thousand years of age and upwards, but have spoken, *there* were an Experience for Philosophy to teach by !—But now, as was said, by little caps of gold, and daintiest rings of the same, they are all being, so to speak, enlisted under Boehmer's flag,—made to take rank and file, in new order, no Jewel asking his neighbour whence he came ; and parade there for a season. For a season only ; and then—to disperse, and enlist anew *ad infinitum*. In such inexplicable wise are Jewels, and Men also, and indeed all earthly things, jumbled together and

asunder, and shovelled and wafted to and fro, in our inexplicable chaos of a World. This was what Boehmer called *making* his Necklace.

So, in fact, do other men speak, and with even less reason. How many men, for example, hast thou heard talk of making money ; of making, say, a million and a half of money : Of which million and a half, how much, if one were to look into it, had they *made* ? The accurate value of their Industry ; not a sixpence more. Their making, then, was but, like Boehmer's a clutching and heaping together ;—by-and-by to be followed also by a dispersion. Made ? Thou too vain individual ! were these towered ashlar edifices ; were these fair bounteous leas, with their bosky umbrages and yellow harvests ; and the sunshine that lights them from above, and the granite rocks and fire-reservoirs that support them from below, made by *thee* ? I think, by another. The very shilling that thou hast was dug, by man's force, in Carinthia and Paraguay ; smelted sufficiently ; and stamped, as would seem, not without the advice of our late Defender of the Faith, his Majesty George the Fourth. Thou hast it, and holdest it ; but whether, or in what sense, thou hast *made* any farthing of it, thyself canst not say. If the courteous reader ask, What things, then, are made by man ? I will answer him, Very few indeed. A Heroism, a Wisdom (a god-given Volition that has realised itself), is made now and then : for example, some five or six Books, since the Creation, have been made. Strange that there are not more : for surely every encouragement is held out. Could I, or thou, happy reader, but make one, the world would let us keep it unstolen for Fourteen whole years,—and take what we could get for it.

But, in a word, Monsieur Boehmer has made his Necklace, what he calls made it : happy man is he. From a Drawing, as large as reality, kindly furnished by 'Taunay, Printseller, of the Rue d'Enfer ;'<sup>1</sup> and again, in late years, by the Abbé Georgel, in

<sup>1</sup> Frontispiece of the '*Affaire du Collier*, Paris, 1785 ;' wherefrom Georgel's Editor has copied it. This '*Affaire du Collier*, Paris, 1785,' is not properly a Book ; but a bound Collection of such Law-Papers (*Mémoires pour*, &c.) as were printed and emitted by the various parties in that



the Second Volume of his *Mémoires* curious readers can still fancy to themselves what a princely Ornament it was. A row of seventeen glorious diamonds, as large almost as filberts, encircle, not too tightly, the neck, a first time. Looser, gracefully fastened thrice to these, a three-wreathed festoon, and pendants enough (simple pear-shaped, multiple star-shaped, or clustering amorphous) encircle it, enwreath it, a second time. Loosest of all, softly flowing round from behind, in priceless catenary, rush down two broad threefold rows ; seem to knot

famed 'Necklace Trial.' These Law-Papers, bound into Two Volumes quarto ; with Portraits, such as the Printshops yielded them at the time ; likewise with patches of *Ms.*, containing Notes, Pasquinade-songs, and the like, of the most unspeakable character occasionally,—constitute this '*Affaire du Collier* ;' which the Paris Dealers in Old Books can still procure there. It is one of the largest collections of Falsehoods that exists in print ; and, unfortunately, still, after all the narrating and history there has been on the subject, forms our chief means of getting at the truth of that Transaction. The First Volume contains some Twenty-one *Mémoires pour* : not, of course, Historical statements of truth ; but Culprits' and Lawyers' statements of what they wished to be believed ; each party *lying* according to his ability to lie. To reach the truth, or even any honest guess at the truth, the immensities of rubbish must be sifted, contrasted, rejected : what grain of historical evidence may lie at the bottom is then attainable. Thus, as this Transaction of the Diamond Necklace has been called the 'Largest Lie of the Eighteenth Century,' so it comes to us borne, not unfitly, on a whole illimitable dim Chaos of Lies !

Nay, the Second Volume, entitled *Suite de l'Affaire du Collier*, is still stranger. It relates to the Intrigue and Trial of one Bette d'Etienville, who represents himself as a poor lad that had been kidnapped, blindfolded, introduced to beautiful Ladies, and engaged to get husbands for them ; as setting out on this task, and gradually getting quite bewitched and bewildered ;—most indubitably, going on to bewitch and bewilder other people on all hands of him : the whole *in consequence* of this 'Necklace Trial,' and the noise it was making ! Very curious. The Lawyers did verily busy themselves with this affair of Bette's ; there are scarecrow Portraits given, that stood in the Printshops, and no man can know whether the Originals ever so much as existed. It is like the Dream of a Dream. The human mind stands stupent ; ejaculates the wish that such Gulf of Falsehood would close itself,—before general Delirium supervene, and the Speech of Man become mere incredible, meaningless jargon, like that of choughs and daws. Even from Bette, however, by assiduous sifting, one gathers a particle of truth here and there.

themselves, round a very Queen of Diamonds, on the bosom ; then rush on, again separated, as if there were length in plenty ; the very tassels of them were a fortune for some men. And now lastly, two other inexpressible threefold rows, also with their tassels, will, when the Necklace is on and clasped, unite themselves behind into a doubly inexpressible *sixfold* row ; and so stream down, together or asunder, over the hind-neck, —we may fancy, like lambent Zodiacal or Aurora-Borealis fire.

All these on a neck of snow slight-tinged with rose-bloom, and within it royal Life : amidst the blaze of lustres, in sylphish movements, espiègeries, coquetteries, and minuet-mazes ; with every movement a flash of star-rainbow colours, bright almost as the movements of the fair young soul it emblems ! A glorious ornament ; fit only for the Sultana of the World. Indeed, only attainable by such ; for it is valued at 1,800,000 livres ; say in round numbers, and sterling money, between eighty and ninety thousand pounds.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE NECKLACE CANNOT BE SOLD.

Miscalculating Boehmer ! The Sultana of the Earth shall never wear that Necklace of thine ; no neck, either royal or vassal, shall ever be the lovelier for it. In the present distressed state of our finances, with the American War raging round us, where thinkest thou are eighty thousand pounds to be raised for such a thing ? In this hungry world, thou fool, these five hundred and odd Diamonds, good only for looking at, are intrinsically worth less to us than a string of as many dry Irish potatoes, on which a famishing Sansculotte might fill his belly. Little knowest thou, laughing Joaillier-Bijoutier, great in thy pride of place, in thy pride of *savoir-faire*, what the world has in store for thee. Thou laughest there ; by-and-by thou wilt laugh on the wrong side of thy face mainly.

While the Necklace lay in stucco effigy, and the stones of it were still 'circulating in Commerce,' Du Barry's was the neck it was meant for. Unhappily, as all dogs, male and female, have but their day, her day is done; and now (so busy has Death been) she sits retired, on mere half pay, without prospects, at Saint-Cyr. A generous France will buy no more neck-ornaments for *her*:—O Heaven! the Guillotine-axe is already forging (North, in Swedish Dalecarlia, by sledge-hammers and fire; South too, by taxes and *tailles*) that will shear her neck in twain!

But, indeed, what of Du Barry? A foul worm; hatched by royal heat, on foul composts, into a flaunting butterfly; now diswinged, and again a worm! Are there not Kings' Daughters and Kings' Consorts; is not Decoration the first wish of a female heart,—often also, if such heart is empty, the last? The Portuguese Ambassador is here, and his rigorous Pombal is no longer Minister: there is an Infanta in Portugal, purposing by Heaven's blessing to wed.—Singular! the Portuguese Ambassador, though without fear of Pombal, praises, but will not purchase.

Or why not our own loveliest Marie-Antoinette, once Dauphiness only; now every inch a Queen: what neck in the whole Earth would it beseem better? It is fit only for her.—Alas, Boehmer! King Louis has an eye for diamonds; but he too is without overplus of money: his high Queen herself answers queenlike, "We have more need of Seventy-fours than of Necklaces." *Laudatur et alget!*—Not without a qualmish feeling, we apply next to the Queen and King of the Two Sicilies.<sup>1</sup> In vain, O Boehmer! In crowned heads there is no hope for thee. Not a crowned head of them can spare the eighty thousand pounds. The age of Chivalry is gone, and that of Bankruptcy is come. A dull, deep, presaging movement rocks all thrones: Bankruptcy is beating down the gate, and no Chancellor can longer barricade her out. She will enter; and the shoreless fire-lava of DEMOCRACY is at her back! Well may Kings, a second time, 'sit still with awful eye,' and think of far other things than Necklaces.

<sup>1</sup> See *Mémoires de Campan*, ii. 1-26.

Thus for poor Boehmer are the mournfullest days and nights appointed ; and this high-promising year (1780, as we laboriously guess and gather) stands blacker than all others in his calendar. In vain shall he, on his sleepless pillow, more and more desperately revolve the problem ; it is a problem of the insoluble sort, a true ‘irreducible case of Cardan :’ the Diamond Necklace will not sell.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### AFFINITIES : THE TWO FIXED-IDEAS.

Nevertheless, a man's little Work lies not isolated, stranded ; a whole busy World, a whole native-element of mysterious never-resting Force, environs it ; will catch it up ; will carry it forward, or else backward : always, infallibly, either as living growth, or at worst as well-rotted manure, the Thing Done will come to use. Often, accordingly, for a man that had finished any little work, this were the most interesting question : In such a boundless whirl of a world, what hook will it be, and what hooks, that shall catch up this little work of mine ; and whirl *it* also,—through such a dance ? A question, we need not say, which, in the simplest of cases, would bring the whole Royal Society to a nonplus.—Good Corsican Letitia ! while thou nursest thy little Napoleon, and he answers thy mother-smile with those deep eyes of his, a world-famous French Revolution, with Federations of the *Champ de Mars*, and September Massacres, and Bakers' Customers *en queue*, is getting ready : many a Danton and Desmoulins ; prim-visaged, Tartuffe-looking Robespierre, as yet all schoolboys ; and Marat weeping bitter rheum, as he pounds horsedrugs,—are preparing the fittest arena for him !

Thus too, while poor Boehmer is busy with those Diamonds of his, picking them ‘out of Commerce,’ and his craftsmen are grinding and setting them ; a certain ecclesiastical Coadjutor and Grand Almoner, and prospective Commendator and Cardinal, is in Austria, hunting and giving suppers ; for whom mainly it is that Boehmer and his craftsmen so employ them-

selves. Strange enough, once more! The foolish Jeweller at Paris, making foolish trinkets; the foolish Ambassador at Vienna, making blunders and debaucheries: these Two, all uncommunicating, wide asunder as the Poles, are hourly forging for each other the wonderfulest hook-and-eye; which will hook them together, one day,—into artificial Siamese-Twins, for the astonishment of mankind.

Prince Louis de Rohan is one of those select mortals born to honours, as the sparks fly upwards; and, alas, also (as all men are) to troubles no less. Of his genesis and descent much might be said, by the curious in such matters; yet perhaps, if we weigh it well, intrinsically little. He can, by diligence and faith, be traced back some handbreadth or two, some century or two; but after that, merges in the mere 'blood-royal of Brittany;' long, long on this side of the Northern Immigrations, he is not so much as to be sought for;—and leaves the whole space onwards from that, into the bosom of Eternity, a blank, marked only by one point, the Fall of Man! However, and what alone concerns us, his kindred, in these quite recent times, have been much about the Most Christian Majesty; could there pick up what was going. In particular, they have had a turn of some continuance for Cardinalship and Commendatorship. Safest trades these, of the calm, do-nothing sort: in the do-something line, in Generalship, or such like (witness poor Cousin Soubise, at Rosbach<sup>1</sup>), they might not fare so well. In any case, the actual Prince Louis, Coadjutor at Strasburg, while his uncle the Cardinal-Arch-

<sup>1</sup> Here is the Epigram they made against him on occasion of Rosbach—in that 'Despotism tempered by Epigrams,' which France was then said to be:

'Soubise dit, la lanterne à la main,  
J'ai beau chercher, où diable est mon Armée ?  
Elle était là pourtant hier matin :  
Me l'a-t-on prise, ou l'aurais-je égarée ?—

Que vois-je, ô ciel ! que mon âme est ravié !  
Prodige heureux ! la voilà, la voilà !—  
Ah, ventrebleu ! qu'est-ce donc que cela ?  
Je me trompais, c'est l'Armée Ennemie !'

LACRETELLE, ii. 206.



bishop has not yet deceased, and left him his dignities, but only fallen sick, already takes his place on one grandest occasion : he, thrice-happy Coadjutor, receives the fair, young, trembling Dauphiness, Marie-Antoinette, on her first entrance into France ; and can there, as Ceremonial Fugleman, with fit bearing and semblance (being a tall man, of six-and-thirty), do the needful. Of his other performances up to this date, a refined History had rather say nothing.

In fact, if the tolerating mind will meditate it with any sympathy, what could poor Rohan perform ? Performing needs light, needs strength, and a firm clear footing ; all of which had been denied him. Nourished, from birth, with the choicest physical spoon-meat, indeed ; yet also, with no better spiritual Doctrine and Evangel of Life than a French Court of Louis the Well-beloved could yield ; gifted moreover, and this too was but a new perplexity for him, with shrewdness enough to see through much, with vigour enough to despise much ; unhappily, not with vigour enough to spurn it from him, and be forever enfranchised of it,—he awakes, at man's stature, with man's wild desires, in a World of the merest incoherent Lies and Delirium ; himself a nameless Mass of delirious Incoherences,—covered over at most, and held in a little, by conventional Politesse, and a Cloak of prospective Cardinal's Plush. Are not intrigues, might Rohan say, the industry of this our Universe ; nay is not the Universe itself, at bottom, properly an intrigue ? A Most Christian Majesty, in the *Parc-aux-cerfs* ; he, thou seest, is the god of this lower world ; in the fight of Life, our war-banner and celestial *Entouto-nika* is a Strumpet's Petticoat : these are thy gods, O France ! —What, in such singular circumstances, could poor Rohan's creed and world-theory be, that he should 'perform' thereby ? Atheism ? Alas, no ; not even Atheism : only Machiavelism ; and the indestructible faith that 'ginger is hot in the mouth.' Get ever new and better *ginger*, therefore ; chew it ever the more diligently : 'tis all thou hast to look to, and that only for a day.

Ginger enough, poor Louis de Rohan : too much of ginger ! Whatsoever of it, for the five senses, money, or money's worth,

or backstairs diplomacy, can buy ; nay for the sixth sense too, the far spicier ginger, Antecedence of thy fellow-creatures,—merited, at least, by infinitely finer housing than theirs. Coadjutor of Strasburg, Archbishop of Strasburg, Grand Almoner of France, Commander of the Order of the Holy Ghost, Cardinal, Commendator of St. Wast d'Arras (one of the fattest benefices here below): all these shall be housings for Monseigneur : to all these shall his Jesuit Nursing-mother, our vulpine Abbé Georgel, through fair court-weather and through foul, triumphantly bear him ; and wrap him with them, fat, somnolent Nursling as he is.—By the way, a most assiduous, ever-wakeful Abbé is this Georgel ; and wholly Monseigneur's. He has scouts dim-flying, far out, in the great deep of the world's business ; has spider-threads that overnet the whole world ; himself sits in the centre, ready to run. In vain shall King and Queen combine against Monseigneur : “I was at M. de Maurepas' pillow before six,”—persuasively wagging my sleek coif, and the sleek reynard-head under it ; I managed it all for him. Here too, on occasion of Reynard Georgel, we could not but reflect what a singular species of creature your Jesuit must have been. Outwardly, you would say, a man ; the smooth semblance of a man : inwardly, to the centre, filled with stone ! Yet in all breathing things, even in stone Jesuits are inscrutable sympathies : how else does a Reynard Abbé so loyally give himself, soul and body, to a somnolent Monseigneur ;—how else does the poor Tit, to the neglect of its own eggs and interests, nurse up a huge lumbering Cuckoo ; and think its pains all paid, if the sootbrown Stupidity will merely grow bigger and bigger !—Enough, by Jesuitic or other means, Prince Louis de Rohan shall be passively kneaded and baked into Commendator of St. Wast and much else ; and truly *such* a Commendator as hardly, since King Thierri, first of the *Fainéans*, founded that Establishment, has played his part there.

Such, however, have Nature and Art combined together to make Prince Louis. A figure thrice-clothed with honours ; with plush, and civic and ecclesiastic garniture of all kinds ; but in itself little other than an amorphous congeries of con-

traditions, somnolence and violence, foul passions and foul habits. It is by his plush cloaks and wrappages mainly, as above hinted, that such a figure sticks together ; what we call 'coheres,' in any measure ; were it not for these, he would flow out boundlessly on all sides. Conceive him farther, with a kind of radical vigour and fire, for he can see clearly at times, and speak fiercely ; yet left in this way to stagnate and ferment, and lie overlaid with such floods of fat material : have we not a true image of the shamefullest Mud-volcano, gurgling and sluttishly simmering, amid continual steamy indistinctness,—except as was hinted, in wind-gusts ; with occasional terrifico-absurd mud-explosions !

This, garnish it and fringe it never so handsomely, is, alas, the intrinsic character of Prince Louis. A shameful spectacle : such, however, as the world has beheld many times ; as it were to be wished, but is not yet to be hoped, the world might behold no more. Nay, are not all possible delirious incoherences, outward and inward, summed up, for poor Rohan, in this one incrediblest incoherence, that *he*, Prince Louis de Rohan, is named Priest, Cardinal of the Church ? A debauched, merely libidinous mortal, lying there quite helpless, *dissolute* (as we well say) ; whom to see Church *Cardinal*, symbolical *Hinge* or main Corner of the Invisible Holy in this World, an Inhabitant of Saturn might split with laughing,—if he did not rather swoon with pity and horror !

Prince Louis, as ceremonial fogleman at Strasburg, might have hoped to make some way with the fair young Dauphiness ; but seems not to have made any. Perhaps, in those great days, so trying for a fifteen-years Bride and Dauphiness, the fair Antoinette was too preoccupied : perhaps, in the very face and looks of Prospective-Cardinal Prince Louis, her fair young soul read, all unconsciously, an incoherent *Roué*-ism, bottomless Mud-volcanoism ; from which she by instinct rather recoiled.

However, as above hinted, he is now gone, in these years, on Embassy to Vienna : with 'four-and-twenty pages' (if our remembrance of Abbé Georgel serve) 'of noble birth,' all in

scarlet breeches ; and such a retinue and parade as drowns even his fat revenue in perennial debt. Above all things, his Jesuit Familiar is with him. For so everywhere they must manage : Eminence Rohan is the cloak, Jesuit Georgel the man or automaton within it. Rohan, indeed, sees Poland a-partitioning ; or rather Georgel, with his ‘ masked Austrian ’ traitor ‘ on the ramparts,’ sees it for him : but what can he do ? He exhibits his four-and-twenty scarlet pages,—who, we find, ‘ smuggle ’ to quite unconscionable lengths ; rides through a Catholic procession, Prospective-Cardinal though he be, because it is too long and keeps him from an appointment ; hunts, gallants ; gives suppers, Sardanapalus-wise, the finest ever seen in Vienna. Abbé Georgel, as we fancy it was, writes a Despatch in his name ‘ every fortnight ; ’—mentions in one of these, that ‘ Maria Theresa stands, indeed, with the ‘ handkerchief in one hand, weeping for the woes of Poland ; ‘ but with the sword in the other hand, ready to cut Poland ‘ in sections, and take her share.’<sup>1</sup> Untimely joke ; which proved to Prince Louis the root of unspeakable chagrins ! For Minister D’Aiguillon (much against his duty) communicates the Letter to King Louis ; Louis to Du Barry, to season her *souper*, and laughs over it : the thing becomes a court-joke ; the filially-pious Dauphiness hears it, and remembers it. Accounts go, moreover, that Rohan spake censuringly of the Dauphiness to her Mother : this probably is but hearsay and false ; the devout Maria Theresa disliked him, and even despised him, and vigorously laboured for his recall.

Thus, in rosy sleep and somnambulism, or awake only to quaff the full wine cup of the Scarlet Woman his Mother, and

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires de l’Abbé Georgel*, ii. 1–220. Abbé Georgel, who has given, in the place referred to, a long solemn Narrative of the Necklace Business, passes for the grand authority on it : but neither will he, strictly taken up, abide scrutiny. He is vague as may be ; writing in what is called the ‘ soaped-pig ’ fashion : yet sometimes you *do* catch him, and hold him. There are hardly above three dates in his whole Narrative. He mistakes several times ; perhaps, once or twice, wilfully misrepresents, a little. The main incident of the business is misdated by him, almost a twelve-month. It is to be remembered that the poor Abbé wrote in exile ; and with cause enough for prepossessions and hostilities.

again sleep and somnambulate, does the Prospective-Cardinal and Commendator pass his days. Unhappy man! This is not a world which was made in sleep; which it is safe to sleep and somnambulate in. In that 'loud-roaring Loom of Time' (where above nine hundred millions of hungry Men, for one item, restlessly weave and work), so many threads fly humming from their 'eternal spindles;' and swift invisible shuttles, far darting, to the Ends of the World,—complex enough! At this hour, a miserable Boehmer in Paris, whom thou wottest not of, is spinning, of diamonds and gold, a paltry thrum that will go nigh to strangle the life out of thee.

Meanwhile Louis the Well-beloved has left, forever, his *Parc-aux-cerfs*; and, amid the scarce-suppressed hootings of the world, taken up his last lodging at St. Denis. Feeling that it was all over (for the small-pox has the victory, and even Du Barry is off), he, as the Abbé Georgel records, 'made the *amende honorable* to God' (these are his Reverence's own words); had a true repentance of three days' standing; and so, continues the Abbé, 'fell asleep in the Lord.' Asleep in the Lord, Monsieur l'Abbé! If such a mass of Laziness and Lust fell asleep in the Lord, *who*, fanciest thou, is it that falls asleep—elsewhere? Enough that he did fall asleep; that thick-wrapt in the Blanket of the Night, under what keeping we ask not, *he* never through endless Time can, for his own or our sins, insult the face of the Sun any more;—and so now we go onward, if not to less degrees of beastliness, yet at least and worst, to cheering varieties of it.

Louis XVI. therefore reigns (and, under the Sieur Gamain, makes locks); his fair Dauphiness has become a Queen. Eminence Rohan is home from Vienna; to condole and congratulate. He bears a letter from Maria Theresa; hopes the Queen will not forget old Ceremonial Fuglemen, and friends of the Dauphiness. Heaven and Earth! The Dauphiness Queen will not see him; orders the Letter to be *sent* her. The King himself signifies briefly that he 'will be asked for when wanted!'

Alas! at Court, our motion is the delicatest, unsurest.



We go spinning, as it were, on teetotums, by the edges of bottomless deeps. Rest is fall ; so is one false whirl. A moment ago, Eminence Rohan seemed waltzing with the best: but, behold, his teetotum has *carried him over* ; there is an inversion of the centre of gravity ; and so now, heels uppermost, velocity increasing as the time, space as the square of the time,—he rushes.

On a man of poor Rohan's somnolence and violence, the sympathising mind can estimate what the effect was. Consternation, stupefaction, the total jumble of blood, brains and nervous spirits ; in ear and heart, only universal hubbub and louder and louder singing of the agitated air. A fall comparable to that of Satan ! Men have, indeed, been driven from Court ; and borne it, according to ability. Choiseul, in these very years, retired Parthianlike, with a smile or scowl ; and drew half the Court host along with him. Our Wolsey, though once an *Ego et Rex meus*, could journey, it is said without straight-waistcoat, to his monastery ; and there telling beads, look forward to a still longer journey. The melodious, too soft-strung Racine, when his King turned his back on him, emitted one meek wail, and submissively—died. But the case of Coadjutor de Rohan differed from all these. No loyalty was in him, that he should die ; no self-help, that he should live ; no faith, that he should tell beads. His is a mud-volcanic character ; incoherent, mad, from the very foundation of it. Think too, that his Courtiership (for how could any nobleness enter there ?) was properly a gambling speculation : the loss of his trump Queen of Hearts can bring nothing but flat unredeemed despair. No other game has he, in this world,—or in the next. And then the exasperating *Why ?* The *How came it ?* For that Rohanic, or Georgelic, sprightliness of the 'handkerchief in one hand, and sword in the other,' if indeed that could have caused it all, has quite escaped him. In the name of Friar Bacon's Head, *what* was it ? Imagination, with Desperation to drive her, may fly to all points of Space ;—and returns with wearied wings, and no tidings. Behold *me here* : this, which is the first grand certainty for man in general, is the first and last and only one

for poor Rohan. And then his *Here!* Alas, looking upwards, he can eye, from his burning marl, the azure realms, once his; and Cousin Countess de Marsan, and so many Riche-lieus, Polignacs, and other happy angels, male and female, all blissfully gyrating there; while he—!

Nevertheless hope, in the human breast, though not in the diabolic, springs eternal. The outcast Rohan bends all his thoughts, faculties, prayers, purposes, to one object; one object he will attain, or go to Bedlam. How many ways he tries; what days and nights of conjecture, consultation; what written unpublished reams of correspondence, protestation, backstairs diplomacy of every rubric! How many suppers has he eaten; how many given,—in vain! It is his morning song, and his evening prayer. From innumerable falls he rises; only to fall again. Behold him even, with his red stockings, at dusk, in the Garden of Trianon: he has bribed the Concierge; will see her Majesty in spite of Etiquette and Fate; peradventure, pitying his long sad King's-evil, she will touch him and heal him. In vain,—says the Female Historian, Campan.<sup>1</sup> The Chariot of Majesty shoots rapidly by, with high-plumed heads in it; Eminence is known by his red stockings, but not looked at, only laughed at, and left standing like a Pillar of Salt.

Thus through ten long years, of new resolve and new despondency, of flying from Saverne to Paris, and from Paris to Saverne, has it lasted; hope deferred making the heart sick. Reynard Georgel and Cousin de Marsan, by eloquence, by influence, and being 'at M. de Maurepas' pillow before six,' have secured the Archbishopric, the Grand Almonership;

<sup>1</sup> Madame Campan, in her Narrative, and indeed, in her *Memoirs* generally, does not seem to *intend* falsehood: this, in the Business of the Necklace, is saying a great deal. She rather, perhaps, intends the producing of an impression; which may have appeared to herself to be the right one. But, at all events, she has, here or elsewhere, no notion of historical rigour, she gives hardly any date, or the like; will tell the same thing, in different places, different ways, &c. There is a tradition that Louis XVIII. revised her *Mémoires* before publication. She requires to be read with scepticism everywhere, but yields something in that way.

the Cardinalship (by the medium of Poland) ; and, lastly, to tinker many rents, and appease the Jews, that fattest Commendatorship, founded by King *Thierri* the Do-nothing—perhaps with a view to such cases. All good ! languidly croaks *Rohan* ; yet all not the one thing needful ; alas, the Queen's eyes do not yet shine on me.

Abbé *Georgel* admits, in his own polite diplomatic way, that the Mud-volcano was much agitated by these trials ; and in time quite changed. Monseigneur deviated into cabalistic courses, after elixirs, philtres, and the philosopher's stone ; that is, the volcanic steam grew thicker and heavier : at last by *Cagliostro's* magic (for *Cagliostro* and the Cardinal by elective affinity must meet), it sank into the opacity of perfect London fog ! So too, if Monseigneur grew choleric, wrapped himself up in reserve, spoke roughly to his domestics and dependents,—were not the terrifico-absurd mud-explosions becoming more frequent ? Alas, what wonder ? Some nine-and-forty winters have now fled over his Eminence (for it is 1783), and his beard falls white to the shaver ; but age for him brings no 'benefit of experience.' He is possessed by a fixed-idea !

Foolish Eminence ! is the Earth grown all barren and of a snuff colour, because one pair of eyes in it look on thee askance ? Surely thou hast thy Body there yet : and what of soul might from the first reside in it. Nay, a warm, snug Body, with not only five senses (sound still, in spite of much tear and wear), but most eminent clothing, besides ;—clothed with authority over much, with red Cardinal's cloak, red Cardinal's hat ; with Commendatorship, Grand-Almonership, so kind have thy Fripiers been ; with dignities and dominions too tedious to name. The stars rise nightly, with tidings (for thee too, if thou wilt listen) from the infinite Blue ; Sun and Moon bring vicissitudes of season ; dressing green, with flower-borderings, and cloth of gold, this ancient ever-young Earth of ours, and filling her breasts with all-nourishing mother's milk. Wilt thou work ? The whole Encyclopedia (not *Diderot's* only, but the Almighty's) is there for thee to spread thy broad faculty upon. Or, if thou have no faculty, no Sense, hast thou

not, as already suggested, Senses, to the number of five? What victuals thou wishest, command; with what wine savoureth thee, be filled. Already thou art a false lascivious Priest; with revenues of, say, a quarter of a million sterling; and no mind to mend. Eat foolish Eminence; eat with voracity,—leaving the shot till *afterwards*! In all this the eyes of Marie Antoinette can neither help thee nor hinder.

And yet what is the Cardinal, dissolute mud-volcano though he be, more foolish herein, than all Sons of Adam? Give the wisest of us once a 'fixed-idea,'—which, though a temporary madness, who has not had?—and see where his wisdom is! The Chamois-hunter serves his doomed seven years in the Quicksilver Mines; returns salivated to the marrow of the backbone; and next morning—goes forth to hunt again. Behold Cardalion King of Urinals; with a woful ballad to his mistress' eyebrow! He blows out, Werter-wise, his foolish existence, because *she* will not have it to keep;—heeds not that there are some five hundred millions of other mistresses in this noble Planet; most likely much such as she. O foolish men! They sell their Inheritance (as their Mother did hers), though it is Paradise, for a crotchet: will they not, in every age, dare not only grapeshot and gallows-ropes, but Hell-fire itself, for better sauce to their victuals? My friends, beware of fixed-ideas.

Here, accordingly, is poor Boehmer with one in his head too! He has been hawking his 'irreducible case of Cardan,' that Necklace of his; these three long years, through all Palaces and Ambassadors' Hotels, over the old 'nine Kingdoms,' or more of them than there now are: searching, sifting Earth, Sea and Air, for a customer. To take his Necklace in pieces; and so, losing only his manual labour and expected glory, dissolve his fixed-idea, and fixed diamonds, into current ones: this were simply casting out the Devil—from himself; a miracle, and perhaps more! For he too has a Devil, or Devils: one mad object that he strives at; that he too will attain, or go to Bedlam. Creditors, snarling, hound him on from without; mocked Hopes, lost Labours, bearbait him from within: to these torments his fixed-idea keeps him chained. In six-

and-thirty weary revolutions of the Moon, was it wonderful the man's brain had got dried a little?

Behold, one day, being Court-Jeweller, he too bursts, almost as Rohan had done, into the Queen's retirement, or apartment; flings himself (as Campan again has recorded) at her Majesty's feet; and there, with clasped uplifted hands, in passionate nasal-gutturals, with streaming tears and loud sobs, entreats her to do one of two things: Either to buy his Necklace; or else graciously to vouchsafe him her royal permission to drown himself in the River Seine. Her Majesty, pitying the distracted bewildered state of the man, calmly points out the plain third course: *Dépécez votre Collier*, Take your Necklace in pieces;—adding withal, in a tone of queenly rebuke, that if he would drown himself, he at all times could, without her furtherance.

Ah, *had* he drowned himself, with the Necklace in his pocket; and Cardinal Commendator at his skirts! Kings, above all, beautiful Queens, as far-radiant Symbols on the pinnacles of the world, are so exposed to madmen. Should these two fixed-ideas that beset this beautifullest Queen, and almost burst through her Palace-walls, one day *unite*, and this *not* to jump into the River Seine:—what maddest result may be looked for!

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE ARTIST.

If the reader has hitherto, in our too figurative language, seen only the figurative hook and the figurative eye, which Boehmer and Rohan, far apart, were respectively fashioning for each other, he shall now see the cunning Milliner (an actual, unmetaphorical *Milliner*) by whom these two individuals, with their two implements, are brought in contact, and hooked together into stupendous artificial Siamese-Twins;—after which the whole nodus and solution will naturally combine and unfold itself.

Jeanne de Saint-Remi, by courtesy or otherwise, Countess styled also *of Valois*, and even *of France*, has now, in this



year of Grace 1783, known the world for some seven-and-twenty summers ; and had crooks in her lot. She boasts herself descended, by what is called *natural* generation, from the Blood-Royal of France : Henri Second, before that fatal tourney-lance entered his right eye and ended him, appears to have had, successively or simultaneously, four—unmentionable women : and so, *in vice* of the third of these, came a certain Henri de Saint-Remi into this world ; and, as High and Puissant Lord, ate his victuals and spent his days, on an allotted domain of Fontette, near Bar-sur-Aube, in Champagne. Of High and Puissant Lords, at this Fontette, six other generations followed ; and thus ultimately, in a space of some two centuries,—succeeded in realising this brisk little Jeanne de Saint-Remi, here in question. But, ah, what a falling-off ! The Royal Family of France has wellnigh forgotten its left-hand collaterals : the last High and Puissant Lord (much clipt by his predecessors), falling into drink, and left by a scandalous world to drink his pitcher *dry*, had to alienate by degrees his whole worldly Possessions, down almost to the indispensable, or inexpressibles ; and die at last in the Paris Hôtel-Dieu ; glad that it was not on the street. So that he has, indeed, given a sort of bastard royal life to little Jeanne, and her little brother ; but not the smallest earthly provender to keep it in. The mother, in her extremity, forms the wonderfulest connexions ; and little Jeanne, and her little brother, go out into the highways to beg.<sup>1</sup>

A charitable Countess Boulainvilliers, struck with the little bright-eyed tatterdemalion from the carriage-window, picks her up ; has her scoured, clothed ; and rears her, in her fluctuating miscellaneous way, to be, about the age of twenty, a nondescript of Mantuamaker, Soubrette, Court-beggar, Fine-lady, Abigail, and Scion-of-Royalty. Sad combination of trades ! The Court, after infinite soliciting, puts one off with a hungry dole of little more than thirty pounds a-year. Nay, the audacious Count Boulainvilliers dares, with what purposes he knows best, to offer some suspicious

<sup>1</sup> *Vie de Jeanne Comtesse de Lamotte* (by Herself), vol. i.

presents! <sup>1</sup> Whereupon his good Countess, especially as Mantuamaking languishes, thinks it could not but be fit to go down to Bar-sur-Aube; and there see whether no fractions of that alienated Fontette Property, held perhaps on insecure tenure, may, by terror or cunning, be recoverable. Burning her paper patterns, pocketing her pension till more come, Mademoiselle Jeanne sallies out thither, in her twenty-third year.

Nourished in this singular way, alternating between saloon and kitchen-table, with the loftiest of pretensions, meanest of possessions, our poor High and Puissant Mantuamaker has realised for herself a 'face not beautiful, yet with a certain piquancy;' dark hair, blue eyes; and a character, which the present Writer, a determined student of human nature, declares to be undecipherable. Let the Psychologists try it! Jeanne de Saint-Remi de Valois de France actually lived, and worked, and was: she has even published, at various times, three considerable Volumes of Autobiography, with loose Leaves (in Courts of Justice) of unknown number; <sup>2</sup> wherein he that runs may read,—but not understand. Strange Volumes! more like the screeching of distracted night-birds (suddenly disturbed by the torch of Police-Fowl-

<sup>1</sup> He was of Hebrew descent: grandson of the renowned Jew Bernard, whom Louis XV., and even Louis XIV., used to 'walk-with in the Royal Garden,' when they wanted him to lend them money. See *Souvenirs du Duc de Levis; Mémoires de Duclos*, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Four *Mémoires pour* by her, in this *Affaire du Collier*; like 'Lawyers' tongues turned inside out!' Afterwards One Volume, *Mémoires Justificatifs de la Comtesse de*, &c. (London, 1788); with Appendix of 'Documents' so-called. This has also been translated into a kind of English. Then Two Volumes, as quoted above: *Vie de Jeanne de*, &c.; printed in London,—by way of extorting money from Paris. This latter Lying Autobiography of Lamotte was bought-up by French persons in authority. It was the burning of this *Editio Princeps* in the Sèvres Potteries on the 30th of May 1792, which raised such a smoke, that the Legislative Assembly took alarm; and had an investigation about it, and considerable examining of Potters, &c., till the truth came out. Copies of the Book were speedily reprinted after the Tenth of August. It is in English too; and, except in the Necklace part, is not so entirely distracted as the former.

ers), than the articulate utterance of a rational unfeathered biped. Cheerfully admitting these statements to be all lies; we ask, How any mortal could, or should, so lie?

The Psychologists, however, commit one sore mistake; that of searching, in every character named human, for something like a conscience. Being mere contemplative recluses, for most part, and feeling that Morality is the heart of Life, they judge that with all the world it is so. Nevertheless, as practical men are aware, Life can go on in excellent vigour, without crotchet of that kind. What is the essence of Life? Volition? Go deeper down, you find a much more universal root and characteristic: Digestion. While Digestion lasts, Life cannot, in philosophical language, be said to be extinct: and Digestion will give rise to Volitions enough; at any rate, to Desires and attempts, which may pass for such. He who looks neither before nor after, any farther than the Larder and Stateroom, which latter is properly the finest compartment of the Larder, will need no World-theory, Creed as it is called, or Scheme of Duties; lightly leaving the world to wag as it likes with any theory or none, his grand object is a theory and practice of ways and means. Not goodness or badness is the type of him: only shiftiness or shiftlessness.

And now, disburdened of this obstruction, let the Psychologists consider it under a bolder view. Consider the brisk Jeanne de Saint-Remi de Saint-Shifty as a Spark of vehement Life, not developed into Will of any kind, yet fully into Desires of all kinds, and cast into such a Life-element as we have seen. Vanity and Hunger; a Princess of the Blood, yet whose father had sold his inexpressibles; uncertain whether fosterdaughter of a fond Countess, with hopes sky-high, or supernumerary Soubrette; with not enough of man-tuamaking: in a word, *Gigmanity disgigged*; one of the saddest, pitiable, unpitied predicaments of man! She is of that light unreflecting class, of that light unreflecting sex *varium semper et mutabile*. And then her Fine-ladyism though a purseless one: capricious, coquettish, and with all the finer sensibilities of the heart; now in the rackets, now in the sullens; vivid in contradictory resolves; laughing, weeping

without reason,—though these acts are said to be signs of reason. Consider too, how she has had to work her way, all along, by flattery and cajolery ; wheedling, eavesdropping, namby-pambying : how she needs wages, and knows no other productive trades. Thought can hardly be said to exist in her : only Perception and Device. With an understanding lynx-eyed for the surface of things, but which pierces beyond the surface of nothing ; every individual thing (for she has never seized the heart of it) turns up a new face to her every new day, and seems a thing changed, a different thing. Thus sits, or rather vehemently bobs and hovers her vehement mind, in the middle of a boundless many-dancing whirlpool of gilt-shreds, paper-clippings, and windfalls,—to which the revolving chaos of my Uncle Toby's Smoke-jack was solidity and regularity. Reader ! thou for thy sins must have met with such fair Irrationals ; fascinating, with their lively eyes, with their quick snappish fancies ; distinguished in the higher circles, in Fashion, even in Literature : they hum and buzz there, on graceful film-wings ;—searching, never theless, with the wonderfulest skill, for honey ; ‘untamable as flies !’

Wonderfulest skill for honey, we say ; and, pray, mark that, as regards this Countess de Saint-Shift. Her instinct-of-genius is prodigious ; her appetite fierce. In any foraging speculation of the private kind, she, unthinking as you call her, will be worth a hundred thinkers. And so of such untamable flies the untamablest, Mademoiselle Jeanne, is now buzzing down, in the Bar-sur-Aube Diligence ; to inspect the honey-jars of Fontette ; and see and smell whether there be any flaws in them.

Alas, at Fontette, we can, with sensibility, behold straw-roofs we were nursed under ; farmers courteously offer cooked milk, and other country messes : but no soul will part with his Landed Property, for which, though cheap, he declares hard money was paid. The honey-jars are all close, then?—However, a certain Monsieur de Lamotte, a tall Gendarme, home on furlough from Lunéville, is now at Bar ; pays us attentions ; becomes quite particular in his attentions,—

for we have a face 'with a certain piquancy,' the liveliest glib-snappish tongue, the liveliest kittenish manner (not yet hardened into *cat-hood*), with thirty pounds a-year, and prospects. M. de Lamotte, indeed, is as yet only a private sentinel; but then a private sentinel in the *Gendarmes*: and did not his father die fighting 'at the head of his company,' at Minden? Why not in virtue of our own Countessship dub him too Count; by left-hand collateralism, get him advanced?—Finished before the furlough is done! The untamablest of flies has again buzzed off; in wedlock with M. de Lamotte; if not to get honey, yet to escape spiders; and so lies in garrison at Lunéville, amid coquetries and hysterics, in Gigmanity disfigged,—disconsolate enough.

At the end of four long years (too long), M. de Lamotte, or call him now *Count* de Lamotte, sees good to lay down his fighting-gear (unhappily still only the musket), and become what is by certain moderns called 'a Civilian:' not a Civil-Law Doctor; merely a Citizen, one who does not live by being killed. Alas! cold eclipse has all along hung over the Lamotte household. Countess Boulainvilliers, it is true, writes in the most feeling manner; but then the Royal Finances are so deranged! Without personal pressing solicitation, on the spot, no Court-solicitor, were his pension the meagrest, can hope to better it. At Lunéville the sun, indeed, shines; and there is a kind of Life; but only an Un-Parisian, half or quarter Life; the very tradesmen grow clamorous, and no cunningly devised fable, ready-money alone will appease them. Commandant Marquis d'Autichamp<sup>1</sup> agrees with Madame Boulainvilliers that a journey to Paris were the project; whither, also, he himself is just going. Perfidious Commandant Marquis! His plan is seen through: he dares to presume to make love to a Scion-of-Royalty; or to hint that he could dare to presume to do it! Whereupon, indignant Count de Lamotte, as we said, throws up his commission, and down his fire-arms, without further delay. The King loses a tall private sentinel; the World has a new black-

<sup>1</sup> He is the same Marquis d'Autichamp who was to 'relieve Lyons,' and raise the Siege of Lyons, in Autumn 1793, but could not do it.



leg : and Monsieur and Madame de Lamotte take places in the Diligence for Strasburg.

Good Foster-mother Boulainvilliers, however, is no longer at Strasburg : she is forward at the Archiepiscopal Palace in Saverne ; on a visit there, to his Eminence Cardinal Commendator Grand-Almoner Archbishop Prince Louis de Rohan ! Thus, then, has Destiny at last brought it about. Thus, after long wanderings, on paths so far separate, has the time come, in this late year 1783, when, of all the nine hundred millions of the Earth's denizens, these preappointed Two behold each other !

The foolish Cardinal, since no sublunary means, not even bribing of the Trianon Concierge, will serve, has taken to the superlunary : he is here, with his fixed-idea and volcanic vaporosity darkening, under Cagliostro's management, into thicker and thicker opaque,—of the Black-Art itself. To the glance of hungry genius, Cardinal and Cagliostro could not but have meaning. A flush of astonishment, a sigh over boundless wealth (for the mountains of debt lie invisible) in the hands of boundless Stupidity ; some vague looming of indefinite hope : all this one can well fancy. But alas, what, to a high plush Cardinal, is a now insolvent Scion-of-Royalty,—though with a face of some piquancy ? The good Foster-mother's visit, in any case, can last but three days ; then, amid old namby-pambyings, with effusions of the nobler sensibilities and tears of pity at least for oneself, Countess de Lamotte, and husband, must off with her to Paris, and new possibilities at Court. Only when the sky again darkens, can this vague looming from Saverne look out, by fits, as a cheering weather-sign.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### WILL THE TWO FIXED-IDEAS UNITE ?

However, the sky, according to custom, is not long in darkening again. The King's finances, we repeat, are in so distracted a state ! No D'Ormesson, no Joly de Fleury, wearied with milking the already dry, will increase that scandalous

Thirty Pounds of a Scion-of-Royalty by a single doit. Calonne himself, who has a willing ear and encouraging word for all mortals whatsoever, only with difficulty, and by aid of Madame of France,<sup>1</sup> raises it to some still miserable Sixty-five. Worst of all, the good Foster-mother Boulainvilliers, in few months, suddenly dies: the wretched widower, sitting there, with his white handkerchief, to receive condolences, with closed shutters, mortuary tapestries, and sepulchral cressets burning (which, however, the instant the condolences are gone, he blows out, to save oil), has the audacity again, amid crocodile tears, to—drop hints!<sup>2</sup> Nay more, he, wretched man in all senses, abridges the Lamotte table; will besiege virtue both in the positive and negative way. The Lamottes, wintry as the world looks, cannot be gone too soon.

As to Lamotte the husband, he, for shelter against much, decisively dives down to the ‘subterranean shades of Rascaldom;’ gambles, swindles; can hope to live, miscellaneously, if not by the Grace of God, yet by the Oversight of the Devil,—for a time. Lamotte the wife also makes her packages: and waving the unseductive Count Boulainvillier Save-all a disdainful farewell, removes to the *Belle Image* in Versailles; there within wind of Court, in attic apartments, on poor water-gruel board, resolves to await what can betide. So much, in few months of this fateful year, 1783, has come and gone.

Poor Jeanne de Saint-Remi de Lamotte Valois, Ex-Man-tuamaker, Scion-of-Royalty! What eye, looking into those bare attic apartments and water-gruel platters of the *Belle Image*, but must, in spite of itself, grow dim with almost a kind of tear for thee! There thou art, with thy quick lively glances, face of a certain piquancy, thy gossamer untamable character, snappish sallies, glib all-managing tongue; thy whole incarnated, garmented, and so sharply appetent ‘spark of Life;’ cast down alive into this World, without vote of thine (for the Elective Franchises have not yet got that length); and wouldst so fain live there. Paying scot-and-lot; providing, or fresh-scouring silk court-dresses; ‘always

<sup>1</sup> See *Campan*.

<sup>2</sup> *Vie de Jeanne de Lamotte, &c. écrite par elle-même*, vol. i.

keeping a gig !' Thou must hawk and shark to and fro, from anteroom to anteroom ; become a kind of terror to all men in place, and women that influence such ; dance not light Ionic measures, but attendance merely ; have weepings, thanksgiving effusions, aulic, almost forensic, eloquence : perhaps eke out thy thin livelihood by some coquetries, in the small way ;—and so, most poverty-stricken, cold-blighted, yet with young keen blood struggling against it, spin forward thy unequal feeble thread, which the Atropos-scissors will soon clip !

Surely now, if ever, were that vague looming from Saverne welcome, as a weather-sign. How doubly welcome is his plush Eminence's personal arrival ;—for with the earliest spring he has come in person, as he periodically does ; vapourific, driven by his fixed-idea.

Genius, of the mechanical practical kind, what is it but a bringing together of two Forces that fit each other, that will give birth to a third ? Ever, from Tubalcain's time, Iron lay ready hammered ; Water, also, was boiling and bursting ; nevertheless, for want of a genius, there was as yet no Steam-engine. In his Eminence Prince Louis, in that huge, restless, incoherent Being of his, depend on it, brave Countess, there are Forces deep, manifold ; nay, a fixed-idea concentrates the whole huge Incoherence as it were into one Force : cannot the eye of genius discover its fellow ?

Communing much with the Court *valetaille*, our brave Countess has more than once heard talk of Boehmer, of his Necklace, and threatened death by water ; in the course of gossiping and tattling, this topic from time to time emerges ; is commented upon with empty laughter,—as if there lay no farther meaning in it. To the common eye there is indeed none : but to the eye of genius ? In some moment of inspiration, the question rises on our brave Lamotte : Were not *this*, of all extant Forces, the cognate one that would unite with Eminence Rohan's ? Great moment, light-beaming, fire-flashing ; like birth of Minerva ; like all moments of Creation ! Fancy how pulse and breath flutter, almost stop, in the greatness : the great not Divine Idea, the great

Diabolic Idea, is too big for her.—Thought (how often must we repeat it?) rules the world. Fire and, in a less degree, Frost; Earth and Sea (for what is your swiftest ship, or steamship, but a *Thought*—embodied in wood?); Reformed Parliaments, rise and ruin of Nations,—sale of Diamonds: all things obey Thought. Countess de Saint-Remi de Lamotte, by power of Thought, is now a made woman. With force of genius she represses, crushes deep down, her Undivine Idea; bends all her faculty to realise it. Prepare thyself, Reader, for a series of the most surprising Dramatic Representations ever exhibited on any stage.

We hear tell of Dramatists, and scenic illusion how ‘natural,’ how illusive it was: if the spectator, for some half-moment, can half-deceive himself into the belief that it was real, he departs doubly content. With all which, and much more of the like, I have no quarrel. But what must be thought of the Female Dramatist who, for eighteen long months, can exhibit the beautifullest Fata-morgana to a plush Cardinal, wide awake, with fifty years on his head; and so lap him in her scenic illusion that he never doubts but it is all firm earth, and the pasteboard Coulissee-trees are producing Hesperides apples? Could Madame de Lamotte, then, have written a *Hamlet*? I conjecture, not. More goes to the writing of a *Hamlet* than completest ‘imitation’ of all characters and things in this Earth; there goes, before and beyond all, the rarest *understanding* of these, insight into their hidden essences and harmonies. Erasmus’s Ape, as is known in Literary History, sat by while its Master was shaving, and ‘imitated’ every point of the process; but its own foolish beard grew never the smoother.

As in looking at a finished Drama, it were nowise meet that the spectator first of all got behind the scenes, and saw the burnt-corks, brayed-resin, thunder-barrels, and withered hunger-bitten men and women, of which such heroic work was made: so here with the reader. A peep into the side-scenes shall be granted him, from time to time. But, on the whole, repress, O reader, that too insatiable scientific curiosity of thine;

let thy *æsthetic* feeling first have play ; and witness what a Prospero's-grotto poor Eminence Rohan is led into, to be pleased he knows not why.

Survey first what we might call the stage-lights, orchestra, general structure of the theatre, mood and condition of the audience. The theatre is the World, with its restless business and madness ; near at hand rise the royal Domes of Versailles, mystery around them, and as background the memory of a thousand years. By the side of the River Seine walks, haggard, wasted, a Joaillier-Bijoutier de la Reine, with Necklace in his pocket. The audience is a drunk Christopher Sly in the fittest humour. A fixed-idea, driving him headlong over steep places, like that of the Gadarenes' Swine, has produced a deceptibility, as of desperation, that will clutch at straws. Understand one other word ; Cagliostro is prophesying to him ! The Quack of Quacks has now for years had him in leading. Transmitting 'predictions in cipher ;' questioning, before Hieroglyphic Screens, Columbs in a state of innocence, for elixirs of life, and philosopher's stone ; unveiling, in fuliginous clear-obscure, an imaginary majesty of Nature ; he isolates him more and more from all unpossessed men. Was it not enough that poor Rohan had become a dissolute, somnolent-violent, ever-vapoury Mud-volcano ; but black Egyptian magic must be laid on him !

If perhaps, too, our Countess de Lamotte, with her blandishments—? For though not beautiful, she 'has a certain piquancy' *et cetera* !—Enough, his poor Eminence sits in the fittest place, in the fittest mood : a newly-awakened Christopher Sly ; and with his 'small ale,' too, beside him. Touch, only, the lights with firetip rod ; and let the orchestra, soft-warbling, strike up their fara-lara fiddle-diddle-dee !



## CHAPTER VII.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

Such a soft-warbling fara-lara was it to his Eminence, when, in early January of the year 1784, our Countess first, mysteriously, and under seal of sworn secrecy, hinted to him that, with her winning tongue and great talent as Anecdotic Historian, she had worked a passage to the ear of Queen's Majesty itself.<sup>1</sup> Gods! dost *thou* bring with thee airs from Heaven? Is thy face yet radiant with some reflex of that Brightness beyond bright?—Men with fixed-idea are not as other men. To listen to a plain varnished tale, such as your Dramatist can fashion; to ponder the words; to snuff them up, as Ephraim did the east-wind, and grow flatulent and drunk with them: what else could poor Eminence do? His poor somnolent, so swift-rocked soul feels a new element infused into it; turbid resinous light, wide-coruscating, glares over the waste of his imagination. Is he interested in the mysterious tidings? Hope has seized them; there is in the world nothing else that interests him.

The secret friendship of Queens is not a thing to be let sleep: ever new Palace Interviews occur;—yet in deepest privacy; for how should her Majesty awaken so many tongues of Principalities and Nobilities, male and female, that spitefully watch her? Above all, however, 'on the 2d of February,' that day of 'the Procession of blue Ribands,'<sup>2</sup> much was spoken of: somewhat, too, of Monseigneur de Rohan!—Poor Monseigneur, hadst thou *three* long ears, thou'dst hear her.

But will she not, perhaps, in some future priceless Interview, speak a good word for thee? Thyself shalt speak it, happy Eminence; at least, write it: our tutelary Countess will be the bearer!—On the 21st of March goes off that long exculpatory imploratory Letter: it is the first Letter that went off

<sup>1</sup> Compare Rohan's *Mémoires pour* (there are four of them), in the *Affaire du Collier*, with Lamotte's four. They go on in the way of controversy, of argument and response.

<sup>2</sup> Lamotte's *Mémoires Justificatifs* (London, 1788).

from Cardinal to Queen; to be followed, in time, by 'above two hundred others;' which are graciously answered by verbal Messages, nay at length by Royal Autographs on gilt paper,—the whole delivered by our tutelary Countess.<sup>1</sup> The tutelary Countess comes and goes, fetching and carrying; with the gravity of a Roman Augur, inspects those extraordinary chicken-bowels, and draws prognostics from them. Things are in fair train: the Dauphiness took some offence at Monseigneur, but the Queen has nigh forgotten it. No inexorable Queen; ah no! So good, so free, light-hearted; only sore beset with malicious Polignacs and others;—at times, also, short of money.

Marie Antoinette, as the reader well knows, has been much blamed for want of Etiquette. Even now, when the other accusations against her have sunk down to oblivion and the Father of Lies, this of wanting Etiquette survives her;—in the Castle of Ham, at this hour,<sup>2</sup> M. de Polignac and Company may be wringing their hands, not without an oblique glance at *her* for bringing them thither. She indeed discarded Etiquette; once, when her carriage broke down, she even entered a hackney-coach. She would walk, too, at Trianon, in mere straw-hat, and perhaps muslin gown! Hence, the Knot of Etiquette being loosed, the Frame of Society broke up; and those astonishing 'Horrors of the French Revolution' supervened. On what Damocles' hairs must the judgment-sword hang over this distracted Earth! Thus, however, it was that Tenterden Steeple brought an influx of the Atlantic on us, and so Godwin Sands. Thus, too, might it be that because Father Noah took the liberty of, say, rinsing out his wine-vat, his Ark was floated off, and a world drowned.—Beautiful Highborn that wert so foully hurled low! For, if thy Being came to thee out old Hapsburg Dynasties, came it not also (like my own) out of Heaven? *Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.* Oh, is there a man's heart

<sup>1</sup> See *Georgel*: see Lamotte's *Mémoires*; in her Appendix of 'Documents' to that volume, certain of these Letters are given.

<sup>2</sup> A.D. 1831.

that thinks, without pity, of those long months and years of slow-wasting ignominy ;—of thy birth, soft-cradled in Imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour ; and then of thy Death or hundred Deaths, to which the Guillotine and Fouquier Tinville's judgment-bar was but the merciful end? Look *there*, O man born of woman ! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is gray with care ; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony pale as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended,<sup>1</sup> attire the Queen of the World. The death-hurdle, where thou sittest pale motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop : a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads ; the air deaf with their triumph-yell ! The Living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang ; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is then *no* heart to say, God pity thee ? O think not of these ; think of HIM whom thou worshippest, the Crucified, —who also treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper ; and triumphed over it, and made it holy ; and built of it a 'Sanctuary of Sorrow,' for thee and all the wretched ! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended. One long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light,—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block ; the axe rushes—Dumb lies the World ; that wild-yelling World, and all its madness, is behind thee.

Beautiful Highborn that wert so foully hurled low ! Rest yet in thy innocent gracefully heedless seclusion, unintruded on by *me*, while rude hands have not yet desecrated it. Be the curtains, that shroud-in (if for the last time on this Earth) a Royal Life, still sacred to me. *Thy* fault, in the French Revolution, was that thou wert the Symbol of the Sin and Misery of a thousand years ; that with Saint-Bartholomews, and

<sup>1</sup> Weber : *Mémoires concernant Marie-Antoinette* (London, 1809), tome iii. notes, 106.

Jacqueries, with Gabelles, and Dragonades, and Pares-aux-cerfs, the heart of mankind was filled full,—and foamed over, into all-involving madness. To no Napoleon, to no Cromwell wert thou wedded : such sit not in the highest rank, of themselves ; are raised on high by the shaking and confounding of all the ranks ! As poor peasants, how happy, worthy had ye two been ! But by evil destiny ye were made a King and Queen of ; and so both once more—are become an astonishment and a by-word to all times.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE TWO FIXED-IDEAS WILL UNITE.

“ Countess de Lamotte, then, had penetrated into the confidence of the Queen ? Those gilt-paper Autographs were actually written by the Queen ? ” Reader, forget not to repress that too insatiable scientific curiosity of thine ! What I know is, that a certain Villette-de-Rétaux, with military whiskers, denizen of Rascaldom, comrade there of Monsieur le Comte, is skilful in imitating hands. Certain it is also, that Madame la Comtesse has penetrated to the Trianon—Door-keeper’s. Nay, as Campan herself must admit, she has met, ‘ at a Man-midwife’s in Versailles,’ with worthy Queen’s-valet Lesclaux,—or Desclos, for there is no uniformity in it. With these, or the like of these, she in the back-parlour of the Palace itself (if late enough), may pick a merrythought, sip the foam from a glass of Champagne. No farther seek her honours to disclose, for the present ; or anatomically dissect, as we said, those extraordinary chicken-bowels, from which *she*, and she alone, can read Decrees of Fate, and also realise them.

Sceptic, seest thou his Eminence waiting there, in the moonlight ; hovering to and fro on the back terrace, till she come out—from the ineffable Interview ? <sup>1</sup> He is close muffled ; walks restlessly observant ; shy also, and courting the shade. She comes : up closer with thy capote, O Eminence,

<sup>1</sup> See *Georgel*.

down with thy broadbrim ; for she has an escort ! 'Tis but the good Monsieur Queen's-valet Lesclaux : and now he is sent back again, as no longer needful. Mark him, Monseigneur, nevertheless ; thou wilt see him yet another time. Monseigneur marks little : his heart is in the ineffable Interview, in the gilt-paper Autograph alone.—Queen's-valet Lesclaux ? Methinks, he has much the stature of Villette, denizen of Rascaldom ! Impossible !

How our Countess managed with Cagliostro ? Cagliostro, gone from Strasburg, is as yet far distant, winging his way through dim Space ; will not be here for months : only his 'predictions in cipher' are here. Here or there, however, Cagliostro, to our Countess, can be useful. At a glance, the eye of genius has descried him to be a bottomless slough of falsity, vanity, gulosity and thick-eyed stupidity : of foulest material, but of fattest ;—fit compost for the Plant she is rearing. Him who has deceived all Europe she can undertake to deceive. His Columbs, demonic Masonries, Egyptian Elixirs, what is all this to the light-giggling exclusively practical Lamotte ? It runs off from her, as all speculation, good, bad and indifferent, has always done, 'like water from one in wax-cloth dress.' With the lips meanwhile she can honour it ; Oil of Flattery, the best patent antifriction known, subdues all irregularities whatsoever.

On Cagliostro, again, on his side, a certain uneasy feeling might, for moments, intrude itself ; the raven loves not ravens. But what can he do ? Nay, she is partly playing *his* game : can he not spill her full cup yet, at the right season, and pack her out of doors ? Oftenest, in their joyous orgies, this light fascinating Countess,—who perhaps has a design on *his* heart, seems to him but one other of those light *Papiliones*, who have fluttered round him in all climates ; whom with grim muzzle he has snapt by the thousand.

Thus, what with light fascinating Countess, what with Quack of Quacks, poor Eminence de Rohan lies safe ; his mud-volcano placidly simmering in thick Egyptian haze : withdrawn from all the world. Moving figures, as of men, he sees ; takes



not the trouble to look at. Court-cousins rally him ; are answered in silence ; or, if it go too far, in mud-explosions terrifico-absurd. Court-cousins and all mankind are unreal shadows merely ; Queen's favour the only substance.

Nevertheless, the World, on its side too, has an existence ; lies not idle in these days. It has got its Versailles Treaty signed, long months ago ; and the plenipotentiaries all home again, for votes of thanks. Paris, London and other great Cities and small, are working, intriguing ; dying, being born. There, in the Rue Taranne, for instance, the once noisy Denis Diderot has fallen silent enough. Here also, in Bolt Court, old Samuel Johnson, like an over-wearied Giant, must lie down, and slumber without dream ;—the rattling of carriages and wains, and all the world's din and business rolling by, as ever, from of old.—Sieur Boehmer, however, has not yet drowned himself in the Seine ; only walks haggard, wasted, purposing to do it.

News (by the merest accident in the world) reach Sieur Boehmer, of Madame's new favour with her Majesty ! Men will do much before they drown. Sieur Boehmer's Necklace is on Madame's table, his guttural-nasal rhetoric in her ear : he will abate many a pound and penny of the first just price ; he will give cheerfully a thousand Louis-d'or, as *cadeau*, to the generous Scion-of-Royalty that shall persuade her Majesty. The man's importunities grow quite annoying to our Countess ; who, in her glib way, satirically prattles how she has been bored,—to Monseigneur, among others.

Dozing on down cushions, far inwards, with soft ministering Hebes, and luxurious appliances ; with ranked Heyducs, and a *Valetaille* innumerable, that shut out the prose-world and its discord : thus lies Monsigneur, in enchanted dream. Can he, even in sleep, forget his tutelary Countess, and her service ? By the delicatest presents he alleviates her distresses, most undeserved. Nay, once or twice, gilt Autographs, from a Queen,—with whom he is evidently rising to unknown heights in favour,—have done Monseigneur the honour to make him *her* Majesty's Grand Almoner, when the case was press-

ing. Monseigneur, we say, has had the honour to disburse charitable cash, on her Majesty's behalf, to this or the other distressed deserving object: say only to the length of a few thousand pounds, advanced from his own funds;—her Majesty being at the moment so poor, and charity a thing that will not wait. Always Madame, good, foolish, gadding creature, takes charge of delivering the money.—Madame can descend from her attics, in the *Belle Image*; and feel the smiles of Nature and Fortune, a little; so bounteous has the Queen's Majesty been.<sup>1</sup>

To Monseigneur the power of money over highest female hearts had never been incredible. Presents have, many times, worked wonders. But then, O Heavens, *what* present? Scarcely were the Cloud-Compeller himself, all coined into new Louis-d'or, worthy to alight in such a lap. Loans, charitable disbursements, however, as we see, are permissible; these, by defect of payment, may become presents. In the vortex of his Eminence's day-dreams, lumbering multiform slowly round, this of importunate Boehmer and his Necklace, from time to time, turns up. Is the Queen's Majesty at heart desirous of it; but again, at the moment, too poor? Our tutelary Countess answers vaguely, mysteriously;—confesses, at last, under oath of secrecy, her own private suspicion that the Queen wants this same Necklace, of all things; but dare not, for a stingy husband, buy it. She, the Countess de Lamotte, will look farther into the matter; and, if aught serviceable to his Eminence can be suggested, in a good way suggest it, in the proper quarter.

Walk warily, Countess de Lamotte; for now, with thickening breath, thou approachest the moment of moments! Principalities and Powers, *Parlement*, *Grand Chambre* and *Tournelle*, with all their whips and gibbet-wheels; the very Crack of Doom hangs over thee, if thou trip. Forward, with nerve of iron, on shoes of felt; *like* a Treasure-digger, in silence, looking neither to the right nor left,—where yawn abysses deep as the Pool, and all Pandemonium hovers, eager to rend thee into rags!

<sup>1</sup> *Georgel*. Rohan's four *Mémoires pour*; Lamotte's four.

## CHAPTER IX.

## PARK OF VERSAILLES.

Or will the reader incline rather, taking the other and sunny side of the matter, to enter that Lamottic Circean theatrical establishment of Monseigneur de Rohan ; and see there how, under the best of Dramaturgists, Melodrama with sweeping pall flits past him ; while the enchanted Diamond fruit is gradually ripening, to fall by a shake ?

The 28th of July, of this same momentous 1784, has come ; and with it the most rapturous tumult into the heart of Monseigneur. Ineffable expectancy stirs-up his whole soul, with the much that lies therein, from its lowest foundations : borne on wild seas to Armida Islands, yet as is fit, through Horror dim-hovering round, he tumultuously rocks. To the Château, to the Park ! This night the Queen will meet thee, the Queen herself : so far has our tutelary Countess brought it. What can ministerial impediments, Polignac intrigues, avail against the favour, nay—Heaven and Earth !—perhaps the tenderness of a Queen ? She vanishes from amid their meshwork of Etiquette and Cabal ; descends from her celestial Zodiac, to thee a shepherd of Latmos. Alas, a white-bearded pursy shepherd, fat and scant of breath ! Who can account for the taste of females ? But thou, burnish-up thy whole faculties of galantry, thy fifty-years experience of the sex ; this night, or never !—In such unutterable meditations does Monseigneur restlessly spend the day ; and long for darkness, yet dread it.

Darkness has at length come. The perpendicular rows of Heyducs, in that Palais or Hôtel de Strasbourg, are all cast prostrate in sleep ; the very Concierge resupine, with open mouth, audibly drinks-in nepenthe ; when Monseigneur, ‘in blue great-coat, with slouched hat, issues softly, with his henchman Planta of the Grisons, to the Park of Versailles. Planta must loiter invisible in the distance ; Slouched hat will wait here, among the leafy thickets ; till our tutelary Countess, ‘in black domino,’ announce the moment, which surely must be near.

The night is of the darkest for the season ; no Moon ; warm, slumbering July, in motionless clouds, drops fatness over the Earth. The very stars from the Zenith see not Monseigneur ; see only his and the world's cloud-covering, fringed with twilight in the far North. Midnight, telling itself forth from these shadowy Palace Domes ? All the steeples of Versailles, the villages around, with metal tongue, and huge Paris itself dull-droning, answer drowsily, Yes ! Sleep rules this Hemisphere of the World. From Arctic to Antarctic, the Life of our Earth lies all, in long swaths, or rows (like those rows of Heyducs and snoring Concierge), successively mown down, from vertical to horizontal, by Sleep ! Rather curious to consider.

The flowers are all asleep in Little Trianon, the roses folded-in for the night ; but the Rose of Roses still wakes. O wondrous Earth ! O doubly wondrous Park of Versailles, with Little and Great Trianon,—and a scarce-breathing Monseigneur ! Ye Hydraulics of Lenôtre, that also slumber, with stop-cocks, in your deep leaden chambers, babble not of *him*, when ye arise. Ye odorous balm-shrubs, huge spectral Cedars, thou sacred Boscage of Hornbeam, ye dim Pavilions of the Peerless, whisper not ! Moon, lie silent, hidden in thy vacant cave ; no star look down : let neither Heaven nor Hell peep through the blanket of the Night, to cry, Hold, Hold ! —The Black Domino ? Ha ! Yes !—With stouter step than might have been expected, Monseigneur is under way ; the Black Domino had only to whisper, low and eager : “In the Hornbeam Arbour !” And now, Cardinal, O now !—Yes, there hovers the white Celestial ; ‘in white robe of *linon mouchelé*,’ finer than moonshine ; a Juno by her bearing : there, in that bosket ! Monseigneur, down on thy knees ; never can red breeches be better wasted. Oh, he would kiss the royal shoe-tie, or its shadow if there were one : not words ; only broken gaspings, murmuring prostrations, eloquently speak his meaning. But, ah, behold ! Our tutelary Black Domino, in haste, with vehement whisper : “*On vient.*” The white Juno drops a fairest Rose, with these ever-memorable words, “*Vous savez ce que cela veut dire*, You know what that

means ; ” vanishes in the thickets, the Black Domino hurrying her with eager whisper of “ *Vite, vite, Away, away !* ” for the sound of footsteps (doubtless from Madame, and Madame d’Artois, unwelcome sisters that they are !) is approaching fast. Monseigneur picks up his Rose ; runs as for the King’s plate, almost overturns poor Planta, whose laugh assures him that all is safe.<sup>1</sup>

O Ixion de Rohan, happiest mortal of this world, since the first Ixion, of deathless memory,—who nevertheless, in that cloud-embrace, begat strange Centaurs ! Thou art Prime Minister of France without peradventure : is not this the Rose of Royalty, worthy to become ottar of roses, and yield perfume forever ? How *thou*, of all people, wilt contrive to govern France, in these very peculiar times—But that is little to the matter. There, doubtless, is thy Rose (which methinks, it were well to have a Box or Casket made for) : nay, was there not in the dulcet of thy Juno’s “ *Vous savez* ” a kind of trepidation, a quaver,—as of still deeper meanings !

Reader, there is hitherto no item of this miracle that is not historically proved and *true*.—In distracted black-magical phantasmagory, adumbrations of yet higher and highest Daliances<sup>2</sup> hover stupendous in the background : whereof your Georgels, and Campans, and other official characters *can* take no notice ! There, in distracted black-magical phantasmagory, let these hover. The truth of them for us is that they do so hover. The truth of them in itself is known only to three persons : Dame self-styled Countess de Lamotte ; the Devil ; and Philippe Egalité,—who furnished money and facts

<sup>1</sup> Compare *Georgel*, Lamotte’s *Mémoires Justificatifs*, and the *Mémoires pour* of the various parties, especially Gay d’Oliva’s. Georgel places the scene in the year 1785 ; quite wrong. Lamotte’s ‘royal Autographs’ (as given in the Appendix to *Mémoires Justificatifs*) seem to be misdated as to the day of the month. There is endless confusion of dates.

<sup>2</sup> Lamotte’s *Mémoires Justificatifs* ; Ms. Songs in the *Affaire du Collier*, &c., &c. Nothing can exceed the brutality of these things (unfit for Print or Pen) ; which nevertheless found believers,—increase of believers, in the public exasperation ; and did the Queen, say all her historians, incalculable damage.



for the Lamotte *Memoirs*, and, before guillotinement, begat the present King of the French.

Enough, that Ixion de Rohan, lapsed almost into deliquium, by such sober certainty of waking bliss, is the happiest of all men ; and his tutelary Countess the dearest of all women, save one only. On the 25th of August (so strong still are those villanous Drawing-room cabals) he goes, weeping, but submissive, by order of a gilt Autograph, home to Saverne ; till farther dignities can be matured for him. He carries his Rose, now considerably faded, in a Casket of fit price ; may, if he so please, perpetuate it as *pot-pourri*. He names a favourite walk in his Archiepiscopal pleasure-grounds, *Promenade de la Rose* ; there let him court digestion, and loyally somnambulate till called for.

I notice it as a coincidence in chronology, that, few days after this date, the Demoiselle (or even, for the last month, Baroness) Gay d'Oliva began to find Countess de Lamotte 'not at home,' in her fine Paris hotel, in her fine Charonne country-house ; and went no more, with Villette, and such pleasant dinner-guests, and her, to see Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro* <sup>1</sup> running its hundred nights.

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## CHAPTER X.

### BEHIND THE SCENES.

"The Queen?" Good reader, *thou* surely art not a Partridge the Schoolmaster or a Monseigneur de Rohan, to mistake the stage for a reality!—"But who this Demoiselle d'Oliva was?" Reader, let us remark rather how the labours of our Dramaturgie Countess are increasing.

New actors I see on the scene ; not one of whom shall guess what the other is doing ; or, indeed, know rightly what himself is doing. For example, cannot Messieurs de Lamotte and Vilette, of Rascaldom, like Nisus and Euryalus, take a midnight walk of contemplation, with 'footsteps of Madame and Madame d'Artois' (since all footsteps are much the same), without offence to any one? A Queen's Similitude can be

<sup>1</sup> Gay d'Oliva's First *Mémoire pour*, p. 37.

lieve that a Queen's Self, for frolic's sake, is looking at her through the thicket ;<sup>1</sup> a terrestrial Cardinal can kiss with devotion a celestial Queen's slipper, or Queen's Similitude's slipper,—and no one but a Black Domino the wiser. All these shall follow each his precalculated course ; for their inward mechanism is known, and fit wires hook themselves on this. To Two only is a clear belief vouchsafed : to Monseigneur, a clear belief founded on stupidity : to the great creative Dramaturgist, sitting at the heart of the whole mystery, a clear belief founded on completest insight. Great creative Dramaturgist ! How, like Schiller, ' by union of the Possible with the Necessarily existing, she brings out the '—Eighty thousand Pounds ! Don Aranda, with his triple-sealed missives and hoodwinked secretaries, bragged justly that he cut down the Jesuits in one day : but here, without ministerial salary, or King's favour, or any help beyond her own black domino, labours a greater than he. How she advances, stealthily, steadfastly, with Argus eye and ever-ready brain ; with nerve of iron, on shoes of felt ! O worthy to have intrigued for Jesuitdom, for Pope's Tiara ;—to have been Pope Joan thyself, in those old days ; and as Arachne of Arachnes, sat in the centre of that stupendous spider-web, which, reaching from Goa to Acapulco, and from Heaven to Hell, overnetted the thoughts and souls of men !—Of which spider-web stray tatters, in favourable dewy mornings, even yet become visible.

The Demoiselle d'Oliva ? She is a Parisian Demoiselle of three-and-twenty, tall, blond and beautiful ;<sup>2</sup> from unjust

<sup>1</sup> See *Lamotte* ; see *Gay d'Oliva*.

<sup>2</sup> I was then presented ' to two Ladies, one of whom was remarkable for the richness of her shape : she had blue eyes and chestnut hair ' (Bette d'Etienville's Second *Mémoire pour* ; in the *Suite de l'Affaire du Collier*). This is she whom Bette, and Bette's Advocate, intended the world to take for Gay d'Oliva. ' The other is of middle size : dark 'eyes, chestnut hair, white complexion : the sound of her voice is 'agreeable ; she speaks perfectly well, and with no less faculty than 'vivacity ;' this one is meant for Lamotte. Oliva's real name was Essigny ; the *Oliva* (OLISVA, anagram of VALOIS) was given her by Lamotte along with the title of *Baroness* (Ms. Note, *Affaire du Collier*).

guardians, and an evil world, she has had somewhat to suffer.

‘In this month of June 1784,’ says the Demoiselle herself, in her (judicial) Autobiography, ‘I occupied a small apartment in the Rue du Jour, Quartier St. Eustache. I was not far from the Garden of the Palais-Royal; I had made it my usual promenade.’ For, indeed, the real God’s-truth is, I was a Parisian unfortunate-female, with moderate custom; and one must go where his market lies. ‘I frequently passed three or four hours of the afternoon there, with some women of my acquaintance, and a little child of four years old, whom I was fond of, whom his parents willingly trusted with me. I even went thither alone, except for him, when other company failed.

‘One afternoon, in the month of July following, I was at the Palais-Royal: my whole company, at the moment, was the child I speak of. A tall young man, walking alone, passes several times before me. He was a man I had never seen. He looks at me; he looks fixedly at me. I observe even that always, as he comes near, he slackens his pace, as if to survey me more at leisure. A chair stood vacant; two or three feet from mine. He seats himself there.

‘Till this instant, the sight of the young man, his walks, his approaches, his repeated gazings, had made no impression on me. But now when he was sitting so close by, I could not avoid noticing him. His eyes ceased not to wander over all my person. His air becomes earnest, grave. An unquiet curiosity appears to agitate him. He seems to measure my figure, to seize by turns all parts of my physiognomy.’—He finds me (but whispers not a syllable of it) tolerably like, both in person and profile; for even the Abbé Georgel says, I was a *belle courtisane*.

‘It is time to name this young man: he was the Sieur de Lamotte, styling himself Comte de Lamotte.’ Who doubts it? He praises ‘my feeble charms;’ expresses a wish to ‘pay his addresses to me.’ I, being a lone spinster, know not what to say; think it best in the mean while to retire. Vain precaution! ‘I see him all on a sudden appear in my apartment!’

On his 'ninth visit' (for he was always civility itself), he talks of introducing a great Court-lady, by whose means I may even do her Majesty some little secret-service,—the reward of which will be unspeakable. In the dusk of the evening, silks mysteriously rustle: enter the creative Dramaturgist, Dame styled Countess de Lamotte; and so — the too intrusive scientific reader has now, for his punishment, got on the wrong-side of that loveliest Transparency; finds nothing but grease-pots, and vapour of expiring wicks!

The Demoiselle Gay d'Oliva may once more sit, or stand, in the Palais-Royal, with such custom as will come. In due time, she shall again, but with breath of Terror, be blown upon; and blown out of France to Brussels.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### THE NECKLACE IS SOLD.

Autumn, with its gray moaning winds and coating of red strewn leaves, invites Courtiers to enjoy the charms of Nature; and all business of moment stands still. Countess de Lamotte, while everything is so stagnant, and even Boehmer has locked-up his Necklace and his hopes for the season, can drive, with her Count and Euryalus Villette, down to native Bar-sur-Aube; and there (in virtue of a Queen's bounty) show the envious a Scion-of-royalty *re-grafted*; and make them yellower looking on it. A well-varnished chariot, with the Arms of Valois duly painted in bend-sinister; a house gallantly furnished, bodies gallantly attired,—secure them the favourablest reception from all manner of men. The very Duc de Penthièvre (Egalité's father-in-law) welcomes our Lamotte, with that urbanity characteristic of his high station and the old school. Worth, indeed, makes the man, or woman; but 'leather' of gig-straps, and 'prunella' of gig-lining, first makes it go.

The great creative Dramaturgist has thus let down her drop-scene; and only, with a Letter or two to Saverne, or

even a visit thither (for it is but a day's drive from Bar), keeps up a due modicum of intermediate instrumental music. She needs some pause, in good sooth, to collect herself a little ; for the last act and grand Catastrophe is at hand. Two fixed-ideas, Cardinal's and Jeweller's, a negative and a positive, have felt each other ; stimulated now by new hope, are rapidly revolving round each other, and approximating ; like two flames, are stretching-out long fire-tongues to join and be one.

Boehmer, on his side, is ready with the readiest ; as indeed he has been these four long years. The Countess, it is true, will have neither part nor lot in that foolish *Cadeau* of his, or in the whole foolish Necklace business : this she has, in plain words, and even not without asperity, due to a bore of such magnitude, given him to know. From her, nevertheless, by cunning inference, and the merest accident in the world, the sly Joaillier-Bijoutier has gleaned thus much, that Monseigneur de Rohan is the man.—Enough ! Enough ! Madame shall be no more troubled. Rest there, in hope, thou Necklace of the Devil ; but, O Monseigneur, be thy return speedy !

Alas, the man lives not that would be speedier than Monseigneur, if he durst. But as yet no gilt Autograph invites him, permits him ; the few gilt Autographs are all negatory, procrastinating. Cabals of Court ; forever cabals ! Nay if it be not for some Necklace, or other such crochet or necessity, who knows but he may *never* be recalled (so fickle is woman-kind) ; but forgotten, and left to rot here, like his Rose, into *pot-pourri* ? Our tutelary Countess, too, is shyer in this matter than we ever saw her. Nevertheless, by intense skillful cross-questioning, he has extorted somewhat ; sees partly how it stands. The Queen's Majesty will have her Necklace ; for when, in such case, had not woman her way ? The Queen's Majesty can even pay for it—by instalments ; but then the stingy husband ! Once for all, she will not be seen in the business. Now, therefore, Were it, or were it not, permissible to mortal to transact it secretly in her stead ? That is



the question. If to mortal, then to Monseigneur. Our Countess has even ventured to hint afar off at Monseigneur (kind Countess!) in the proper quarter; but his discretion in regard to money-matters is doubted. Discretion? And I on the *Promenade de la Rose*?—Explode not, O Eminence! Trust will spring of trial; thy hour is coming.

The Lamottes meanwhile have left their farewell card with all the respectable classes of Bar-sur-Aube; our Dramaturgist stands again behind the scenes at Paris. How is it, O Monseigneur, that she is still so shy with thee, in this matter of the Necklace; that she leaves the love-lorn Latmian shepherd to droop, here in lone Saverne, like weeping-ash, in naked winter, on his Promenade of the Rose, with vague commonplace responses that his hour is coming?—By Heaven and Earth! at last, in late January, it is *come*. Behold it, this new gilt Autograph: ‘To Paris, on a small business of delicacy, which our Countess will explain,’—which I already know! To Paris! Horses; postilions; beef-eaters!—And so his resuscitated Eminence, all wrapt in furs, in the pleasantest frost (Abbé Georgel says, *un beau froid de Janvier*), over clear-jingling highways rolls rapidly,—borne on the bosom of Dreams.

O Dame de Lamotte, has the enchanted Diamond fruit ripened, then? Hast thou *given* it the little shake, big with unutterable fate?—I? can the Dame justly retort: Who saw me in it?—The reader, therefore, has still Three scenic Exhibitions to look at, by our great Dramaturgist; then the Fourth and last,—by another Author.

To us, reflecting how oftenest the true moving force in human things works hidden underground, it seems small marvel that this month of January 1785, wherein our Countess so little courts the eye of the vulgar historian, should nevertheless have been the busiest of all for her; especially the latter half thereof.

Wisely eschewing matters of Business (which she could never in her life understand), our Countess will personally

take no charge of that bargain-making ; leaves it all to her Majesty and the gilt Autographs. Assiduous Boehmer nevertheless is in frequent close conference with Monseigneur : the Paris Palais-de-Strasbourg, shut to the rest of men, sees the Joaillier-Bijoutier, with eager official aspect, come and go. The grand difficulty is—must we say it?—her Majesty's wilful whimsicality, unacquaintance with Business. She positively will not write a gilt Autograph, *authorising* his Eminence to make the bargain ; but writes rather, in a pettish manner, that the thing is of no consequence, and can be given up ! Thus must the poor Countess dash to and fro, like a weaver's shuttle, between Paris and Versailles ; wear her horses and nerves to pieces ; nay, sometimes in the hottest haste, wait many hours within call of the Palace, considering what *can* be done (with none but Villette to bear her company),—till the Queen's whim pass.

At length, after furious-driving and conferences enough, on the 29th of January, a middle course is hit on. Cautious Boehmer shall write out, on finest paper, his terms ; which are really rather fair : Sixteen hundred thousands livres ; to be paid in five equal instalments ; the first this day six months ; the other four from three months to three months ; this is what Court-Jewellers, Boehmer and Bassange, on the one part, and Prince Cardinal Commendator Louis de Rohan, on the other part, will stand to ; witness their hands. Which written sheet of finest paper our poor Countess must again take charge of, again dash-off with to Versailles ; and therefrom, after trouble unspeakable (shared in only by the faithful Villette, of Rascaldom), return with it, bearing this most precious marginal note, '*Bon—Marie-Antoinette de France,*' in the Autograph-hand ! Happy Cardinal ! this *thou* shalt keep in the innermost of all thy repositories. Boehmer meanwhile, secret as Death, shall tell no man that he has sold his Necklace ; or if much pressed for an actual sight of the same, confess that it is sold to the Favourite Sultana of the Grand Turk for the time being.<sup>1</sup>

Thus, then, do the smoking Lamotte horses at length get

<sup>1</sup> *Campan.*

rubbed down, and feel the taste of oats, after midnight ; the Lamotte Countess can also gradually sink into needful slumber, perhaps not unbroken by dreams. On the morrow the bargain shall be concluded ; next day the Necklace be delivered, on Monseigneur's receipt.

Will the reader, therefore, be pleased to glance at the following two Life-Pictures, Real-Phantasmagories, or whatever we may call them : they are the two first of those Three scenic real-poetic exhibitions, brought about by our Dramaturgist : short Exhibitions, but essential ones.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE NECKLACE VANISHES.

It is the first day of February ; that grand day of Delivery. The Sieur Boehmer is in the Court of the Palais de Strasbourg ; his look mysterious-official, and though much emaciated, radiant with enthusiasm. The Seine has missed him ; though lean, he will fatten again, and live through new enterprises.

Singular, were we not used to it : the name "Boehmer," as it passes upwards and inwards, lowers all halberts of Heyducs in perpendicular rows : the historical eye beholds him, bowing low, with plenteous smiles, in the plush Saloon of Audience. Will it please Monseigneur, then, to do the *ne-plus-ultra* of Necklaces the honour of looking at it ? A piece of Art, which the Universe cannot parallel, shall be parted with (Necessity compels Court-Jewellers) at that ruinously low sum. They, the Court-Jewellers, shall have much ado to weather it ; but their work, at least, will find a fit Wearer, and go down to juster posterity. Monseigneur will merely have the condescension to sign this Receipt of Delivery : all the rest, her Highness the Sultana of the Sublime Porte has settled it.—Here the Court-Jeweller, with his joyous though now much-emaciated face, ventures on a faint knowing smile ; to which, in the lofty dissolute-serene of Monseigneur's, some

twinkle of permission could not but respond.—This is the First of those Three real-poetic Exhibitions, brought about by our Dramaturgist,—with perfect success.

It was said, long afterwards, that Monseigneur should have known, and even that Boehmer should have known, her Highness the Sultana's marginal note, her '*Right—Marie Antoinette of France,*' to be a forgery and mockery: the '*of France*' was fatal to it. Easy talking, easy criticising! But how are two enchanted men to know; two men with a fixed-idea each, a negative and a positive, rushing together to neutralise each other in rapture?—Enough, Monseigneur has the *ne-plus-ultra* of Necklaces, conquered by man's valour and woman's wit; and rolls off with it, in mysterious speed, to Versailles,—triumphant as a Jason with his Golden Fleece.

The Second grand scenic Exhibition by our Dramaturgic Countess occurs in her own apartment at Versailles, so early as the following night. It is a commodious apartment, with alcove; and the alcove has a glass door.<sup>1</sup> Monseigneur enters,—with a follower bearing a mysterious Casket, who carefully deposits it, and then respectfully withdraws. It is the Necklace itself in all its glory! Our tutelary Countess, and Monseigneur, and we, can at leisure admire the queenly Talisman; congratulate ourselves that the painful conquest of it is achieved.

But, hist! A knock, mild but decisive, as from one knocking with authority! Monseigneur and we retire to our alcove; there, from behind our glass screen, observe what passes. Who comes? The door flung open: *de par la Reine!* Behold him, Monseigneur: he enters with grave, respectful, yet official air; worthy Monsieur Queen's-valet Lesclaux, the same who escorted our tutelary Countess, that moonlight night, from the back apartments of Versailles. Said we not, thou wouldst see *him* once more?—Methinks, again, spite of his Queen's-uniform, he has much the features of Villette of Rascaldom!—Rascaldom or Valetdom (for to the blind all colours are the same), he has, with his grave, respectful, yet official air, received the Casket, and its priceless contents;

<sup>1</sup> *Georgel, &c.*

with fit injunction, with fit engagements; and retires bowing low.

Thus softly, silently, like a very Dream, flits away our solid Necklace—through the Horn Gate of Dreams!

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### SCENE THIRD: BY DAME DE LAMOTTE.

Now too, in these same days (as he can afterwards prove by affidavit of Landlords) arrives Count Cagliostro himself, from Lyons! No longer by predictions in cipher; but by his living voice, often in wrapt communion with the unseen world, 'with Caraffe and four candles;' by his greasy prophetic bulldog face, said to be the 'most perfect quack-face of the eighteenth century,' can we assure ourselves that all is well; that all will turn 'to the glory of Monseigneur, to the good of France, and of mankind,'<sup>1</sup> and of Egyptain masonry. 'Tokay flows like water;' our charming Countess, with her piquancy of face, is sprightlier than ever; enlivens with the brightest sallies, with the adroitest flatteries to all, those suppers of the gods. O Nights, O Suppers—too good to last! Nay, now also occurs another and Third scenic Exhibition, fitted by its radiance to dispel from Monseigneur's soul the last trace of care.

Why the Queen does not, even yet, openly receive me at Court? Patience, Monseigneur! Thou little knowest those too intricate cabals; and how she still but works at them silently, with royal suppressed fury, like a royal lioness only *delivering* herself from the hunter's toils. Meanwhile, is not thy work done? The Necklace, she rejoices over it; beholds, many times in secret, her Juno-neck mirrored back the lovelier for it,—as our tutelar Countess can testify. Come tomorrow to the *Œil-de-Bœuf*; there see with eyes, in high noon, as already in deep midnight thou hast seen, whether in *her* royal heart there were delay.

<sup>1</sup> *Georgel, &c.*



Let us stand, then, with Monseigneur, in that *Œil-de-Bœuf*, in the Versailles Palace Gallery; for all well-dressed persons are admitted: there the Loveliest, in pomp of royalty, will walk to mass. The world is all in pelisses and winter furs; cheerful, clear,—with noses tending to blue. A lively many-voiced hum plays fitful, hither and thither: of sledge parties and Court parties; frosty state of the weather; stability of M. de Calonne; Majesty's looks yesterday;—such hum as always, in these sacred Court-spaces, since Louis le Grand made and consecrated them, has, with more or less impetuosity, agitated our common Atmosphere.

Ah, through that long high Gallery what Figures have passed—and vanished! Louvois,—with the Great King, flashing fire-glances on the fugitive; in his red right hand a pair of tongs, which pious Maintenon hardly holds back: Louvois, where art thou? Ye *Maréchaux de France*? Ye unmentionable-women of past generations? Here also was it that rolled and rushed the 'sound, absolutely like thunder,'<sup>1</sup> of Courtier hosts; in that dark hour when the signal-light in Louis the Fifteenth's chamber-window was blown out; and his ghastly infectious Corpse lay lone, forsaken on its tumbled death-lair, 'in the hands of some poor women;' and the Courtier-hosts rushed from the Deep-fallen to hail the New-risen! These too rushed, and passed; and their 'sound, absolutely like thunder,' became silence. Figures? Men? They are fast-fleeting Shadows; fast chasing each other: it is not a Palace, but a Caravansera.—Monseigneur (with thy too much Tokay overnight)! cease puzzling: here *thou* art, this blessed February day:—the Peerless, will she turn lightly that high head of hers, and glance aside into the *Œil-de-Bœuf*, in passing? Please Heaven, she will. To our tutelary Countess, at least, she promised it;<sup>2</sup> though, alas, so fickle is womankind!—

Hark! Clang of opening doors! She issues, like the Moon in silver brightness, down the Eastern steep. *La Reine vient!* What a figure! I (with the aid of glasses) discern *her*. O Fairest, Peerless! Let the hum of minor discoursing hush itself wholly; and only one successive rolling peal of *Vive la*

<sup>1</sup> *Campan*.

<sup>2</sup> See *Georgel*.

*Reine*, like the movable radiance of a train of fire-works, irradiate her path.—Ye Immortals! She does, she beckons, turns her head this way!—"Does she not?" says Countess de Lamotte.—Versailles, the *Œil-de-Bœuf*, and all men and things are drowned in a Sea of Light; Monseigneur and that high beckoning Head are alone, with each other in the Universe.

O Eminence, what a beatific vision! Enjoy it, blest as the gods; ruminate and re-enjoy it, with full soul: it is the last provided for thee. Too soon, in the course of these six months, shall thy beatific vision, like Mirza's vision, gradually melt away; and only oxen and sheep be grazing in its place;—and thou, as a doomed Nebuchadnezzar, be grazing with them.

"Does she not?" said the Countess de Lamotte. That it is a habit of hers; that hardly a day passes *without* her doing it: this the Countess de Lamotte did not say.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE NECKLACE CANNOT BE PAID.

Here, then, the specially Dramaturgic labours of Countess de Lamotte may be said to terminate. The rest of her life is Histrionic merely, or Histrionic and Critical; as, indeed, what had all the former part of it been but a *Hypocrisia*, a more or less correct Playing of Parts? O 'Mrs. Facing-both-ways' (as old Bunyan said), what a talent hadst thou! No Proteus ever took so many shapes, no Chameleon so often changed colour. One thing thou wert to Monseigneur; another thing to Cagliostro, and Villette of Rascaldom; a third thing to the World, in printed *Mémoires*; a fourth thing to Philippe Egalité: all things to all men!

Let her, however, we say, but manage now to *act* her own parts, with proper Histrionic illusion; and, by Critical glosses, give her past Dramaturgy the fit aspect, to Monseigneur and others: this henceforth, and not new Dramaturgy, includes her whole task. Dramatic Scenes, in plenty, will

follow of themselves ; especially that Fourth and final Scene, spoken of above as by another Author,—by Destiny itself.

For in the Lamotte Theatre, so different from our common Pasteboard one, the Play goes on, even when the Machinist has left it. Strange enough : those Air-images, which from her Magic-lantern she hung out on the empty bosom of Night, have clutched hold of this solid-seeming World (which some call the Material World, as if that made it more a Real one), and will tumble hither and thither the solidest masses there. Yes, reader, so goes it here below. What thou callest a Brain-web, or mere illusive Nothing, is it not a web of the Brain ; of the Spirit which inhabits the Brain ; and which, in this World (rather, as I think, to be named the Spiritual one), very naturally moves and tumbles hither and thither all things it meets with, in Heaven or in Earth?—So too, the Necklace, though we saw it vanish through the Horn Gate of Dreams, and in my opinion man shall never more behold it,—yet its activity ceases not, nor will. For no Act of a man, no Thing (how much less the man himself!) is extinguished when *it* disappears : through considerable times it still visibly works, though done and vanished ; I have known a done thing work visibly Three Thousand Years and more : invisibly, unrecognised, all done things work through endless times and years. Such a Hypermagical is this our poor old Real world ; which some take upon them to pronounce effete, prosaic ! Friend, it is thyself that art all withered up into effete Prose, dead as ashes : know this (I advise thee) ; and seek passionately, with a passion little short of desperation, to have it remedied.

Meanwhile, what will the feeling heart think to learn that Monseigneur de Rohan, as we prophesied, again experiences the fickleness of a Court ; that, notwithstanding the beatific visions, at noon and midnight, the Queen's Majesty, with the light ingratitude of her sex, flies off at a tangent ; and, far from ousting his detested and detesting rival, Minister Breteuil, and openly delighting to honour Monseigneur, will hardly vouchsafe him a few gilt Autographs, and those few of the most capricious, suspicious, soul confusing tenour ? What terrifico-

absurd explosions, which scarcely Cagliostro, with Caraffe and four candles, can still ; how many deep-weighed Humble Petitions, Explanations, Expostulations, penned with fervidest eloquence, with craftiest diplomacy,—all delivered by our tutelar Countess : in vain !—O Cardinal, with what a huge iron mace, like Guý of Warwick's, thou smitest Phantasms in two, which close again, take shape again ; and only thrashest the air !

One comfort, however, is that the Queen's Majesty has committed herself. The Rose of Trianon, and what may pertain thereto, lies it not here ? That '*Right—Marie Antoinette of France,*' too ; and the 30th of July, first-instalment-day coming ? She shall be *brought* to terms, good Eminence ! Order horses and beef-eaters for Saverne ; there, ceasing all written or oral communication, starve her into capitulating.<sup>1</sup> It is the bright May month : his Eminence again somnambulates the *Promenade de la Rose* ; but now with grim dry eyes ; and, from time to time, terrifically stamping.

But who is this that I see mounted on costliest horse and horse-gear ; betting at Newmarket Races ; though he can speak no English word, and only some Chevalier O'Niel, some Capuchin Macdermot, from Bar-sur-Aube, interprets his French into the dialect of the Sister Island ? Few days ago I observed him walking in Fleet-street, thoughtfully through Temple-Bar ;—in deep treaty with Jeweller Jeffreys, with Jeweller Grey,<sup>2</sup> for the sale of Diamonds : such a lot as one may boast of. A tall handsome man ; with ex-military whiskers ; with a look of troubled gaiety, and rascalism : you think it is the Sieur self-styled Count de Lamotte ; nay the man himself confesses it ! The Diamonds were a present to his Countess,—from the still-bountiful Queen.

Vilette too, has he completed his sales at Amsterdam ? Him I shall by and by behold ; not betting at Newmarket, but

<sup>1</sup> See *Lamotte*.

<sup>2</sup> Grey lived in No. 13 New Bond Street ; Jeffreys in Piccadilly (Rohan's *Mémoire pour* : see also Count de Lamotte's Narrative, in the *Mémoires Justificatifs*). Rohan says, 'Jeffreys bought more than 10,000*l.* worth.'

drinking wine and ardent spirits in the Taverns of Geneva. Ill-gotten wealth endures not ; Rascaldom has no strong-box. Countess de Lamotte, for what a set of cormorant scoundrels hast thou laboured, art-thou still labouring !

Still laboring, we may say : for as the fatal 30th of July approaches, what is to be looked for but universal Earthquake ; Mud-explosion that will blot-out the face of Nature ? Methinks, stood I in thy pattens, Dame de Lamotte, I would cut and run.—“Run !” exclaims she, with a toss of indignant astonishment : “Calumniated Innocence run ?” For it is singular how in some minds, which are mere bottomless ‘chaotic whirlpools of guilt shreds,’ there is no deliberate Lying whatever ; and nothing is either believed or disbelieved, but only (with some transient suitable Histrionic emotion) spoken and heard.

Had Dame de Lamotte a certain greatness of character, then ; at least, a strength of transcendent audacity, amounting to the bastard-heroic ? Great, indubitably great, is her Dramaturgic and Histrionic talent ; but as for the rest, one must answer, with reluctance, No. Mrs. Facing-both-ways is a ‘Spark of vehement Life,’ but the farthest in the world from a brave woman : she did not, in any case, show the bravery of a woman ; did, in many cases, show the mere screaming trepidation of one. Her grand quality is rather to be reckoned negative : the ‘untamableness’ as of a fly ; the ‘wax-cloth dress’ from which so much ran down like water. Small sparrows, as I learn, have been trained to fire cannon ; but would make poor Artillery Officers in a Waterloo. Thou dost not call that Cork a strong swimmer ? Which nevertheless shoots, without hurt, the Falls of Niagara ; defies the thunderbolt itself to sink it, for more than a moment. Without intellect, imagination, power of attention, or any spiritual faculty, how brave were one,—with fit motive for it, such as hunger ! How much might one dare, by the simplest of methods, by not thinking of it, not knowing it !—Besides, is not Cagliostro, foolish blustering Quack, still here ? No scapegoat had ever broader back. The Cardinal too, has he not money ? Queen’s Majesty, even in effigy, shall not be insulted ; the Soubises, De Mar-



sans, and high and puissant Cousins, must huddle the matter up : Calumniated Innocence, in the most universal of Earth-quakes, will find *some* crevice to whisk through, as she has so often done.

But all this while how fares it with his Eminence, left somnambulating the *Promenade de la Rose* ; and at times truculently stamping ? Alas, ill, and ever worse. The starving method, singular as it may seem, brings no capitulation ; brings only, after a month's waiting, our tutelary Countess, with a gilt Autograph, indeed, and 'all wrapt in silk threads, sealed where they cross,'—but which we read with curses.<sup>1</sup>

We must back again to Paris ; there pen new Expostulations ; which our unwearied Countess will take charge of, but, alas, can get no answer to. However, is not the 30th of July coming ?—Behold, on the 19th of that month, the shortest, most careless of Autographs : with some fifteen hundred pounds of real money in it, to pay the—*interest* of the first instalment ; the principal, of some thirty thousand, not being at the moment perfectly convenient ! Hungry Boehmer makes large eyes at this proposal ; will accept the money, but only as part of payment ; the man is positive : a Court of Justice, if no other means, shall get him the remainder. What now is to be done ?

Farmer-general Monsieur Saint-James, Cagliostro's disciple, and wet with Tokay, will cheerfully advance the sum needed—for her Majesty's sake ; thinks, however (with all his Tokay), it were good to *speak* with her Majesty first.—I observe, meanwhile, the distracted hungry Boehmer driven hither and thither, not by his fixed-idea ; alas, no, but by the far more frightful *ghost* thereof,—since no payment is forthcoming. He stands, one day, speaking with a Queen's waiting-woman (Madame Campan herself), in 'a thunder-shower, which neither of them notice,'—so thunderstruck are they.<sup>2</sup> What weather-symptoms for his Eminence !

The 30th of July has come, but no money ; the 30th is gone, but no money. O Eminence, what a grim farewell of

<sup>1</sup> See *Lamotte*.

<sup>2</sup> *Campan*.

July is this of 1785 ! The last July went out with airs from Heaven, and Trianon Roses. *These* August days, are they not worse than dog's days ; worthy to be blotted out from all Almanacs ? Boehmer and Bassange thou canst still see ; but only 'return from them swearing.'<sup>1</sup> Nay, what new misery is this ? Our tutelary Histrionic Countess enters, distraction in her eyes ;<sup>2</sup> she has just been at Versailles ; the Queen's Majesty, with a levity of caprice which we dare not trust ourselves to characterise, declares plainly that she will deny ever having got the Necklace ; ever having had, with his Eminence, any transaction whatsoever !—Mud-explosion without parallel in volcanic annals.—The Palais de Strasbourg appears to be beset with spies ; the Lamottes, for the Count too is here, are packing-up for Bar-sur-Aube. The Sieur Boehmer, has he fallen insane ? Or into communication with Minister Breteuil ?—

And so, distractedly and distractively, to the sound of all Discords in Nature, opens that Fourth, final Scenic Exhibition, composed by Destiny.

## CHAPTER XV.

### SCENE FOURTH : BY DESTINY.

It is Assumption-day, the 15th of August. Don thy pontificalia, Grand-Almoner ; crush down these hideous temporalities out of sight. In any case, smoothe thy countenance into some sort of lofty-dissolute serene : thou hast a thing they call worshipping God to enact, thyself the first actor.

The Grand-Almoner has done it. He is in Versailles *Œil-de-Bœuf* Gallery ; where male and female Peerage, and all Noble France in gala various and glorious as the rainbow, waits only the signal to begin worshipping : on the serene of his lofty-dissolute countenance, there can nothing be read.<sup>3</sup> By Heaven ! he is sent for to the Royal Apartment !

<sup>1</sup> *Lamotte.*

<sup>2</sup> *Georgel.*

<sup>3</sup> This is Bette d'Etienville's description of him : 'A handsome man, of fifty ; with high complexion ; hair white-gray, and the front of the head bald : of high stature ; carriage noble and easy, though burdened with a certain degree of corpulency ; who, I never doubted, was Monsieur de Rohan.' (First *Memoire pour.*)

He returns with the old lofty-dissolute look, inscrutably serene : has his turn for favour actually come, then ? Those fifteen long years of soul's travail are to be rewarded by a birth ?—Monsieur le Baron de Breteuil issues ; great in his pride of place, in this the crowning moment of his life. With one radiant glance, Breteuil summons the Officer on Guard ; with another, fixes Monseigneur : “ *De par le Roi, Monseigneur* : you are arrested ! At *your* risk, Officer ! ” — Curtains as of pitch-black whirlwind envelop Monseigneur ; whirl off with him,— to outer darkness. Versailles Gallery explodes aghast ; as if Guy Fawkes's Plot had *burst* under it. “ The Queen's Majesty was weeping,” whisper some. There will be no Assumption-service ; or such a one as was never celebrated since Assumption came in fashion.

Europe, then, shall ring with it from side to side ! — But why rides that Heyduc as if all the Devils drove him ? It is Monseigneur's Heyduc : Monseigneur spoke three words in German to him, at the door of his Versailles Hotel ; even handed him a slip of writing, which, with borrowed Pencil, ‘ in his red square cap,’ he had managed to prepare on the way thither.<sup>1</sup> To Paris ! To the Palais-Cardinal ! The horse dies on reaching the stable ; the Heyduc swoons on reaching the cabinet : but his slip of writing fell from his hand ; and I (says the Abbé Georgel) was there. The red Portfolio, containing all the gilt Autographs, is burnt utterly, with much else, before Breteuil can arrive for apposition of the seals ! — Whereby Europe, in ringing from side to side, must worry itself with guessing : and at this hour, on this paper, sees the matter in such an interesting clear-obscure.

Soon Count Cagliostro and his Seraphic Countess go to join Monseigneur, in State Prison. In few days, follows Dame de Lamotte, from Bar-sur-Aube ; Demoiselle d'Oliva by-and-by, from Brussels ; Villette-de-Rétaux, from his Swiss retirement, in the taverns of Geneva. The Bastille opens its iron bosom to them all.

<sup>1</sup> Georgel.

## CHAPTER LAST.

MISSA EST.

Thus, then, the Diamond Necklace having, on the one hand, vanished through the Horn Gate of Dreams, and so, under the pincers of Nisus Lamotte and Euryalus Villette, lost its sublunary individuality and being; and, on the other hand, all that trafficked in it, sitting now safe under lock and key, that justice may take cognisance of them,—our engagement in regard to the matter is on the point of terminating. That extraordinary '*Procès du Collier*, Necklace Trial,' spinning itself through Nine other ever-memorable Months, to the astonishment of the hundred and eighty-seven assembled *Parlementiers*, and of all Quidnuncs, Journalists, Anecdotists, Satirists, in both Hemispheres, is, in every sense, a 'Celebrated Trial, and belongs to Publishers of such. How, by innumerable confrontations and expiscatory questions, through entanglements, doublings and windings that fatigue eye and soul, this most involute of Lies is finally winded off to the scandalous-ridiculous cinder-heart of it, let others relate.

Meanwhile, during these Nine ever-memorable Months, till they terminate late at night précisément with the May of 1786,<sup>1</sup> how many fugitive leaves, quizzical, imaginative, or at least mendacious, were flying about in Newspapers; or stitched together as Pamphlets; and what heaps of others were left creeping in Manuscript, we shall not say;—having, indeed, no complete Collection of them, and what is more to the purpose, little to do with such Collection. Nevertheless, searching for some fit Capital of the composite order, to adorn adequately the now finished singular Pillar of our Narrative, what can suit us better than the following, so far as we know, yet unedited,

<sup>1</sup> On the 31st of May 1786, sentence was pronounced: about ten at night, the Cardinal got out of the Bastille; large mobs hurrahing round him,—out of spleen to the Court. (See *Georgel*.)

*Occasional Discourse, by Count Alessandro Cagliostro, Thaumaturgist, Prophet and Arch-Quack ; delivered in the Bastille : Year of Lucifer, 5789 ; of the Mahometan Hegira from Mecca, 1201 ; of the Cagliostrie Hegira from Palermo, 24 ; of the Vulgar Era, 1785.*

‘Fellow Scoundrels,—An unspeakable Intrigue, spun from the soul of that Circe-Megara, by our voluntary or involuntary help, has assembled us all, if not under one roof-tree, yet within one grim iron-bound ring-wall. For an appointed number of months, in the ever-rolling flow of Time, we, being gathered from the four winds, did by Destiny work together in body corporate ; and joint labourers in a Transaction already famed over the Globe, obtain unity of Name, like the Argonauts of old, as *Conquerers of the Diamond Necklace*. Ere long it is done (for ring-walls hold not captive the free Scoundrel forever) ; and we disperse again, over wide terrestrial Space ; some of us, it may be, over the very marches of Space. Our Act hangs indissoluble together ; floats wondrous in the older and older memory of men : while *we* the little band of Scoundrels, who saw each other, now hover so far asunder, to see each other no more, if not once more only on the universal Doomsday, the Last of the Days !

‘In such interesting moments, while we stand within the verge of parting, and have not yet parted, methinks it were well here, in these sequestered Spaces, to institute a few general reflections. Me, as a public speaker, the Spirit of Masonry, of Philosophy, and Philanthropy, and even of Prophecy, blowing mysterious from the Land of Dreams, impels to do it. Give ear, O Fellow Scoundrels, to what the Spirit utters ; treasure it in your hearts, practise it in your lives.

‘Sitting here, penned-up in this which, with a slight metaphor, I call the Central Cloaca of Nature, where a tyrannical De Launay can forbid the bodily eye free vision, you with the mental eye see but the better. This Central Cloaca, is it not rather a Heart, into which, from all regions, mysterious conduits introduce and forcibly inject whatsoever is



‘choicest in the Scoundrelism of the Earth ; there to be absorbed, or again (by the other auricle) ejected into new circulation ? Let the eye of the mind run along this immeasurable venous-arterial system ; and astound itself with the magnificent extent of Scoundreldom ; the deep, I may say, unfathomable, significance of Scoundrelism.

‘Yes, brethren, wide as the Sun’s range is our Empire, wider than old Rome’s in its palmiest era. I have in my time been far ; in frozen Muscovy, in hot Calabria, east, west, wheresoever the sky overarches civilised man : and never hitherto saw I myself an alien ; out of Scoundreldom I never was. Is it not even said, from of old, by the opposite party : “*All men are liars ?*” Do they not (and this nowise “in haste”) whimperingly talk of “one just person” (as they call him), and of the remaining thousand save one that take part with us ? So decided is our majority.’—(Applause.)

‘Of the Scarlet Woman,—yes, Monseigneur, without offence, —of the Scarlet Woman that sits on Seven Hills, and her Black Jesuit Militia, out foraging from Pole to Pole, I speak not ; for the story is too trite : nay, the Militia itself, as I see, begins to be disbanded, and invalided, for a second treachery ; treachery to herself ! Nor yet of Governments ; for a like reason. Ambassadors, said an English punster, *lie* abroad for their masters. Their masters, we answer, lie at home for themselves. Not of all this, nor of Courtship with its Lovers’-vows, nor Courtiership, nor Attorneyism, nor Public Oratory, and Selling by Auction, do I speak : I simply ask the gain-sayer, Which is the particular trade, profession, mystery, calling, or pursuit of the Sons of Adam that they successfully manage in the other way ? He cannot answer !—No : Philosophy itself, both practical and even speculative, has at length, after shamefullest groping, stumbled on the plain conclusion that Sham is indispensable to Reality, as Lying to Living ; that without Lying the whole business of the world, from swaying of senates to selling of tapes, must explode into anarchic discords, and so a speedy conclusion ensue.

‘But the grand problem, Fellow Scoundrels, as you well know, is the *marrying* of Truth and Sham ; so that they become one flesh, man and wife, and generate these three : Profit, Pudding, and Respectability that always keeps her Gig. Wonderously, indeed, do Truth and Delusion play into one another ; Reality rests on Dream. Truth is but the *skin* of the bottomless Untrue : and ever, from time to time, the Untrue *sheds* it ; is clear again ; and the superannuated True itself becomes a Fable. Thus do all hostile things crumble back into our Empire ; and of its increase there is no end.

‘O brothers, to think of the Speech without meaning (which is mostly ours), and of the Speech with contrary meaning (which is wholly ours), manufactured by the organs of Mankind in one solar day ! Or call it a day of Jubilee, when public Dinners are given, and Dinner-orations are delivered : or say, a Neighbouring Island in time of General Election ! O ye immortal gods ! The mind is lost ; can only admire great Nature’s plenteousness with a kind of sacred wonder.

‘For tell me, What is the chief end of man ? “To glorify God,” said the old Christian Sect, now happily extinct. “To eat and find eatables by the readiest method,” answers sound Philosophy, discarding whims. If the method *readier* than this of persuasive-attraction is yet discovered,—point it out ! —Brethren, I said the old Christian Sect was happily extinct : as, indeed, in Rome itself, there goes the wonderfullest traditionary Prophecy,<sup>1</sup> of that Nazareth Christ coming back, and being crucified a second time *there* ; which truly I see not in the least how he could fail to be. Nevertheless, that old Christian whim, of an actual living and ruling God, and some sacred covenant binding all men in Him, with much other mystic stuff, does, under new or old shape, linger with a few. From these few keep yourselves forever far ! They must even be left to their whim, which is not like to prove infectious.

‘But neither are we, my Fellow Scoundrels, without our Religion, our Worship ; which, like the oldest, and all true Worships, is one of Fear. The Christians have their Cross,

<sup>1</sup> Goethe mentions it (*Italiänische Reise*).

‘the Moslem their Crescent : but have not we too our—Gallows? Yes, *infinitely* terrible is the Gallows ; it bestrides with its patibulary fork the Pit of bottomless Terror. No Manicheans are we ; our God is One. Great, exceeding great, I say, is the Gallows ; of old, even from the beginning, in this world ; knowing neither variableness nor decadence ; forever, forever, over the wreck of ages, and all civic and ecclesiastic convulsions, meal-mobs, revolutions, the Gallows with front serenely terrible towers aloft. Fellow Scoundrels, fear the Gallows, and have no other fear ! *This* is the Law and the Prophets. Fear every emanation of the Gallows. And what is every buffet, with the fist, or even with the tongue, of one having authority, but some such emanation ? And what is Force of Public Opinion but the infinitude of such emanations,—rushing combined on you, like a mighty storm-wind ? Fear the Gallows, I say ! O when, with its long black arm, *it* has clutched a man, what avail him all terrestrial things ? These pass away, with horrid nameless dinning in his ears ; and the ill-starred Scoundrel pendulates between Heaven and Earth, a thing rejected of *both*.—(Profound sensation.)

‘Such, so wide in compass, high, gallows-high in dignity, is the Scoundrel Empire ; and for depth, it is deeper than the Foundations of the World. For what was Creation itself wholly, according to the best Philosophers, but a Divulsion by the TIME-SPIRIT (or Devil so called) ; a forceful Interruption, or breaking asunder, of the old Quiescence of Eternity ? It was Lucifer that fell, and made this lordly World arise. Deep ? It is bottomless-deep ; the very Thought, diving, bobs up from it baffled. Is not this that they call Vice of Lying the *Adam-Kadmon*, or primeval Rude-Element, old as Chaos mother’s-womb of Death and Hell ; whereon their thin film of Virtue, Truth, and the like, poorly wavers—for a day ? All Virtue, what is it, even by their own showing, but Vice transformed,—that is, manufactured, rendered artificial ? “Man’s Vices are the roots from which his Virtues grow out and see the light,” says one : “Yes,” add I, “and thanklessly steal their nourishment !” Were it not for the nine hundred

'ninety and nine unacknowledged, perhaps martyred and 'calumniated Scoundrels, how were their single Just Person ' (with a murrain on him!) so much as possible?—Oh, it is 'high, high: these things are too great for me; Intellect, 'Imagination, flags her tired wings: the soul lost, baffled'—

—Here Dame de Lamotte tittered audibly, and muttered *Cog-d'Inde*, which, being interpreted into the Scottish tongue, signifies *Bubbly-Jock!* The Arch-Quack, whose eyes were turned inwards as in rapt contemplation, started at the titter and mutter: his eyes flashed outwards with dilated pupil; his nostrils opened wide; his very hair seemed to stir in its long twisted pigtails (his fashion of curl); and as Indignation is said to make Poetry, it here made Prophecy, or what sounded as, such. With terrible, working features, and gesticulation not recommended in any Book of Gesture, the Arch-Quack, in voice supernally discordant, like Lions worrying Bulls of Bashan, began:

'Sniff not, Dame de Lamotte; tremble, thou foul Circe-Megæra; thy day of desolation is at hand! Behold ye the 'Sanhedrim of Judges, with their fanners of written Parchment, loud-rustling, as they winnow all her chaff and down-plumage, and she stands there naked and mean?—Villette, 'Oliva, do ye blab secrets? Ye have no pity of her extreme 'need; she none of yours. Is thy light-giggling, untamable 'heart at last heavy? Hark ye! Shrieks of one cast out; 'whom they brand on both shoulders with iron stamp; the 'red-hot "V," thou *Voleuse*, hath it entered thy soul? Weep, 'Circe de Lamotte; wail there in truckle-bed, and hysterically 'gnash thy teeth: nay do, smother thyself in thy door-mat 'coverlid; thou hast found thy mates; thou art in the Sal-pêtrière!—Weep, daughter of the high and puissant Sans-'inexpressibles! Buzz of Parisian Gossipry is about thee; 'but not to help thee: no, to eat before thy time. What shall 'a King's Court do with thee, thou unclean thing, while thou 'yet livest? Escape! Flee to utmost countries, hide there, 'if thou canst, thy mark of Cain!—In the Babylon of Fogland! 'Ha! is that my London? See I Judas Iscariot Egalité? Print, 'yea print abundantly the abominations of your two hearts:

'breath of rattlesnakes can bedim the steel mirror, but only for a time.—And there! Ay, there at last! Tumblest thou from the lofty leads, poverty-stricken, O thriftless daughter of the high and puissant, escaping bailiffs? Descendest thou precipitate, in dead night, from window in the third story; hurled forth by Bacchanals, to whom thy shrill tongue had grown unbearable? <sup>1</sup> Yea, through the smoke of that new Babylon thou fallest headlong; one long scream of screams makes night hideous: thou liest there, shattered like addle egg, "nigh to the Temple of Flora!" O Lamotte, hast thy *Hypocrisia* ended, then? Thy many characters were all acted. Here at last thou actest not, but art what thou seemest: a mangled squelch of gore, confusion and abomination; which men huddle underground, with no burial-stone. Thou gallows-carrion!—

— Here the prophet turned up his nose (the broadest of the eighteenth century), and opened wide his nostrils with such a greatness of disgust, that all the audience, even Lamotte herself, sympathetically imitated him.—'O Dame de Lamotte! Dame de Lamotte! Now, when the circle of thy existence lies complete; and my eye glances over these two score and three years that were lent thee, to do evil as thou couldst; and I behold thee a bright-eyed little Tatterdemalion, begging and gathering sticks in the Bois de Boulogne; and also at length a squelched Putrefaction, here on London pavements; with the head-dressings and hungerings, the gaddings and hysterical gigglings that came between,—*what shall I say was the meaning of thee at all?*—

'Villette-de-Rétaux! Have the catchpoles trepanned thee, by sham of battle, in thy Tavern, from the sacred Republican soil? <sup>2</sup> It is thou that wert the hired Forger of Hand-

<sup>1</sup> The English Translator of Lamotte's *Life* says, she fell from the leads of her house, nigh the Temple of Flora, endeavouring to escape seizure for debt; and was taken up so much hurt that she died in consequence. Another report runs that she was flung out of window, as in the Cagliostro text. One way or other she did die, on the 23d of August 1791 (*Biographie Universelle*, xxx. 287). Where the 'Temple of Flora' was, or is, one knows not.

<sup>2</sup> See *Georgel*, and Villette's *Mémoire*.



'writings? Thou wilt confess it? Depart, unwhipt yet accursed.—Ha! The dread Symbol of our Faith? Swings aloft, on the Castle of St. Angelo, a Pendulous Mass, which I think I discern to be the body of Villette! There let him end; the sweet morsel of our Juggernaut.

'Nay, weep not thou, disconsolate Oliva; blear not thy bright blue eyes, daughter of the shady Garden! Thee shall the Sanhedrim not harm: this Cloaca of Nature emits thee; as notablest of unfortunate-females, thou shalt have choice of husbands not without capital; and accept one.' 'Know this; for the vision of it is true.

'But the Anointed Majesty whom ye profaned? Blow, spirit of Egyptian Masonry, blow aside the thick curtains of Space! Lo you, her eyes are red with their first tears of pure bitterness; not with their last. Tirewoman Campan is choosing, from the Print-shops of the Quais, the reputed-best among the hundred likenesses of Circe de Lamotte:<sup>2</sup> a Queen shall consider if the basest of women ever, by any accident, darkened daylight or candle-light for the highest. The Portrait answers: Never!'—(Sensation in the audience.)

'—Ha! What is *this*? Angels, Uriel, Anachiel, and ye other five; Pentagon of Rejuvenescence; Power that de-

<sup>1</sup> In the *Affaire du Collier* is this Ms. Note: 'Gay d'Oliva, a common-girl of the Palais-Royal, who was chosen to play a part in this Business, got married, some years afterwards, to one Beausire, an Ex-Noble formerly attached to the d'Artois Household. In 1790, he was Captain of the National Guard Company of the Temple. He then retired to Choisy, and managed to be named Procureur of that Commune: he finally employed himself in drawing-up Lists of Proscription in the Luxembourg Prison, when he played the part of informer (*mouton*). See *Tableau des Prisons de Paris sous Robespierre*.' These details are correct. In the *Mémoires sur les Prisons* (new title of the Book just referred to), ii. 171, we find this: 'The second Denouncer was Beausire, an Ex-Noble, known under the old government for his intrigues. To give an idea of him, it is enough to say that he married the d'Oliva,' &c., as in the Ms. Note already given. Finally is added: 'He was the main spy of Boyenval, who, however, said that he made use of him; but that Fouquier-Tinville did not like him, and would have him guillotined in good time.'

<sup>2</sup> See *Campan*.

‘stroyedst Original Sin ; Earth, Heaven, and thou Outer Limbo which men name Hell ! Does the EMPIRE OF IMPOSTURE waver ? Burst there, in starry sheen, updarting, Light-rays from out *its* dark foundations ; as it rocks and heaves, not in the travail-throes, but in death-throes ? Yea, Light-rays, piercing, clear, that salute the Heavens,—lo, they *kindle* it ; their starry clearness becomes as red Hell-fire ! IMPOSTURE is in flames, Imposture is burnt up : one Red-sea of Fire, wild-billowing enwraps the World ; with its fire-tongue licks at the very stars. Thrones are hurled into it, and Dubois Mitres, and Prebendal Stalls that drop fatness, and—ha ! what see I ?—all the *Gigs* of Creation : all, all ! Woe is me ! Never since Pharaoh’s Chariots, in the Red-sea of water, was there wreck of Wheel-vehicles like this in the sea of Fire. Desolate, as ashes, as gases, shall they wander in the wind.

‘Higher, higher yet flames the Fire-Sea ; crackling with new dislocated timber ; hissing with leather and prunella. The mental Images are molten ; the marble Images become mortar-lime ; the stone Mountains sulkily explode. RESPECTABILITY, with all her collected Gigs inflamed for funeral pyre, wailing, leaves the Earth : not to return save under new Avatar. Imposture, how it burns, through generations : how it is burnt up—for a time. The World is black ashes ; which, ah, when will they grow green ? The Images all run into amorphous Corinthian brass ; all Dwellings of men destroyed ; the very mountains peeled and riven, the valleys black and dead : it is an empty World ! Woe to them that shall be born then !—A King, a Queen (ah me !) were hurled in ; did rustle once ; flew aloft, crackling, like paper-scroll. Oliva’s Husband was hurled in ; Iscariot Egalité ; thou grim De Launay, with thy grim Bastille ; whole kindreds and peoples ; five millions of mutually destroying Men. For it is the End of the Dominion of IMPOSTURE (which is Darkness and opaque Firedamp) ; and the burning-up, with unquenchable fire, of all the Gigs that are in the Earth !’—Here the Prophet paused, fetching a deep sigh ; and the Cardinal uttered a kind of faint, tremulous Hem !

‘Mourn not, O Monseigneur, spite of thy nephritic cholic and many infirmities. For thee mercifully it was not unto death.’<sup>1</sup> O Monseigneur (for thou hadst a touch of goodness), who would not weep over thee, if he also laughed? Behold! The not too judicious Historian, that long years hence, amid remotest wildernesses, writes thy Life, and names thee *Mud-volcano*; even he shall reflect that it *was* thy Life this same; thy *only* chance through whole Eternity; which thou (poor gambler) hast expended so: and, even over his hard heart, a breath of dewy pity for thee shall blow.—O Monseigneur, thou wert not all ignoble: thy *Mud-volcano* was but strength dislocated, fire misapplied. Thou wentest ravening through the world; no Life-elixir or Stone of the Wise could *we* two (for want of funds) discover: a foulest Circe undertook to fatten thee; and thou hadst to fill thy belly with the east wind. And burst? By the *Ma-sonry* of Enoch, No! Behold, has not thy Jesuit Familiar his Scouts dim-flying over the deep of human things? Cleared art thou of crime, save that of fixed-idea; weepst, a repentant exile, in the Mountains of Auvergne. Neither shall the Red Fire-sea itself consume thee; only consume thy Gig, and, instead of Gig (O rich exchange!), restore thy Self. Safe beyond the Rhine-stream, thou livest peaceful days; savest many from the fire, and anointest their smarting burns. Sleep finally, in thy mother’s bosom, in a good old age!’—The Cardinal gave a sort of guttural murmur, or gurgle, which ended in a long sigh.

‘O Horrors, as ye shall be called,’ again burst forth the Quack, ‘why have ye missed the *Sieur de Lamotte*; why not of him, too, made gallows-carrion? Will spear, or sword-stick, thrust at him (or supposed to be thrust), through window of hackney-coach, in *Piccadilly* of the *Babylon* of *Fog*, where he jolts disconsolate, not let out the imprisoned animal existence? Is he poisoned, too?’<sup>2</sup> Poison will not

<sup>1</sup> Rohan was elected of the Constituent Assembly; and even got a compliment or two in it, as Court-victim, from here and there a man of weak judgment. He was one of the first who, recalcitrating against ‘Civil Constitution of the Clergy’ &c., took himself across the Rhine.

<sup>2</sup> See *Lamotte’s Narrative (Memoires Justificatifs)*.

‘kill the Sieur Lamotte ; nor steel, nor massacres.’ Let him ‘drag his utterly superfluous life to a second and a third generation ; and even admit the not too judicious Historian to ‘see his face before he die.

‘But, ha !’ cried he, and stood wide-staring, horror-struck, as if some Cribb’s fist had knocked the wind out of him : ‘O ‘horror of horrors ! Is it not Myself I see ? Roman Inquisition ! Long months of cruel baiting ! *Life of Giuseppe Balsamo !* Cagliostro’s Body still lying in St. Leo Castle, his ‘Self’ fled—*whither ?* Bystanders wag their heads, and say : ‘“The Brow of Brass, behold how it has got all unlackered ; ‘these Pinchbeck lips can lie no more !” Eheu ! Ohoo !’—And he burst into unstanachable blubbering of tears ; and sobbing out the moanfullest broken howl, sank down in swoon ; to be put to bed by De Launay and others.

<sup>1</sup> Lamotte, after his wife’s death, had returned to Paris ; and been arrested,—*not* for building churches. The Sentence of the old Parlement against him, in regard to the Necklace Business, he gets annulled by the new Courts ; but is, nevertheless, ‘retained in confinement,’ (*Moniteur* Newspaper, 7th August 1792). He was still in Prison at the time the September Massacre broke out. From Maton de la Varenne we cite the following grim passage : Maton is in La Force Prison.

‘At one in the morning’ (of Monday, September 3), writes Maton, ‘the grate that led to our quarter was again opened. Four men in uniform, holding each a naked sabre and blazing torch, mounted to our corridor ; a turnkey showing the way ; and entered a room close on ‘ours to investigate a box, which they broke open. This done, they ‘halted in the gallery ; and began interrogating one Cuissa, to know ‘where Lamotte was ; who, they said, under pretext of finding a treasure, which they should share in, had swindled one of them out of 300 ‘livres, having asked him to dinner for that purpose. The wretched ‘Cuissa, whom they had in their power, and who lost his life that night, ‘answered, all trembling, that he remembered the fact well, but could ‘not say what had become of the prisoner. Resolute to find this Lamotte and confront him with Cuissa, they ascended into other rooms, ‘and made farther rummaging there ; but apparently without effect, ‘for I heard them say to one another : “Come, search among the corpses ‘then : for, *Nom de Dieu !* we must know what is become of him.”’ (*Ma Résurrection, par Maton de la Varenne ;* reprinted in the *Histoire Parlementaire*, xviii. 142.)—Lamotte lay in the Bicêtre Prison ; but had got out, precisely in the nick of time—and dived beyond soundings.

Thus spoke (or thus might have spoken), and prophesied, the Arch-Quack Cagliostro : and truly much better than he ever else did : for not a jot or tittle of it (save only that of our promised Interview with Nestor de Lamotte, which looks unlikelyer than ever, for we have not heard of him, dead or living, since 1826)—but has turned out to be literally *true*. As indeed, in all this History, one jot or tittle of untruth, that we could render true, is perhaps not discoverable ; much as the distrustful reader may have disbelieved.

Here, then, our little labour ends. The Necklace was, and is no more : the stones of it again ‘circulate in Commerce,’ some of them perhaps in Rundle’s at this hour ; and may give rise to what other Histories we know not. The Conquerors of it, every one that trafficked in it, have they not all had their due, which was Death ?

This little Business, like a little cloud, bodied itself forth in skies clear to the unobservant : but with such hues of deep-tinted villany, dissoluteness and general delirium as, to the observant, betokened it electric ; and wise men, a Goethe for example, boded Earthquakes. Has not the Earthquake come ?





# MIRABEAU.<sup>1</sup>

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[1837.]

A PROVERB says, 'The house that is a-building looks not as the house that is built.' Environed with rubbish and mortar-heaps, with scaffold-poles, hodmen, dust-clouds, some rudiments only of the thing that is to be, can, to the most observant, disclose themselves through the mean tumult of the thing that hitherto is. How true is this same with regard to all works and facts whatsoever in our world; emphatically true in regard to the highest fact and work which our world witnesses,—the Life of what we call an Original Man. Such a man is one not made altogether by the common pattern; one whose phases and goings-forth cannot be prophesied of, even approximately; though, indeed, by their very newness and strangeness they most of all provoke prophecy. A man of this kind, while he lives on earth, is 'unfolding himself out of nothing into something,' surely under very complex conditions: he is drawing continually towards him, in continual succession and variation, the materials of his structure, nay his very plan of it, from the whole realm of Accident, you may say, and from the whole realm of Free-will: he is *building* his life together in this manner; a guess and a problem as yet, not to others only but to himself. Hence such criticism by the bystanders; loud no-knowledge, loud mis-knowledge! It is like the opening of the Fisherman's Casket in the Arabian Tale, this beginning and growing-up of a life: vague smoke

<sup>1</sup> LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. 8.—*Mémoires biographiques littéraires et politiques de Mirabeau; écrits par lui-même, par son Père, son Oncle et son Fils Adoptif* (Memoirs, biographical, literary and political, of Mirabeau; written by himself, by his Father, his Uncle and his Adopted Son). 8 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1834-36. .

waving hither and thither ; some features of a Genie looming through ; of the ultimate shape of which no fisherman or man can judge. And yet, as we say, men do judge, and pass provisional sentence, being forced to it ; you can predict with what accuracy ! ‘ Look at the audience in a theatre,’ says one : ‘ the life of a man is there compressed within five-hours ‘duration ; is transacted on an open stage, with lighted lamps, ‘and what the fittest words and art of genius can do to make ‘the spirit of it clear ; yet listen, when the curtain falls, what ‘a discerning public will say of that!’ And now, if the drama extended over threescore and ten years ; and were enacted, not with a view to clearness, but rather indeed with a view to concealment, often in the deepest attainable involution of obscurity ; and your discerning public, occupied otherwise, cast its eye on the business now here for a moment, and then there for a moment ? Woe to him, answer we, who has no court of appeal against the world’s judgment ! He is a doomed man : doomed by conviction to hard penalties ; nay purchasing acquittal (too probably) by a still harder penalty, that of being a triviality, superficiality, self-advertiser, and partial or total quack, which is the hardest penalty of all.

But suppose farther, that the man, as we said, was an original man ; that his life-drama would not and could not be measured by the three unities alone, but partly by a rule of its own too : still farther, that the transactions he had mingled in were great and world-dividing ; that of all his judges there were not one who had not something to love him for unduly, to hate him for unduly ! Alas, is it not precisely in this case, where the whole world is promptest to judge, that the whole world is likeliest to be wrong ; natural opacity being so doubly and trebly darkened by accidental difficulty and perversion ? The crabbed moralist had some show of reason who said : To judge of an original contemporary man, you must, in general, reverse the world’s judgment about him ; the world is not only wrong on that matter, but cannot on any such matter be right.

One comfort is, that the world is ever working itself righter and righter on such matters ; that a continual revisal and

rectification of the world's first judgment on them is inevitably going on. For, after all, the world loves its original men, and can in no wise forget them ; not till after a long while ; sometimes not till after thousands of years. Forgetting *them*, what, indeed, should it remember ? The world's wealth is its original men ; by these and their works it is a world and not a waste : the memory and record of what MEN it bore—this is the sum of its strength, its sacred ‘property forever,’ whereby it upholds itself, and steers forward, better or worse, through the yet undiscovered deep of Time. All knowledge, all art, all beautiful or precious possession of existence, is, in the long-run, this, or connected with this. Science itself, is it not under one of its most interesting aspects, Biography ; is it not the Record of the *Work* which an original man, still named by us, or not now named, was blessed by the heavens to do ? That Sphere-and-cylinder is the monument and abbreviated history of the man Archimedes ; not to be forgotten, probably, till the world itself vanish. Of Poets, and what they have done, and how the world loves them, let us, in these days, very singular in respect of that art, say nothing, or next to nothing. The greatest modern of the poetic guild has already said : ‘Nay, if thou wilt have it, who but ‘the poet first formed gods for us, brought them down to us, ‘raised us up to them ?’

Another remark, on a lower scale, not unworthy of notice, is by Jean Paul : that ‘as in art, so in conduct, or what we ‘call morals, before there can be an Aristotle with his critical ‘canons, there must be a Homer, many Homers with their ‘heroic performances.’ In plainer words, the original man is the true creator (or call him revealer) of Morals too : it is from his example that precepts enough are derived, and written down in books and systems : he properly is the *thing* ; all that follows after is but talk about the thing, better or worse interpretation of it, more or less wearisome and ineffectual discourse of logic on it. A remark this of Jean Paul's which, well meditated, may seem one of the most pregnant lately written on these matters. If any man had the ambition of building a new system of morals (not a promising en-

terprise, at this time of day), there is no remark known to us which might better serve him as a chief corner-stone, whereon to found, and to build, high enough, nothing doubting ;—high, for instance, as the Christian Gospel itself. And to whatever other heights man's destiny may yet carry him ! Consider whether it was not, from the first, by example, or say rather by human exemplars, and such reverent imitation or abhorrent aversion and avoidance as these gave rise to, that man's duties were made indubitable to him ? Also, if it is not yet, in these last days, by very much the same means (example, precept, prohibition, 'force of public opinion,' and other forcings and inducings), that the like result is brought about ; and, from the Woolsack down to the Treadmill, from Almack's to Chalk Farm and the west-end of Newgate, the incongruous whirlpool of life is forced and induced to whirl with some attempt at regularity ? The two Mosaic Tables were of simple limited stone ; no logic appended to them : we, in our days, are privileged with Logic,—Systems of Morals, Professors of Moral Philosophy, Theories of Moral Sentiment, Utilities, Sympathies, Moral Senses, not a few ; useful for those that feel comfort in them. But to the observant eye, is it not still plain that the rule of man's life rests not very steadily on logic (rather carries logic unsteadily resting on *it*, as an excuse, an exposition, or ornamental solacement to oneself and others) ; that ever, as of old, the thing a man will do is the thing he feels commanded to do : of which command, again, the origin and reasonableness remains often as good as *indemonstrable* by logic ; and, indeed, lies mainly in this, That it has been demonstrated otherwise and better ; by experiment, namely ; that an experimental (what we name original) man has already done it, and we have *seen* it to be good and reasonable, and now know it to be so once and forevermore ?—Enough of this.

He were a sanguine individual surely that should turn to the French Revolution for new rules of conduct, and creators or exemplars of morality,—except, indeed, exemplars of the gibbeted *in-terrorem* sort. A greater work, it is often said,



was never done in the world's history by men so small. Twenty-five millions (say these severe critics) are hurled forth out of all their old habitudes, arrangements, harnessings and garnitures, into the new, quite void arena and career of *Sansculottism*; there to show what originality is in them. Fanfaronading and gesticulation, vehemence, effervescence, heroic desperation, they do show in abundance; but of what one can call originality, invention, natural stuff or character, amazingly little. Their heroic desperation, such as it was, we will honour and even venerate, as a new document (call it rather a renewal of that primeval ineffaceable document and charter) of the manhood of man. But, for the rest, there were Federations; there were Festivals of Fraternity, 'the Statue of Nature pouring water from her two *mammelles*,' and the august Deputies all drinking of it from the same iron saucer; Weights and Measures were attempted to be changed; the Months of the Year became Pluviose, Thermidor, Messidor (till Napoleon said, *Il faudra se débarrasser de ce Messidor*, One must get this Messidor sent about its business): also Mrs. Momoro and others rode prosperous, as Goddesses of Reason; and then, these being mostly guillotined, Mahomet Robespierre did, with bouquet in hand, and in new black breeches, in front of the Tuileries, pronounce the scraggiest of prophetic discourses on the *Etre Suprême*, and set fire to much emblematic pasteboard:—all this, and an immensity of such, the Twenty-five millions did devise and accomplish; but (apart from their heroic desperation, which was no miracle either, beside that of the old Dutch, for instance) this, and the like of this, was almost all. Their arena of *Sansculottism* was the most original arena opened to man for above a thousand years; and they, at bottom, were unexpectedly commonplace in it. Exaggerated commonplace, triviality run distracted, and a kind of universal 'Frenzy of John Dennis,' is the figure they exhibit. The brave Forster,—sinking slowly of broken heart, in the midst of that volcanic chaos of the Reign of Terror, and clinging still to the cause, which, though now bloody and terrible, he believed to be the highest, and for which he had sacrificed all, country, kindred, fortune, friends and life,

—compares the Revolution, indeed, to ‘an explosion and new creation of the world;’ but the actors in it, who went buzzing about him, to a ‘*handvoll mücken*, handful of flies.’<sup>1</sup> And yet, one may add, this same explosion of a world was their work; the work of these—flies? The truth is, neither Forster nor any man can see a French Revolution; it is like seeing the ocean: poor Charles Lamb complained that he could not see the multitudinous ocean at all, but only some insignificant fraction of it from the deck of the Margate hoy. It must be owned, however (urge these severe critics), that examples of rabid triviality abound in the French Revolution, to a lamentable extent. Consider Maximilien Robespierre; for the greater part of two years what one may call Autocrat of France. A poor sea-green (*verdâtre*), atrabiliar Formula of a man; without head, without heart, or any grace, gift, or even vice beyond common, if it were not vanity, astucy, diseased rigour (which some count strength) as of a cramp: really a most poor sea-green individual in spectacles; meant by Nature for a Methodist parson of the stricter sort, to doom men who departed from the written confession; to chop fruitless shrill logic; to contend, and suspect, and ineffectually wrestle and wriggle; and, on the whole, to love, or to know, or to be (properly speaking) Nothing:—this was he who, the sport of wracking winds, saw himself whirled aloft to command *la première nation de l’univers*, and all men shouting long life to him: one of the most lamentable, tragic, sea-green objects, ever whirled aloft in that manner, in any country, to his own swift destruction, and the world’s long wonder!

So argue these severe critics of the French Revolution, with whom we argue not here; but remark rather, what is more to the purpose, that the French Revolution did disclose original men: among the twenty-five millions, at least one or two units. Some reckon, in the present stage of the business, as many as three: Napoleon, Danton, Mirabeau. Whether more will come to light, or of what sort, when the computation is quite liquidated, one cannot say: meanwhile let the world be thankful for these three;—as, indeed, the world is; loving original

<sup>1</sup> Forster’s *Briefe und Nachlass*.

men, without limit, were they never so questionable, well knowing how rare they are ! To us, accordingly, it is rather interesting to observe how on these three also, questionable as they surely are, the old process is repeating itself ; how these also are getting known in their true likeness. A second generation, relieved in some measure from the spectral hallucinations, hysterical ophthalmia and natural panic-delirium of the first contemporary one, is gradually coming to discern and measure what its predecessor could only execrate and shriek over : for, as our Proverb said, the dust is sinking, the rubbish-heaps disappear ; the built house, such as it is, and was appointed to be, stands visible, better or worse.

Of Napoleon Bonaparte, what with so many bulletins, and such self-proclamation from artillery and battle-thunder, loud enough to ring through the deafest brain, in the remotest nook of this earth, and now, in consequence, with so many biographies, histories and historical arguments for and against, it may be said that *he* can now shift for himself ; that his true figure is in a fair way of being ascertained. Doubtless it will be found one day what significance was in him ; how (we quote from a New-England Book) ‘the man was a divine missionary, though unconscious of it ; and preached, through ‘the cannon’s throat, that great doctrine, “*La carrière ouverte aux talens*, The tools to him that can handle them,” which is ‘our ultimate Political Evangel, wherein alone can Liberty lie. ‘Madly enough he preached, it is true, as enthusiasts and ‘first missionaries are wont ; with imperfect utterance, amid ‘much frothy rant ; yet as articulately perhaps as the case admitted. Or call him, if you will, an American backwoods-man, who had to fell unpenetrated forests, and battle with ‘innumerable wolves, and did not entirely forbear strong ‘liquor, rioting and even theft ; whom, nevertheless, the ‘peaceful sower will follow, and, as he cuts the boundless harvest, bless.’—From ‘the incarnate Moloch,’ which the word once was, onwards to this quiet version, there is a considerable progress.

Still more interesting is it, not without a touch almost of pathos, to see how the rugged *Terræ Filius* Danton begins

likewise to emerge, from amid the blood-tinted obscurations and shadows of horrid cruelty, into calm light ; and seems now not an Anthropophagus, but partly a man. On the whole, the Earth feels it to be something to have a 'Son of Earth ;' any reality, rather than a hypocrisy and formula ! With a man that went honestly to work with himself, and said and acted, in any sense, with the whole mind of him, there is always something to be done. Satan himself, according to Dante, was a praiseworthy object, compared with those *juste-milieu* angels (so over-numerous in times like ours) who 'were neither faithful nor rebellious,' but were for their little selves only : trimmers, moderates, plausible persons, who, in the Dantean Hell, are found doomed to this frightful penalty, that 'they have not the hope to die (*non han speranza di morte*) ;' but sunk in torpid death-life, in mud and the plague of flies, they are to doze and dree forever,—'hateful to God and to the Enemies of God :'

' *Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa !* '

If Bonaparte were the 'armed Soldier of Democracy,' invincible while he continued true to that, then let us call this Danton the *Enfant Perdu*, and unenlisted Revolter and Titan of Democracy, which could not yet have soldiers or discipline, but was by the nature of it lawless. An Earthborn, we say, yet honestly born of Earth ! In the *Memoirs of Garat*, and elsewhere, one sees these fire-eyes beam with earnest insight, fill with the water of tears ; the broad rude features speak withal of wild human sympathies ; that Antæus' bosom also held a heart. "It is not the alarm-cannon that you hear," cries he to the terror-struck, when the Prussians were already at Verdun : "it is the *pas de charge* against our enemies." "*De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.* To dare, and again to dare, and without limit to dare !" — there is nothing left but that. Poor 'Mirabeau of the Sansculottes,' what a mission ! And it could not be but done,—and it was done ! But indeed, may there not be, if well considered, more virtue in this feeling itself, once bursting earnest from the wild heart, than in whole lives of immaculate

Pharisees and Respectabilities, with their eye ever set on 'character,' and the letter of the law : "*Que mon nom soit flétri*, Let my name be blighted, then ; let the Cause be glorious, and have victory !" By-and-by, as we predict, the Friend of Humanity, since so many Knife-grinders have no story to tell him, will find some sort of story in this Danton. A rough-hewn giant of a man, not anthropophagous entirely ; whose 'figures of speech,' and also of action, 'are all gigantic ;' whose 'voice reverberates from the domes,' and dashes Brunswick across the marches in a very wrecked condition. Always his total freedom from cant is one thing ; even in his briberies, and sins as to money, there is a frankness, a kind of broad greatness. Sincerity, a great rude sincerity of insight and of purpose, dwelt in the man, which quality is the root of all : a man who could see through many things, and would stop at very few things ; who marched and fought impetuously forward, in the questionablest element ; and now bears the penalty, in a name 'blighted,' yet, as we say, visibly clearing itself. Once cleared, why should not this name too have significance for men ? The wild history is a tragedy, as all human histories are. Brawny Dantons, still to the present hour, rend the glebe, as simple brawny Farmers, and reap peaceable harvests, at Arcis-sur-Aube ; and *this* Danton—! It is an *unrhymed* tragedy ; very bloody, fuliginous (after the manner of the *elder* dramatists) ; yet full of tragic elements ; not undeserving natural pity and fear. In quiet times, perhaps still at a great distance, the happier onlooker may stretch out the hand, across dim centuries, to him, and say : "Ill-starred brother, how thou foughtest with wild lion-strength, and yet not with strength *enough*, and flamedst aloft, and wert trodden down of sin and misery ;—behold, thou also wert a man !" It is said there lies a Biography of Danton written, in Paris, at this moment : but the editor waits till the 'force of public opinion' ebb a little. Let him publish, with utmost convenient despatch, and say what he knows, if he do know it : the lives of remarkable men are always worth understanding instead of misunderstanding ; and public opinion must positively adjust itself the best way it can.



But without doubt the far most interesting, best-gifted of this questionable trio is not the Mirabeau of the Sansculottes, but the Mirabeau himself: a man of much finer nature than either of the others; of a genius equal in strength, we will say, to Napoleon's; but a much humaner genius, almost a poetic one. With wider sympathies of his own, he appeals far more persuasively to the sympathies of men.

Of him too it is interesting to notice the progressive dawning, out of calumny, misrepresentation and confused darkness, into visibility and light; and how the world manifests its continued curiosity about him; and as book after book comes forth with new evidence, the matter is again taken up, the old judgment on it revised and anew revised;—whereby, in fine, we can hope the right, or approximately right, sentence will be found; and so the question be left settled. It would seem this Mirabeau also is one whose memory the world will not, for a long while, let die. Very different from many a high memory, dead and deep-buried long since then! In his lifetime, even in the final effulgent part of it, this Mirabeau took upon him to write, with a sort of awe-struck feeling, to our Mr. Wilberforce; and did not, that we can find, get the benefit of any answer. Pitt was prime minister, and then Fox, then again Pitt, and again Fox, in sweet vicissitude; and the noise of them, reverberating through Brookes's and the club-rooms, through tavern-dinners, electioneering hustings, leading-articles, filled all the earth; and it seemed as if those two (though which might be *which*, you could not say) were the Ormuzd and Ahriman of political Nature;—and now! Such difference is there, once more, between an original man, of never such questionable sort, and the most dexterous, cunningly-devised parliamentary mill. The difference is great; and one of those on which the future time makes largest contrast with the present. Nothing can be more important than the mill while it continues and grinds; important, above all, to those who have sacks about the hopper. But the grinding once done, how can the memory of it endure? It is important now to no individual, not even to the individual with a sack. So that, this tumult well over, the memory of the

original man, and of what small revelation he, as Son of Nature and brother-man, could make, does naturally rise on us : his memorable sayings, actings and sufferings, the very vices and crimes he fell into, are a kind of pabulum which all mortals claim their right to.

Concerning *Peuchet*, *Chaussard*, *Gassicourt*, and, indeed, all the former Biographers of Mirabeau, there can little be said here, except that they abound with errors : the present ultimate *Fils Adoptif* has never done picking faults with them. Not as memorials of Mirabeau, but as memorials of the world's relation to him, of the world's treatment of him, they may, a little longer, have some perceptible significance. From poor *Peuchet* (he was known in the *Moniteur* once), and other the like labourers in the vineyard, you can justly demand thus much ; and not justly much more.

Etienne Dumont's *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau* might not, at first sight, seem an advance towards true knowledge, but a movement the other way, and yet it was really an advance. The book, for one thing, was hailed by a universal choral blast from all manner of reviews and periodical literatures that Europe, in all its spellable dialects, had : whereby, at least, the minds of men were again drawn to the subject ; and so, amid whatever hallucination, ancient or new-devised, some increase of insight was unavoidable. Besides, the book itself did somewhat. Numerous specialties about the great Frenchman, as read by the eyes of the little Genevese, were conveyed there ; and could be deciphered, making allowances. Dumont is faithful, veridical ; within his own limits he has even a certain freedom, a picturesqueness and light clearness. It is true, the whim he had of looking at the great Mirabeau as a thing set in motion mainly by him (M. Dumont) and such as he, was one of the most wonderful to be met with in psychology. Nay, more wonderful still, how the reviewers, pretty generally, some from whom better was expected, took up the same with aggravations ; and it seemed settled on all sides, that here again a pretender had been stripped, and the great made as little as the rest of us (much to our comfort) ; that, in fact, figuratively speaking, this enormous Mirabeau, the

sound of whom went forth to all lands, was no other than an enormous trumpet, or coach-horn, of japanned tin, through which a dexterous little M. Dumont was blowing all the while, and making the noise ! Some men and reviewers have strange theories of man. Let any son of Adam, the shallowest now living, try honestly to scheme out, within his head, an existence of this kind ; and say how verisimilar it looks ! A life and business actually conducted on such coach-horn principle, —we say not the life and business of a statesman and world-leader, but say of the poorest laceman and tape-seller,—were one of the chief miracles hitherto on record. O, M. Dumont ! But thus too, when old Sir Christopher struck down the last stone in the Dome of St. Paul's, was it he that carried up the stone ? No ; it was a certain strong-backed man, never mentioned (covered with envious or unenvious oblivion),—probably of the Sister Island.

Let us add, however, more plainly, that M. Dumont was less to blame here than his reviewers were. The good Dumont accurately records what ingenious journey-work and fetching-and-carrying he did for his Mirabeau ; interspersing many an anecdote, which the world is very glad of ; extenuating nothing, we do hope, nor exaggerating anything : this is what he did, and had a clear right and call to do. And what if it failed, not altogether, yet in some measure if it did fail, to strike him, that he still properly was but a Dumont ? Nay, that the gift this Mirabeau had of enlisting such respectable Dumonts to do hodwork and even skilful handiwork for him ; and of ruling them and bidding them by the look of his eye ; and of making them cheerfully fetch-and-carry for him, and serve him as loyal subjects, with a kind of chivalry and willingness,—that this gift was precisely the kinghood of the man, and did itself stamp him as a leader among men ! Let no man blame M. Dumont (as some have too harshly done) ; his error is of oversight, and venial ; his worth to us is indisputable. On the other hand, let all men blame such public instructors and periodical individuals as drew that inference and life-theory for him, and brayed it forth in that loud manner ; or rather, on the whole, do not blame, but

pardon, and pass by on the other side. Such things are an ordained trial of public patience, which perhaps is the better for discipline ; and seldom, or rather never, do any lasting injury.

Close following on Dumont's *Reminiscences* came this Biography by M. Lucas Montigny, 'Adopted Son ;' the first volume in 1834, the rest at short intervals ; and lies complete now in Eight considerable Volumes octavo : concerning which we are now to speak,—unhappily, in the disparaging sense. In fact it is impossible for any man to say unmixed good of M. Lucas's work. That he, as Adopted Son, has lent himself so resolutely to the washing of his hero white, and even to the white-washing of him where the natural colour was black, be this no blame to him ; or even, if you will, be it praise. If a man's Adopted Son may not write the best book he can for him, then who may ? But the fatal circumstance is, that M. Lucas Montigny has not written a book at all ; but has merely clipped and cut out, and cast together the materials for a book, which other men are still wanted to write. On the whole M. Montigny rather surprises one. For the reader probably knows, what all the world whispers to itself, that when 'Mirabeau in 1783, adopted this infant born the year before,' he had the best of all conceivable obligations to adopt him ; having, by his own act (*non-notarial*), summoned him to appear in this World. And now consider both what Shakspeare's Edmund, what Poet Savage, and such like, have bragged ; and also that the Mirabeaus, from time immemorial, had (like a certain British kindred known to us) 'produced many a blackguard, but not one blockhead !' We almost discredit that statement, which all the world whispers to itself ; or, if crediting it, pause over the ruins of families. The Haarlem canal is not flatter than M. Montigny's genius. He wants the talent which seems born with all Frenchmen, that of presenting what knowledge he has in the most knowable form. One of the solidest men, too ; doubtless a valuable man ; whom it were so pleasant for us to praise, if we could. May he be happy in a private station, and never write more ;—except for the Bureaux de Préfecture, with tolerably handsome official appointments, which is far better.

His biographical work is a monstrous quarry, or mound of shot-rubbish, in eight strata, hiding valuable matter, which he that seeks will find. Valuable, we say ; for the Adopted Son having access, nay welcome and friendly entreaty, to family papers, to all manner of archives, secret records ; and working therein long years, with a filial unweariedness, has made himself piously at home in all corners of the matter. He might with the same spirit (as we always upbraidingly think), so easily have made us at home too ! But no : he brings to light things new and old, now precious illustrative private documents, now the poorest public heaps of mere pamphleteer and parliamentary matter, so attainable elsewhere, often so omissible were it not to be attained ; and jumbles and tumbles the whole together with such reckless clumsiness, with such endless copiousness (having wagons enough), as gives the reader many a pang. The very pains bestowed on it are often perverse ; the whole is become so hard, heavy ; unworkable, except in the sweat of one's brow ! Or call it a mine,—artificial-natural silver mine. Threads of beautiful silver ore lie scattered, which you must dig for, and sift : suddenly, when your thread or vein is at the richest, it vanishes (as is the way with mines) in thick masses of agglomerate and pudding-stone, no man can guess whither. This is not as it should be ; and yet unfortunately it could be no other. The long bad book is so much easier to do than the brief good one ; and a poor bookseller has no way of measuring and paying but by the ell, cubic or superficial. The very weaver comes and says, not “I have woven so many ells of stuff,” but “so many ells of *such* stuff :” satin and Cashmere-shawl stuff,—or, if it be so, duffle and coal-sacking, and even cobweb stuff.

Undoubtedly the Adopted Son's will was good. Ought we not to rejoice greatly in the possession of these same silver-veins ; and take them in the buried mineral state, or in any state ; too thankful to have them now indestructible, now that they are printed ? Let the world, we say, be thankful to M. Montigny, and yet know what it is they are thanking him for. No *Life of Mirabeau* is to be found in these Volumes, but the



amplest materials for writing a *Life*. Were the Eight Volumes well riddled and smelted down into One Volume, such as might be made, that one were the volume! Nay it seems an enterprise of such uses, and withal so feasible, that some day it is as good as sure to be done, and again done, and finally well done.

The present reviewer, restricted to a mere article, purposes, nevertheless, to sift and extract somewhat. He has bored (so to speak) and run mine-shafts through the book in various directions, and knows pretty well what is in it, though indeed not so well where to find the same, having unfortunately (as reviewers are wont) 'mis-laid our paper of references!' Wherefore, if the best extracts be not presented, let not M. Lucas suffer. By one means and another, some sketch of Mirabeau's history; what befell him successively in this World, and what steps he successively took in consequence; and how he and it, working together, made the thing we call Mirabeau's Life,—may be brought out; extremely imperfect, yet truer, one can hope, than the Biographical Dictionaries and ordinary voice of rumour give it. Whether, and if so, where and how, the current estimate of Mirabeau is to be rectified, fortified, or in any important point overset and expunged, will hereby come to light, almost of itself, as we proceed. Indeed it is very singular, considering the emphatic judgments daily uttered, in print and speech, about this man, what Egyptian obscurity rests over the mere facts of his external history; the right knowledge of which, one would fancy, must be the preliminary of any judgment, however faint. But thus, as we always urge, are such judgments generally passed: vague *plebiscita*, decrees of the common people; made up of innumerable loud empty ayes and loud empty noes; which are without meaning, and have only sound and currency: *plebiscita* needing so much revisal!—To the work, however.

One of the most valuable elements in these Eight chaotic Volumes of M. Montigny is the knowledge he communicates of Mirabeau's father; of his kindred and family, contemporary

and anterior. The father we in general knew, was Victor Riquetti, Marquis de Mirabeau, called and calling himself the *Friend of Men*; a title, for the rest, which bodes him no good, in these days of ours. Accordingly one heard it added with little surprise, that this Friend of Men was the enemy of almost every man he had to do with; beginning at his own hearth, ending at the utmost circle of his acquaintance; and only beyond that, feeling himself free to love men. "The old hypocrite!" cry many,—not we. Alas, it is so much easier to love men while they exist only on paper, or quite flexible and compliant in your imagination, than to love Jack and Kit who stand there in the body, hungry, untoward; jostling you, barring you, with angular elbows, with appetites, irascibilities and a stupid will of their own! There is no doubt but old Marquis Mirabeau found it extremely difficult to get on with his brethren of mankind; and proved a crabbed, sulphurous, choleric old gentleman, many a sad time: nevertheless, there is much to be set right in that matter; and M. Lucas, if one can carefully follow him, has managed to do it. Had M. Lucas but seen good to print these private letters, family documents, and more of them (for he 'could make thirty octavo volumes'), in a separate state; in mere chronological order, with some small commentary of annotation; and to leave all the rest alone!—As it is, one must search and sift. Happily the old Marquis himself, in periods of leisure, or forced leisure, whereof he had many, drew-up certain 'unpublished memoirs' of his father and progenitors; out of which memoirs young Mirabeau also in forced leisure (still more forced, in the Castle of If!) redacted one Memoir, of a very readable sort: by the light of this latter, so far as it will last, we walk with convenience.

The Mirabeaus were Riquettis by surname, which is a slight corruption of the Italian *Arrighetti*. They came from Florence: cast out of it in some Guelph-Ghibelline quarrel, such as were common there and then, in the year 1267. Stormy times then, as now! The chronologist can remark that Dante Alighieri was a little boy, of some two years, that morning the Arrighettis had to go, and men had to say,

"They are gone, these villains! They are gone, these martyrs!" the little boy listening with interest. Let the boy become a man, and he too shall have to go; and prove *come è duro calle*, and what a world this is; and have his poet-nature not killed, for it would not kill, but darkened into Old-Hebrew sternness, and sent onwards to Hades and Eternity for a home to itself. As Dame Quickly said in the Dream—"Those were rare times, Mr. Rigmarole!"—"Pretty much like our own," answered he.—In this manner did the Arrighettis (doubtless in grim Longobardic ire) scale the Alps; and become Tramontane French Riquettis; and produce,—among other things, the present Article in this-Review.

It was hinted above that these Riquettis were a notable kindred; as indeed there is great likelihood, if we knew it rightly, the kindred and fathers of most notable men are. The Vaucluse fountain, that gushes out as a river, may well have run some space under ground in that character, before it found vent. Nay perhaps it is not always, or often, the intrinsically greatest of a family-line that becomes the noted one, but only the best favored of fortune. So rich here, as elsewhere, is Nature, the mighty Mother; and scatters from a single Oak-tree, as provender for pigs, what would plant the whole Planet into an oak-forest! For truly, if there were not a *mute* force in her, where were she with the speaking and exhibiting one? If under that frothy superficies of braggarts, babblers and high-sounding, richly-decorated personages, that strut and fret, and preach in all times *Quam parvâ sapientiâ regatur*, there lay not some substratum of silently heroic men; working as men; with man's energy, enduring and endeavoring; invincible, who whisper not even to themselves how energetic they are?—The Riquetti family was, in some measure, defined already by analogy to that British one; as a family totally exempt from block-heads, but a little liable to produce blackguards. It took root in Provence, and bore strong southern fruit there: a restless, stormy line of men; with the wild blood running in them, and as if there had been a doom hung over them ('like

the line of Atreus,' Mirabeau used to say); which really there was, the wild blood itself being doom enough. How long they had stormed in Florence and elsewhere, these Riquettis, history knows not; but for the space of those five centuries, in Provence, they were never without a man to stand Riquetti-like on the earth. Men sharp of speech, prompt of stroke; men quick to discern, fierce to resolve; headlong, headstrong, strong every way; who often found the civic race-course too strait for them, and kicked against the pricks; doing this thing or the other, which the world had to animadvert upon, in various dialects, and find 'clean against rule.'

One Riquetti (in performance of some vow at sea, as the tradition goes) chained two mountains together: 'the iron chain is still to be seen at Moustier;—it stretches from one mountain to the other, and in the middle of it there is a large star with five rays;' the supposed date is 1390. Fancy the smiths at work on *this* business! The town of Moustier is in the Basses-Alpes of Provence: whether the Riquetti chain creeks there to this hour, and lazily sways in the winds, with its 'star of five rays' in the centre, and offers an uncertain perch to the sparrow, we know not. Or perhaps it was cut down in the Revolution time, when there rose such a hatred of noblesse, such a famine for iron; and made into pikes? The Adopted Son, so minute generally, ought to have mentioned, but does not—That there was building of hospitals, endowing of convents, Chartreux, Récollets, down even to Jesuits; still more, that there was harrying and fighting, needs not be mentioned: except only that all this went on with uncommon emphasis among the Riquettis. What quarrel could there be and a Riquetti not in it? They fought much: with an eye to profit, to redress of disprofit; probably too for the art's sake.

What proved still more rational, they got footing in Marseilles as trading nobles (a kind of French Venice in those days), and took with great diligence to commerce. The family biographers are careful to say that it was in the Venetian style, however, and not ignoble. In which sense, indeed, one of their sharp-spoken ancestors, on a certain bishop's uncere-

moniously styling him 'Jean de Riquetti, Merchant of Marseilles,' made ready answer: "I am, or was, merchant of police here" first consul, an office for nobles only), "as my Lord Bishop is merchant of holy-water:" let his Reverence take that. At all events, the ready-spoken proved first-rate traders; acquired their *bastide*, or mansion (white, on one of those green hills behind Marseilles), endless warehouses: acquired the lands first of this, then of that; the lands, Village, and Castle of Mirabeau on the banks of the Durance; respectable Castle of Mirabeau, 'standing on its scarped rock, in the gorge of two valleys, swept by the north wind,'—very brown and melancholy-looking now! What is extremely advantageous, the old Marquis says, they had a singular talent for choosing wives; and always chose discreet, valiant women; whereby the lineage was the better kept up. One grandmother, whom the Marquis himself might all but remember, was wont to say, alluding to the degeneracy of the age: "You are men? You are but manikins (*sias hounmachomes*, in Provençal); we women, in our time, carried pistols in our girdles, and could use them too." Or fancy the Dame Mirabeau sailing stately towards the church-font; another dame striking-in to take precedence of her; the Dame Mirabeau despatching this latter with a box on the ear (*soufflet*), and these words: "Here, as in the army, the baggage goes last!" Thus did the Riquettis grow, and were strong; and did exploits in their narrow arena, waiting for a wider one.

When it came to courtiership, and your field of preferment was the Versailles Œil-de-Bœuf, and a Grand Monarque walking encircled with scarlet women and adulators there, the course of the Mirabeaus grew still more complicated. They had the career of arms open, better or worse: but that was not the only one, not the main one; gold apples seemed to rain on other careers,—on that career lead bullets mostly. Observe how a Bruno, Count de Mirabeau, comports himself:—like a rhinoceros yoked in carriage-gear; his fierce forest-horn set to dangle a plume of *fleurs-de-lis*. 'One day 'he had chased a *blue man* (it is a sort of troublesome usher 'at Versailles) into the very cabinet of the King, who there-



‘upon ordered the Duke de la Feuillade to put Mirabeau ‘under arrest. Mirabeau refused to obey; he “would not ‘be punished for chastising the insolence of a valet; for the ‘rest, would go to the *dîner du roi* (king’s dinner), who might ‘then give his order himself.” He came accordingly; the ‘King asked the Duke why he had not executed the order? ‘The Duke was obliged to say how it stood; the King, with ‘a goodness equal to his greatness, then said, “It is not of ‘to-day that we know him to be mad; one must not ruin ‘him,””—and the rhinoceros Bruno journeyed on. But again, on the day when they were ‘inaugurating the pedestrian ‘statue of King Louis in the Place des Victoires (a master- ‘piece of adulation),’ the same Mirabeau, ‘passing along the ‘Pont Neuf with the Guards, raised his spontoon to his ‘shoulder before Henry the Fourth’s statue, and saluting ‘first, bawled out, “Friends, we will salute this one; he de- ‘serves it as well as some, *Mes amis, saluons celui-ci; il en ‘vaut bien un autre.*”’—Thus do they, the wild Riquettis, in a state of courtiership. Not otherwise, according to the proverb, do wild bulls, unexpectedly finding themselves in crockery-shops. O Riquetti kindred, into what centuries and circumstances art thou come down!

Directly prior to our old Marquis himself, the Riquetti kindred had as near as possible gone out. Jean Antoine, afterwards named Silverstock (*Col d’Argent*), had, in the earlier part of his life, been what he used to call *killed*,—of seven-and-twenty wounds in one hour. Haughtier, juster, more choleric man need not be sought for in biography. He flung gabellemen and excisemen into the river Durance (though otherwise a most dignified, methodic man), when their claims were not clear; he ejected, by the like brief process, all manner of attorneys from his villages and properties; he planted vineyards, solaced peasants. He rode through France repeatedly (as the old men still remembered), with the gallantest train of outriders, on return from the wars; intimidating innkeepers and all the world, into mute prostration, into unerring promptitude, by the mere light of his eye;—withal drinking rather deep, yet never seen affect

by it. He was a tall, straight man (of six feet and upwards) in mind as in body: Vendôme's 'right arm' in all campaigns. Vendôme once presented him to Louis the Great, with compliments to that effect, which the splenetic Riquetti quite spoiled. Erecting his *killed* head, which needed the silver stock now to keep it straight, he said: "Yes, Sire; and had I left my fighting, and come up to court, and bribed some *catin* (scarlet woman!), I might have had my promotion and fewer wounds to-day!" The Grand King, every inch a king, instantaneously spoke of something else.

But the reader should have first seen that same killing; how twenty-seven of those unprofitable wounds were come by in one fell lot. The *Battle of Casano* has grown very obscure to most of us; and indeed Prince Eugene and Vendôme themselves grow dimmer and dimmer, as men and battles must: but, curiously enough, this small fraction of it has brightened up again to a point of history, for the time being:

'My grandfather had foreseen that manœuvre' (it is Mirabeau, the Count, not the Marquis, that reports: Prince Eugene has carried a certain bridge which the grandfather had charge of); 'but he did not, as has since happened at Malplaquet and Fontenoy, commit the blunder of attacking right in the teeth a column of such weight as that. He lets them advance, hurried-on by their own impetuosity and by the pressure of their rearward; and now seeing them pretty well engaged, he raised his troop (it was lying flat on the ground), and rushing on, himself at the head of them, takes the enemy in flank, cuts them in two, dashes them back, chases them over the bridge again, which they had to repass in great disorder and haste. Things brought to their old state, he resumes his post on the crown of the bridge, shelters his troop as before, which, having performed all this service under the sure deadly fire of the enemy's double lines from over the stream, had suffered a good deal. M. de Vendôme coming up, full gallop, to the attack, finds it already finished, the whole line flat on the earth, only the tall figure of the colonel standing erect! He orders him to do like the rest, not to have himself shot till the time came. His faithful servant cries to him, "Never would I expose myself without need; I am bound to be here, but you, Monseigneur, are bound not. I answer to you for the post; but take yourself out of it, or I give it up." The Prince (Vendôme) then orders him, in the king's name, to come down. "Go to, the king and you: I am at my work; go you and do yours." The good generous Prince yielded. The post was entirely untenable.

'A little afterwards my grandfather had his right arm shattered. He formed a sort of sling for it of his pocket-handkerchief, and kept his place ; for there was a new attack getting ready. The right moment once come, he seizes an axe in his left hand, repeats the same manœuvre as before ; again repulses the enemy, again drives him back over the bridge. But it was here that ill-fortune lay in wait for him. At the very moment while he was recalling and ranging his troop, a bullet struck him in the throat ; cut asunder the tendons, the jugular vein. He sank on the bridge ; the troop broke and fled. M. de Montolieu, Knight of Malta, his relative, was wounded beside him : he tore up his own shirt, and those of several others, to stanch the blood, but fainted himself by his own hurt. An old sergeant named Laprairie, begged the aide-major of the regiment, one Guadin, a Gascon, to help and carry him off the bridge. Guadin refused, saying he was dead. The good Laprairie could only cast a camp-kettle over his colonel's head and then run. The enemy trampled over him in torrents to profit by the disorder ; the cavalry at full speed, close in the rear of the foot. M. de Vendôme, seeing his line broken, the enemy forming on this side the stream, and consequently the bridge lost, exclaimed, "Ah ! Mirabeau *is dead* then ;" a eulogy forever dear and memorable to us.'

How nearly, at this moment, it was all over with the Mirabeaus ; how, but for the cast of an insignificant camp-kettle, there had not only been no Article *Mirabeau* in this Review, but no French Revolution, or a very different one ; and all Europe had found itself in far other latitudes at this hour, any one who has a turn for such things may easily reflect. Nay, without great difficulty, he may reflect farther, that not only the French Revolution and this Article, but all revolutions, articles and achievements whatsoever, the greatest and the smallest, which this world ever beheld, have not once, but often, in their course of genesis, depended on the variest trifles, castings of camp-kettles, turnings of straws ; except only that we do not *see* that course of theirs. So inscrutable is genetic history ; impracticable the theory of causation, and transcends all calculus of man's devising ! Thou thyself, O Reader (who art an achievement of importance), over what hairsbreadth bridges of Accident, through yawning perils, and the man-devouring gulf of Centuries, hast thou got safe hither, —from Adam all the way !

Be this as it can, *Col d'Argent* came alive again, by 'miracle of surgery;' and, holding his head up by means of a silver stock, walked this earth many long days, with respectability, with fiery intrepidity and spleen; did many notable things: among others, produced, in dignified wedlock, Mirabeau the Friend of Men; who again produced Mirabeau the Swallower of Formulas; from which latter, and the wondrous blazing funeral pyre he made for himself, there finally goes forth a light, whereby those old Riquetti destinies, and many a strange old hidden thing, become noticeable.

But perhaps in the whole Riquetti kindred there is not a stranger figure than this very Friend of Men; at whom, in the order of time, we have now arrived. That Riquetti who chained the mountains together, and hung up the star with five rays to sway and bob there, was but a type of him. Strong, tough as the oak-root, and as gnarled and unwedgeable; no fibre of him running straight with the other: a block for Destiny to beat on, for the world to gaze at, with ineffectual wonder! Really a most notable, questionable, hateable, lovable old Marquis. How little, amid such jingling triviality of Literature, *Philosophie* and the pretentious cackle of innumerable Baron Grimms, with their correspondence and self-proclamation, one could fancy that France held in it such a Nature-product as the Friend of Men! Why, there is substance enough in this one Marquis to fit-out whole armies of *Philosophes*, were it properly attenuated. So many poor Thomases perorate and have *éloges*, poor Morellets speculate, Marmontels moralise in rose-pink manner, Diderots become possessed of encyclopedical heads, and lean Carons de Beaumarchais fly abroad on the wings of *Figaros*; and this brave old Marquis has been hid under a bushel! He was a Writer, too; and had talents for it (certain of the talents), such as few Frenchmen have had since the days of Montaigne. It skilled not: he, being unwedgeable, has remained in antiquarian cabinets; the others, splitting-up so readily, are the ware you find on all market-stalls, much prized (say as brimstone Lucifers, 'light-bringers' so-called) by the generality. Such is the world's way. And yet complain not; this rich, un-

wedgeable old Marquis, have we not him too at last, and can keep him all the longer than the Thomases?

The great Mirabeau used to say always that his father had the greater gifts of the two ; which surely is saying something. Not that you can subscribe to it in the full sense, but that in a very wide sense you can. So far as mere speculative head goes, Mirabeau is probably right. Looking at the old Marquis as a speculative thinker and utterer of his thought, and with what rich colouring of originality he gives it forth, you pronounce him to be superior, or even say supreme in his time ; for the genius of him almost rises to the poetic. Do our readers know the German Jean Paul, and his style of thought? Singular to say, the old Marquis has a quality in him resembling afar off that of Paul ; and actually works it out in his French manner, far as the French manner can. Nevertheless intellect is not of the speculative head only ; the great end of intellect surely is, that it make one *see* something : for which latter result the whole man must coöperate. In the old Marquis there dwells withal a crabbedness, stiff cross-grained humour, a latent fury and fuliginosity, very perverting ; which stiff crabbedness, with its pride, obstinacy, affectation, what else is it at bottom but *want* of strength? The real quantity of our insight,—how justly and thoroughly we shall comprehend the nature of a thing, especially of a human thing,—depends on our patience, our fairness, lovingness, what strength soever we have : intellect comes from the whole man, as it is the light that enlightens the whole man. In this true sense, the younger Mirabeau, with that great flashing eyesight of his, that broad, fearless freedom of nature he had, was very clearly the superior man.

At bottom, perhaps, the main definition you could give of old Marquis Mirabeau is, that he was of the Pedant species. Stiff as brass, in all senses ; unsympathising, uncomplying ; of an endless, unfathomable pride, which cloaks but does nowise extinguish an endless vanity and need of shining : stately, euphuistic mannerism enveloping the thought, the morality, the whole being of the man. A solemn, highstalking man ; with such a fund of indignation in him, or of latent indigna-



tion ; of contumacity, irrefragability ;—who (after long experiment) accordingly looks forth on mankind and this world of theirs with some dull-snuffling word of forgiveness, of contemptuous acquittal ; or oftenest with clenched lips (nostrils slightly dilated), in expressive silence. Here is pedantry ; but then pedantry under the most interesting new circumstances ; and withal carried to such a pitch as becomes sublime, one might almost say transcendental. Consider indeed whether Marquis Mirabeau could be a pedant, as your common Scaligers and Scioppiuses are ! His arena is not a closet with Greek manuscripts, but the wide world and Friendship to Humanity. Does not the blood of all the Mirabeaus circulate in his honourable veins ? He too would do somewhat to raise higher that high house ; and yet, alas, it is plain to him that the house is sinking ; that much is sinking. The Mirabeaus, and above all others this Mirabeau, are fallen on evil times. It has not escaped the old Marquis how Nobility is now decayed, nearly ruinous ; based no longer on heroic nobleness of conduct and effort, but on sycophancy, formality, adroitness ; on Parchments, Tailor's trimmings, Prunello and Coach-leather : on which latter basis, unless his whole insight into Heaven's ways with Earth have misled him, no institution in this god-governed world can pretend to continue. Alas, and the priest has now no tongue but for plate-licking ; and the tax-gatherer squeezes ; and the strumpetocracy sits at its ease, in high-cushioned lordliness, under baldachins and cloth-of-gold : till now at last, what with one fiction, what with another (and veridical Nature dishonouring all manner of fictions, and refusing to pay realities for them), it has come so far that the Twenty-five millions, long scarce of knowledge, of virtue, happiness, cash, are now fallen scarce of food to eat ; and do not, with that natural ferocity of theirs which Nature has still left them, feel the disposition to die starved ; and all things are nodding towards chaos, and no man layeth it to heart ! One man exists who might perhaps stay or avert the catastrophe, were he called to the helm : the Marquis Mirabeau. His high, ancient blood, his heroic love of truth, his strength of heart, his loyalty and profound insight (for you cannot

hear him speak without detecting the man of genius), this, with the appalling predicament things have come to, might give him claims. From time to time, at long intervals, such a thought does flit, portentous, through the brain of the Marquis. But ah! in these scandalous days, how shall the proudest of the Mirabeaus fall prostrate before a Pompadour? Can the Friend of Men hoist, with good hope, as his battle-standard, the furbelow of an unmentionable woman? No; not hanging by the apron-strings of such a one will this Mirabeau rise to the premiership; but summoned by France in her day of need, in her day of vision, or else not at all. France does not summon; the *else* goes its road.

Marquis Mirabeau tried Literature too, as we said; and with no inconsiderable talent; nay, with first-rate talents in some sort: but neither did this prosper. His *Ecce signum*, in such era of downfall and all-darkening ruin, was Political Economy; and a certain man, whom he called 'the Master,'—that is, Dr. Quesnay. Round this Master (whom the Marquis succeeded as Master himself) he and some other idolaters did idolatrously gather: to publish books and tracts, periodical literature, proclamation by word and deed,—if so were, the world's dull ear might be opened to salvation. The world's dull ear continued shut. In vain preached this apostle and that other, simultaneously or in Melibœan sequence, in literature, periodical and stationary; in vain preached Marquis Mirabeau in his *Ami des Hommes*, number after number, through long volumes,—though really in a most eloquent manner. Marquis Mirabeau had the undisputablest ideas; but then his style! In very truth, it is the strangest of styles, though one of the richest: a style full of originality, picturesqueness, sunny vigour; but all cased and slated over, three-fold, in metaphor and trope; distracted into tortuosities, dislocations; starting-out into crotchets, cramp turns, quaintnesses, and hidden satire; which the French head had no ear for. Strong meat, too tough for babes! The Friend of Men found warm partisans, widely scattered over this Earth; and had censer-fumes transmitted him from marquises, nay from kings and principalities, over seas and alpine chains of moun-

tains ; whereby the pride and latent indignation of the man were only fostered : but at home, with the million all jiggling each after its suitable scrannel-pipe, he could see himself make no way,—if it were not way towards being a monstrosity, and thing men wanted ‘to see :’ not the right thing ! Neither through the press, then, is there progress towards the premier-ship ? The staggering state of French statesmen must even stagger whither it is bound. A light Public froths itself into tempest about Palissot and his comedy of *Les Philosophes*,—about Gluck-Piccini Music ; neglecting the call of Ruin ; and hard must come to hard. Thou, O Friend of Men, clench thy lips together, and wait ; silent as the old rocks. Our Friend of Men did so, or better ; not wanting to himself, the lion-hearted old Marquis ! For his latent indignation has a certain devoutness in it ; is a kind of holy indignation. The Marquis, though he knows the *Encyclopédie*, has not forgotten the higher Sacred Books, or that there is a God in this world,—very different from the French *Être Suprême*. He even professes, or tries to profess, a kind of diluted Catholicism, in his own way, and thus turn an eye towards heaven : very singular in his attitude here too. Thus it would appear this world is a mad imbroglio, which no Friend of Men can set right : it shall go wrong then, in God’s name ; and the staggering state of all things stagger whither it can. To deep, fearful depths,—not to bottomless ones !

But in the Family Circle ? There surely a man, and friend of men, is supreme ; and, ruling with wise autocracy, may make something of it. Alas, in the family circle it went not better, but worse ! The Mirabeaus had once a talent for choosing wives : had it deserted them in this instance, then, when most needed ? We say not so : we say only that Madame la Marquise had human freewill in her too ; that all the young Mirabeaus were likely to have human freewill, in great plenty : that within doors as without, the Devil is busy. Most unsuccessful is the Marquis as ruler of men : his family kingdom, for the most part, little otherwise than in a state of mutiny. A sceptre as of Rhadamanthus will sway and drill that household into perfection of Harrison Clockwork ; and

cannot do it. The royal ukase goes forth, in its calm, irrefragable justice ; meets hesitation, disobedience open or concealed. Reprimand is followed by remonstrance ; harsh coming thunder mutters, growl answering growl. With unaffectedly astonished eye the Marquis appeals to Destiny and Heaven ; explodes, since he needs must then, in red lightning of paternal authority. How it went, or who by forethought might be to blame, one knows not ; for the *Fils Adoptif*, hemmed-in by still extant relations, is extremely reticent on these points : a certain Dame de Pailly, ‘from Switzerland, very beautiful and very artful,’ glides half-seen through the Mirabeau household (the Marquis’s Orthodoxy, as we said, being but of the diluted kind) : there are eavesdroppers, confidential servants ; there are Pride, Anger, Uncharitableness, Sublime Pedantry, and the Devil always busy. Such a figure as Pailly, of herself, bodes good to no one. Enough, there are Lawsuits, *Lettres de Cachet* ; on all hands, *peine forte et dure*. Lawsuits, long drawn out, before gaping *Parlements*, between man and wife : to the scandal of an unrighteous world ; how much more of a righteous Marquis, minded once to be an example to it ! *Lettres de Cachet*, to the number, as some count, of fifty-four, first and last, for the use of a single Marquis : at times the whole Mirabeau fireside is seen empty, except Pailly and Marquis ; each individual sitting in his separate Strong-house, there to bethink himself. Stiff are your tempers, ye young Mirabeaus ; not stiffer than mine the old one’s ! What pangs it has cost the fond paternal heart to go through all this Brutus duty, the Marquis knows, and Heaven. In a less degree, what pangs it may cost the filial heart to go *under* (or undergo) the same ! The former set of pangs he, aided by Heaven, crushes-down into his soul suppressively, as beseems a man and Mirabeau : the latter set,—are they not self-sought pangs ; medicinal ; which will cease of their own accord, when the unparalleled filial impiety pleases to cease ? For the rest, looking at such a world and such a family, at these prison-houses, mountains of divorce-papers, and the staggering state of French statesmen, a Friend of Men may pretty naturally ask himself, Am not I a strong old Marquis then, whom all this

has not driven into Bedlam,—not into hypochondria, dyspepsia even? The Heavens are bounteous, and make the back equal to the burden.

Out of all which circumstances, and of such struggle against them, there has come forth this Marquis de Mirabeau, shaped (it was the shape *he* could arrive at) into one of the most singular Sublime Pedants that ever stepped the soil of France. Solemn moral rigour, as of some antique Presbyterian Ruling Elder: heavy breath, dull heat, choler and pride as of an old ‘Bozzy of Auchinleck;’ then a high-flown euphuistic courtesy, the airiest mincing ways, suitable to your French Seigneur! How the two divine missions, for both seem to him divine, of Riquetti and Man of Genius or World-schoolmaster, blend themselves; and philosophism, chivalrous euphuism, presbyterian ruling-elderism, all in such strength, have met, to give the world assurance of a man! There never entered the brain of Hogarth, or of rare old Ben, such a piece of Humour (high meeting with low, and laughter with tears) as, in this brave old Riquetti, Nature has presented us ready-made. For withal there is such genius in him; rich depth of character; indestructible cheerfulness and health breaking out, in spite of these divorce-papers, ever and anon,—like strong sunlight in thundery weather. We have heard of the ‘strife of Fate with Free-will’ producing Greek Tragedies, but never heard it till now produce such astonishing comico-tragical French Farces. Blessed old Marquis, — or else accursed! He is there, with his broad bull-brow; with the huge cheek-bones; those deep eyes, glazed as in weariness; the lower visage puckered into a simpering graciousness, which would pass itself off for a kind of smile. What to do with him? Welcome, thou tough old Marquis, with thy better and thy worse! There is stuff in thee (very different from moonshine and formula); and stuff is stuff, were it never so crabbed.

Besides the old Marquis de Mirabeau, there is a Brother the Bailli de Mirabeau: a man who, serving as Knight of Malta, governing in Guadaloupe, fighting and doing hard sea-duty, has sown his wild oats long since; and settled down here, in the old ‘Castle of Mirabeau on its sheer rock’ (for



the Marquis usually lives at Bignon, another estate within reach of Paris), into one of the worthiest quiet uncles and house-friends. It is very beautiful, this mild strength, mild clearness and justice of the brave Bailli, in contrast with his brother's nodosity ; whom he comforts, defends, admonishes, even rebukes ; and on the whole reverences, both as head Riquetti and as World-schoolmaster, beyond all living men. The frank true love of these two brothers is the fairest feature in Mirabeaudom ; indeed the only feature which is always fair. Letters pass continually : in letter and extract we here, from time to time, witness (in these Eight chaotic Volumes) the various personages speak their dialogue, unfold their farce-tragedy. The *Fils Adoptif* admits mankind into this strange household ; though stingily, uncomfortably, and all in darkness, save for his own capricious dark-lantern. Seen or half-seen, it is a stage ; as the whole world is. What with personages, what with destinies, no stranger house-drama was enacting on the Earth at that time.

Under such auspices, which were not yet ripened into events and fatalities, but yet were inevitably ripening towards such, did Gabriel Honoré, at the Mansion of Bignon, between Sens and Nemours, on the 9th day of March, 1749, first see the light. He was the fifth child ; the second male child ; yet born heir, the first having died in the cradle. A magnificent 'enormous' fellow, as the gossips had to admit, almost with terror : the head especially great ; 'two grinders ; in it, already shot!—Rough-hewn truly, yet with bulk, with limbs, vigour bidding fair to do honour to the line. The paternal Marquis, to whom they said, "*N'ayez pas peur*. Don't be frightened," gazed joyful, we can fancy, and not fearful, on this product of his ; the stiff pedant features relaxing into a veritable smile. Smile, O paternal Marquis : the future indeed, 'veils sorrow and joy,' one knows not in what proportion ; but here is a new Riquetti, whom the gods send ; with the rudiments in him, thou wouldst guess, of a very Hercules, fit for Twelve Labours, which surely are themselves the best joys. Look at the oaf, how he sprawls. No stranger

Riquetti ever sprawled under our Sun : it is as if, in this thy man-child, Destiny had swept together all the wildnesses and strengths of the Riquetti lineage, and flung him forth as her finale in that kind. Not without a vocation ! He is the last of the Riquettis ; and shall do work long memorable among mortals.

Truly, looking now into the matter, we might say, in spite of the gossips, that on this whole Planet, in those years, there was hardly born such a man-child as this same, in the 'Mansion-house of Bignon, not far from Paris,' whom they named Gabriel Honoré. Nowhere, we say, came there a stouter or braver into this Earth ; whether they come marching by the legion and the myriad, out of Eternity and Night !—Except, indeed, what is notable enough, one other that arrived some few months later, at the town of Frankfort on the Main, and got christened *Johann Wolfgang Goethe*. Then again, in some ten years more there came another, still liker Gabriel Honoré in his brawny ways. It was into a mean hut that this one came, an infirm hut (which the wind blew down at the time), in the shire of Ayr, in Scotland : him they named *Robert Burns*. These, in that epoch, were the Well-born of the World ; by whom the world's history was to be carried on. Ah, could the well-born of the world be always rightly bred, rightly entreated there, what a world were it ! But it is not so ; it is the reverse of so. And then few, like that Frankfort one, can peaceably vanquish the world, with its black imbroglios ; and shine above it, in serene help to it, like a sun ! The most can but *Titanically* vanquish it, or be vanquished by it : hence, instead of light ( stillest and strongest of things), we have but lightning ; red fire, and oftentimes conflagrations, which are very woful.

Be that as it might, Marquis Mirabeau determined to give his son, and heir of all the Riquettis, such an education as no Riquetti had yet been privileged with. Being a world-school-master (and indeed a *Martinus Scriblerus*, as we here find, more ways than one), this was not strange in him ; but the results were very lamentable. Considering the matter now, at this impartial distance, you are lost in wonder at the good

Marquis ; know not whether to laugh at him, or weep over him ; and on the whole are bound to do both. A more sufficient product of Nature than this ‘enormous Gabriel,’ as we said, need not have been wished for : ‘beating his nurse,’ but then loving her, and loving the whole world ; of large desire, truly, but desire towards *all* things, the highest and the lowest : in other words, a large mass of *life* in him, a large man waiting there ! Does he not rummage (the rough cub, now tenfold rougher by the effect of small-pox) in all places, seeking something to know ; dive down to the most unheard-of recesses for papers to read ? Does he not, spontaneously, give his hat to a peasant-boy whose head-gear was defective ? He writes the most sagacious things, in his fifth year, extempore, at table ; setting forth what ‘*Monsieur Moi, Mr. Me,*’ is bound to do. A rough strong genuine soul, of the frankest open temper ; full of loving fire and strength ; looking out so brisk with his clear hazel eyes, with his brisk sturdy bulk, what might not fair breeding have done for him ! On so many occasions, one feels as if he needed nothing in the world but to be well let alone.

But no ; the scientific paternal hand must interfere, at every turn, to assist Nature : the young lion’s-whelp has to grow up all bestrapped, bemuzzled in the most extraordinary manner : shall wax and unfold himself by theory of education, by square and rule,—going punctual, all the way, like Harrison Clockwork, according to the theoretic program ; or *else*— ! O Marquis, World-schoolmaster, what theory of education is this ? No lion’s-whelp or young Mirabeau will go like clockwork, but far otherwise. ‘He that spareth the rod hateth the child ;’ that on its side is true : and yet Nature, too, is strong : ‘Nature will come running back, though thou expel her with a fork !’ In one point of view there is nothing more Hogarthian comic than this long Peter Peebles’ *ganging plea* of ‘Marquis Mirabeau *versus* Nature and others :’ yet in a deeper point of view it is but too serious. Candid history will say, that whatsoever of worst it was in the power of art to do against this young Gabriel Honoré, was done. Not with unkind intentions ; nay, with intentions which, at least,

began in kindness. How much better was Burns's education (though this too went on under the grimmest pressures), on the wild hill-side, by the brave peasant's hearth, with no theory of education at all, but poverty, toil, tempest and the handles of the plough !

At bottom, the Marquis's wish and purpose was not complex, but simple. That Gabriel Honoré de Riquetti shall become the very same man that Victor de Riquetti is ; perfect as he is perfect : this will satisfy the fond father's heart, and nothing short of this. Better exemplar, truly, were hard to find ; and yet, O Victor de Riquetti, poor Gabriel, on his side, wishes to be Gabriel and not Victor ! Stiffer loving Pedant never had a more elastic loving Pupil. Offences (of mere *elasticity*, mere natural springing-up, for most part) accumulate by addition : Madame Pailly and the confidential servants, on this as on all matters, are busy. The household itself is darkening, the mistress of it gone ; the Lawsuits, and by and by Divorce-Lawsuits have begun. Worse will grow worse, and ever worse, till Rhadamanthus-Scriblerus Marquis de Mirabeau, swaying vainly the sceptre of order, see himself environed by a waste chaos as of Bedlam. Stiff is he ; elastic, and yet still loving, reverent, is his son and pupil. Thus cruelty, and yearnings that must be suppressed ; indignant revolt, and hot tears of penitence, alternate, in the strangest way, between the two ; and for long years our young Alcides has, by Destiny, his own Demon and Juno de Pailly, Labours enough imposed on him.

But, to judge what a task was set this poor paternal Marquis, let us listen to the following successive utterances from him ; which he emits, in letter after letter, mostly into the ear of his brother the good Bailli. Cluck, cluck,—is it not as the sound of an agitated parent-fowl, now in terror now in anger, at the brood it has brought out ?

‘This creature promises to be a very pretty subject.’ ‘Talent in plenty, and cleverness, but more faults still inherent in the substance of him.’ ‘Only just come into life, and the extravasation (*extravasement*) of the thing already visible ! A spirit cross-grained, fantastic, iracund, incompatible, tending towards evil before knowing it, or being

capable of it.' 'A high heart under the jacket of a boy ; it has a strange instinct of pride this creature ; noble withal ; the embryo of a shaggy-headed bully and killcow, that would swallow all the world, and is not twelve years old yet.' 'A type, profoundly inconceivable, of baseness, sheer dull grossness (*platitudo absolute*), and the quality of your dirty, rough-crust ed caterpillar, that will never uncrust itself or fly.' 'An intelligence, a memory, a capacity, that strike you, that astonish, that frighten you.' 'A nothing bedizened with crotchets. May fling dust in the eyes of silly women, but will never be the fourth part of a man, if by good luck he be anything.' 'One whom you may call ill-born, this elder lad of mine ; who bodes, at least hitherto, as if he could become nothing but a madman : almost invincibly maniac, with all the vile qualities of the maternal stock over and above. As he has a great many masters, and all, from the confessor to the comrade, are so many reporters for me, I see the nature of the beast, and don't think we shall ever do any good with him.'

In a word, offences (of elasticity or expansivity) have accumulated to such height, in the lad's fifteenth year, that there is a determination taken, on the part of Rhadamanthus-Scriblerus, to pack him out of doors, one way or the other. After various plannings, the plan of one Abbé Choquenard's Boarding-school is fallen upon : the rebellious Expansive shall to Paris ; there, under ferula and short-commons, contract himself and consider. Farther, as the name Mirabeau is honourable and right honourable, he shall not have the honour of it ; never again, but be called *Pierre Buffière*, till his ways decidedly alter. This *Pierre Buffière* was the name of an estate of his mother's in the Limousin : sad fuel of those smoking lawsuits which at length blazed out as divorce lawsuits. Wearing this melancholy nickname of Peter Buffière, as a perpetual badge, had poor Gabriel Honoré to go about for a number of years ; like a misbehaved soldier with his eyebrows shaven off ; alas, only a fifteen-years recruit yet, too young for that !

Nevertheless, named or shorn of his name, Peter or Gabriel, the youth himself was still there. At Choquenard's Boarding-school, as always afterwards in life, he carries with him, he unfolds and employs, the qualities which Nature gave, which no shearing or shaving of art and mistreatment could take away.



The *Fils Adoptif* gives a grand list of studies followed, acquisitions made : ancient languages (‘ and we have a thousand proofs of his indefatigable tenacity in this respect ’) : modern languages, English, Italian, German, Spanish ; then ‘ passionate study of mathematics ; ’ design, pictorial and geometrical ; music, so as to read it at sight, nay to compose in it ; singing, to a high degree ; ‘ equitation, fencing, dancing, swimming and tennis : ’ if only the half of which were true, can we say that Pierre Buffière spent his time ill ? What is more precisely certain, the disgraced Buffière worked his way very soon into the good affections of all and sundry, in this House of Discipline, who came in contact with him ; schoolfellows, teachers, the Abbé Choquenard himself. For, said the paternal Marquis, he has the tongue of the Old Serpent ! In fact, it is very notable how poor Buffière, Comte de Mirabeau, revolutionary King Riquetti, or whatever else they might call him, let him come, under what discommendation he might, into any circle of men, was sure to make them his erelong. To the last, no man could look into him with his own eyes, and continue to hate him. He could talk men *over*, then ? Yes, O Reader : and he could *act* men *over* : for, at bottom, that was it. The large open soul of the man, purposing deliberately no paltry, unkindly or dishonest thing towards any creature, was felt to be withal a *brother's* soul. Defaced by black drossy obscurations very many ; but yet shining out, lustrous, warm ; in its troublous effulgence, great ! That a man be loved the better by men the nearer they come to him : is not this the fact of all facts ? To know what extent of prudential diplomacy (good, indifferent and even bad) a man has, ask public opinion, journalistic rumour, or at most the persons he dines with : to know what of real worth is in him, ask infinitely deeper and farther ; ask, first of all, those who have tried by experiment ; who, were they the foolishest people, can answer pertinently here if anywhere. ‘ Those at a distance esteem of me a little worse than I ; those near at hand a little better than I : ’ so said the good Sir Thomas Browne ; so will all men say who have much to say on that.

The Choquenard Military Boarding-school having, if not

fulfilled its function, yet ceased to be a house of penance, and failed of its function, Marquis Mirabeau determined to try the Army. Nay, it would seem, the wicked mother has been privily sending him money; which he, the traitor, has accepted! To the army therefore. And so Pierre Buffière has a basnet on his big head; the shaggy pock-pitted visage looks martially from under horsehair and clear metal; he dresses rank, with tight bridle-hand and drawn falchion, in the town of Saintes, as a bold volunteer dragoon. His age was but eighteen as yet, and some months.

The people of Saintes grew to like him amazingly; would even 'have lent him money to any extent.' His Colonel, one De Lambert, proved to be a martinet, of sharp sour temper: the shaggy visage of Buffière, radiant through its seaminess with several things, had not altogether the happiness to content him. Furthermore there was an *Archer* (Bailiff) at Saintes, who had a daughter: she, foolish minx, liked the Buffière visage *better* even than the Colonel's! For one can fancy what a pleader Buffière was, in this great cause; with the tongue of the Old Serpent. It was his first *amourette*; plainly triumphant: the beginning of a quite unheard-of career in that kind. The aggrieved Colonel emitted 'satires' through the mess-rooms; this bold volunteer dragoon was not the man to give him worse than he brought: matters fell into a very unsatisfactory state between them. To crown the whole, Buffière went one evening (contrary to wont, now and always) to the gaming-table, and lost four *louis*. Insubordination, gambling, Archer's daughter! Rhadamanthus thunders from Bignon: Buffière doffs his basnet, flies covertly to Paris. Negotiation there now was; confidential spy to Saintes; correspondence, fulmination; Dupont de Nemours as daysman between a Colonel and a Marquis, both in high wrath,—Buffière to pay the piper! Confidential spy takes evidence; the whole atrocity comes to light: what wilt thou do, O Marquis, with this devil's child of thine? Send him to Surinam; let the Tropical heats and rains tame the hot liver of him!—so whispered paternal Brutus'-justice and Dame Pailly; but milder thoughts prevailed. *Lettre de Cachet* and

the Isle of Rhé shall be tried first. Thither fares poor Buffière; not with Archer's daughters, but with Archers; amid the dull rustle and autumnal brown of the falling leaves of 1768, his nineteenth autumn. It is his second Hercules' Labour; the Choquenard Boarding-house was the first. Bemoaned by the loud Atlantic he shall sit there, in winter season, under ward of a Bailli d'Aulan, governor of the place, and said to be a very Cerberus.

At Rhé the old game is played: in few weeks, the Cerberus Bailli is Buffière's; baying, out of all his throats, in Buffière's behalf! What 'sorcery' is this that the rebellious prodigy has in him, O Marquis? Hypocrisy, cozenage, which no governor of strong places can resist? Nothing short of the hot swamps of Surinam will hold him quiet, then? Happily there is fighting in Corsica; Paoli fighting on his last legs there; and Baron de Vaux wants fresh troops against him. Buffière, though he likes not the cause, will go thither gladly; and fight his very best: how happy if, by any fighting, he can conquer back his baptismal name, and some gleam of paternal tolerance! After much soliciting, his prayer is acceded to: Buffière, with the rank now of 'Sub-lieutenant of Foot, in the Legion of Lorraine,' gets across the country to Toulon, in the month of April; and enters 'on the plain which furrows itself 'without plough' (euphuistic for *ocean*): 'God grant he may 'not have to row there one day,'—in red cap, as convict galley-slave! Such is the paternal benediction and prayer; which was realised. Nay, Buffière, it would seem, before quitting Rochelle, indeed 'hardly yet two hours out of the fortress of Rhé,' had fallen into a new atrocity,—his first duel; a certain quondam messmate (discharged for swindling) having claimed acquaintance with him on the streets; which claim Buffière saw good to refuse; and even to resist, when demanded at the sword's point! The 'Corsican Buccaneer, *flibustier Corse*,' that he is!

The Corsican Buccaneer did, as usual, a giant's or two giants' work in Corsica; fighting, writing, loving; 'eight hours a-day of study;' and gained golden opinions from all manner of men and women. It was his own notion that Na-

ture had meant him for a soldier ; he felt so equable and at home in that business,—the wreck of discordant death-tumult, and roar of cannon, serving as a fine regulatory marching-music for him. Doubtless Nature meant him for a Man of Action ; as she means all great souls that have a strong body to dwell in : but Nature will adjust herself to much. In the course of twelve months, in May, 1770, Buffière gets back to Toulon ; with much manuscript in his pocket ; his head full of military and all other lore, ‘like a library turned topsyturvy ;’ his character much risen, as we said, with every one. The brave Bailli Mirabeau, though almost against principle, cannot refuse to see a chief nephew, as he passes so near the old Castle on the Durance : the good uncle is charmed with him ; finds, ‘under features terribly seamed and altered from what they were,’ bodily and mentally all that is royal and strong, nay ‘an expression of something refined, something gracious ;’ declares him, after several days of incessant talk, to be the best fellow on earth if well dealt with, ‘who will shape into statesman, generalissimo, pope, what thou pleasest to desire !’ Or, shall we give poor Buffière’s testimonial in mess-room dialect ; in its native twanging vociferosity, and garnished with old oaths,—which, alas, have become for us almost old prayers now,—the vociferous Moustachio-figures whom they twanged through, having all vanished so long since : “*Morbleu, Monsieur l’Abbé ; c’est un garçon diablement vif ; mais c’est un bon garçon, qui a de l’esprit comme trois cent mille diables ; et parbleu, un homme très brave.*”

Moved by all manner of testimonials and entreaties from uncle and family, the rigid Marquis consents, not without difficulty, to see this anomalous Peter Buffière of his ; and then, after solemn deliberation, even to un-Peter him, and give him back his name. It was in September that they met ; at Aiguesperse, in the Limousin near the *lands* of *Pierre Buffière*. Soft ruth comes stealing through the Rhadamanthine heart ; tremblings of faint hope even, which, however, must veil itself in austerity and rigidity. The Marquis writes : ‘I perorate him very much ;’ observe ‘my man, ‘how he droops his nose, and looks fixedly, a sign that he is

‘reflecting ; or whirls away his head, hiding a tear : serious, ‘now mild, now severe, we give it him alternately ; it is thus ‘I manage the mouth of this fiery animal.’ Had he but read the *Ephémérides*, the *Economiques*, the *Précis des Elémens* (‘the most laboured book I have done, though I wrote it in such health’) ; had he but got grounded in my Political Economy ! Which, however, he does not take to with any heart. On the contrary, he unhappily finds it hollow, pragmatical, a barren jingle of formulas ; pedantic even ; unnutritive as the east wind. Blasphemous words ; which (or the like of them) any eavesdropper has but to report to ‘the Master !’—And yet, after all, is it not a brave Gabriel this rough-built young Hercules ; and has finished handsomely his Second Labour ? The head of the fellow is ‘a wind-mill and fire-mill of ideas.’ The War-office makes him captain, and he is passionate for following soldiership : but then, unluckily, your Alexander needs such tools ; a whole world for workshop ! ‘Where are the armies and herring-shoals of men to come from ? Does he think I have money,’ snuffles the old Marquis, ‘to get him up battles like Harlequin and Scaramouch ?’ The fool ! he shall settle down into rurality ; first, however, though it is a risk, see a little of Paris.

At Paris, through winter, the brave Gabriel carries all before him ; shines in saloons, in the Versailles *Œil-de-Bœuf* ; dines with your Duke of Orleans (young Chartres, not yet become *Egalité*, hob-nobbing with him) ; dines with your Guéménés, Broglies, and mere *Grandeurs* ; and is invited to hunt. Even the old women are charmed with him, and rustle in their satins : such a light has not risen in the *Œil-de-Bœuf* for some while. Grant, O Marquis, that there are worse sad-dogs than this. The Marquis grants partially ; and yet, and yet ! Few things are notabler than these successive surveys by the old Marquis, critically scanning his yount count :

‘I am on my guard ; remembering how vivacity of head may deceive you as to a character of morass (*de tourbe*) : but, all considered, one must give him store of exercise ; what the devil else to do with such exuberance, intellectual and sanguineous ? I know no woman



but the Empress of Russia with whom this man were good to marry yet.' 'Hard to find a dog (*drôle*) that had more talent and action in the head of him than this; he would reduce the devil to terms.' 'Thy nephew Whirlwind (*l'Ouragan*) assists me; yesterday the valet Luce, who is a sort of privileged simpleton, said pleasantly, "Confess, M. le Comte, a man's body is very unhappy to carry a head like that." 'The terrible gift of familiarity (as Pope Gregory called it)! He turns the great people here round his finger.' — Or again, though all this is some years afterwards: 'They have never done telling me that he is easy to set a-rearing; that you cannot speak to him reproachfully but his eyes, his lips, his colour testify that all is *giving way*; on the other hand, the smallest word of tenderness will make him burst into tears, and he would fling himself into the fire for you.' 'I pass my life in cramming him (*à le bourrer*) with principles, with all that I know; for this man, ever the same as to his fundamental properties, has done nothing by these long and solid studies but augment the rubbish-heap in his head, which is a library turned topsy-turvy; and then his talent for dazzling by superficials, for he has *swallowed all formulas*, and cannot substantiate anything.' 'A wicker-basket, that lets all through; disorder born; credulous as a nurse; indiscreet; a liar' (kind of white liar), 'by exaggeration, affirmation, effrontery, without need, and merely to tell histories; a confidence that dazzles you on everything; cleverness and talent without limit. For the rest, the vices have infinitely less root in him than the virtues; all is facility, impetuosity, ineffectuality (not for want of fire, but of plan); wrong-spun, ravelled (*défaulfilé*) in character: a mind that meditates in the vague, and builds of soap-bells.' 'Spite of the bitter ugliness, the intercadent step, the trenchant breathless blown-up precipitation, and the look, or, to say better, the atrocious eyebrow of this man when he listens and reflects, something told me that it was all but a scarecrow of old cloth, this ferocious outward garniture of his; that, at bottom, here was perhaps the man in all France least capable of deliberate wickedness.' 'Pie and jay by instinct.' Wholly reflex and reverberance (*tout de reflet et de réverbère*); drawn to the right by his heart, to the left by his head, which he carries four paces from him.' 'May become the Coryphæus of the Time.' 'A blinkard (*myope*) precipitancy, born with him, which makes him take the quagmire for firm earth—'

—Cluck, cluck,—in the name of all the gods, what prodigy is this I have hatched? Web-footed, broad-billed; which will run and drown itself, if Mercy and the parent-fowl prevent not!

How inexpressibly true, meanwhile, is this that the old Marquis says: 'He has swallowed all formulas (*il a humé*

*toutes les formules*),’ and made away with them! Formulas, indeed, if we think of it, Formulas and Gabriel Honoré had been, and were to be, at death-feud from first to last. What formula of this formalised (established) world had been a kind one to Gabriel? His soul could find no shelter in them, they were unbelievable; his body no solacement, they were tyrannical, unfair. If there were not pabulum and substance beyond formulas, and in spite of them, then woe to him! To this man formulas would yield no existence or habitation, if it were not in the Isle of Rhé and such places; but threatened to choke the life out of him: either formulas or he must go to the wall; and so, after a tough fight, *they*, as it proves, will go. So cunningly thrifty is Destiny; and is quietly shaping her tools for the work they are to do, whilst she seems but spoiling and breaking them! For, consider, O Marquis, whether France herself will not, by and by, have to swallow a formula or two? This sight thou lookest on from the baths of Mount d’Or, does it not bode something of that kind? A summer day in the year 1777:

‘O Madame! the narrations I would give you, if I had not a score of letters to answer, on dull sad business! I would paint to you the votive feast of this town, which took place on the 14th. The savages descending in torrents from the Mountains,—our people ordered not to stir out. The curate with surplice and stole; public justice in periwig; *maré-choussée*, sabre in hand, guarding the place, before the bagpipes were permitted to begin. The dance interrupted, a quarter of an hour after, by battle; the cries and fierce hissings of the children, of the infirm, and other onlookers, ogling it, tarring it on, as the mob does when dogs fight. Frightful men, or rather wild creatures of the forest, in coarse woollen jupes, and broad girths of leather studded with copper nails; of gigantic stature, heightened by the high sabots; rising still higher on tip-toe, to look at the battle; beating time to it; rubbing their sides with their elbows: their face haggard, covered with their long greasy hair; top of the visage waxing pale, bottom of it twisting itself into the rudiments of a cruel laugh, a ferocious impatience.—And these people pay the *taille*! And you want to take from them their salt too! And you know not what you strip bare, or, as you call it, govern; what, with the heedless, cowardly squirt of your pen, you will think you can continue stripping with impunity forever, till the Catastrophe come! Such sights recall deep thoughts to one. “Poor Jean-Jacques!” I said to

myself: "they that sent thee, and thy System, to copy music among such a People as these same, have confuted thy System but ill!" But, on the other hand, these thoughts were consolatory for a man who has all his life preached the necessity of solacing the poor, of universal instruction; who has tried to show what such instruction and such solacement ought to be, if it would form a barrier (the sole possible barrier) between oppression and revolt; the sole but the infallible treaty of peace between the high and the low! Ah, Madame! this government by blindman's-buff, stumbling along too far, will end by the GENERAL OVERTURN.'

Prophetic Marquis!—Might other nations listen to thee better than France did: for it concerns them *all*! But now is it not curious to think how the whole world might have gone so differently, but for this very prophet? Had the young Mirabeau had a father as other men have; or even no father at all! Consider him, in that case, rising by natural gradation, by the rank, the opportunity, the irrepressible buoyant faculties he had, step after step, to official place,—to the chief official place; as in a time when Turgots, Neckers, and men of ability, were grown indispensable, he was sure to have done. By natural witchery he bewitches Marie Antoinette; her most of all, with her quick susceptible instincts, her quick sense for whatever was great and noble, her quick hatred for whatever was but pedantic, Neckerish, Fayetteish, and pretending to be great. King Louis is a nullity; happily then reduced to be one: there would then have been at the summit of France the one French Man who could have grappled with that great Question; who, yielding and refusing, managing, guiding, and, in short, *seeing* and daring what was to be done, had perhaps saved France her Revolution; remaking her by peaceabler methods! But to the Supreme Powers it seemed not so. Once after a thousand years all nations were to see the great Conflagration and Self-combustion of a Nation,—and learn from it if they could. And now, for a Swallower of Formulas, was there a better schoolmaster in the world than this very Friend of Men; a better education conceivable than this which Alcides-Mirabeau had? Trust in Heaven, good reader, for the fate of nations, for the fall of a sparrow.

Gabriel Honoré has acquitted himself so well in Paris, turning the great people round his thumb, with that '*fond gaillard*, basis of gaiety,' with that '*terrible don de la familiarité*;' with those ways he has. Neither, in the quite opposite Man-of-business department, when summer comes and rurality with it, is he found wanting. In the summer of the year, the old Friend of Men despatches him to the Limousin, to his own estate of Pierre-Buffière, or his wife's own estate (under the law-balance about this time), to see whether anything can be done for men there. Much is to be done there; the Peasants, short of all things, even of victuals, here as everywhere, wear 'a settled *souffre-douleur* (pain-stricken) 'look, as if they reckoned that the pillage of men was an inevitable ordinance of Heaven, to be put up with like the 'wind and the hail.' Here in the solitude of the Limousin, Gabriel is still Gabriel: he rides, he writes and runs; eats out of the poor people's pots; speaks to them, redresses them; institutes a court of Villager '*prudhommes*, good men and true,'—once more carries all before him. Confess, O Rhadamanthine Marquis, we say again, that there are worse sad-dogs than this! 'He is,' confesses the Marquis, 'the Demon of the Impossible, *le démon de la chose impossible*.'<sup>1</sup> Most true this also: *impossible* is a word not in his dictionary. Thus the same Gabriel Honoré, long afterwards (as Dumont will witness), orders his secretary to do some miracle or other, miraculous within the time. The secretary answers, "Monsieur, it is impossible." "Impossible?" answers Gabriel: "*Ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot*, Never name to me that blockhead of a word!" Really, one would say, a good fellow, were he well dealt with,—though still broad-billed, and with latent tendencies to take the water. The following otherwise insignificant Letter, addressed to the Bailli, seems to us worth copying. Is not his young Lordship, if still in the dandy-state and style-of-mockery, very handsome in it; standing there in the snow? It is of date December 1771, and far onwards on the road towards Mirabeau Castle:

<sup>1</sup> See La Fontaine: *Contes*, l. iv. c. 15.

' *Fracti bello satisque repulsi ductores Danaum* : here, dear uncle, is a beginning in good Latin, which means that I am broken with fatigue, not having, this whole week, slept more than sentinels do ; and sounding, at the same time, with the wheels of my vehicle, most of the ruts and jolts that lie between Paris and Marseilles. Ruts deep and numerous. Moreover, my axle broke between Mucreau, Romané, Chambertin and Beaune ; the centre of four wine districts : what a geographical point, if I had had the wit to be a drunkard ! The mischief happened towards five in the evening ; my lackey had gone on before. There fell nothing at the time but melted snow ; happily it afterwards took some consistency. The neighbourhood of Beaune made me hope to find genius in the natives of the country : I had need of good counsel ; the devil counselled me at first to swear, but that whim passed, and I fell by preference into the temptation of laughing ; for a holy priest came jogging up, wrapt to the chin ; against the blessed visage of whom the sleet was beating, which made him cut so singular a face, that I think this was the thing drove me from swearing. The holy man inquired, seeing my chaise on its beam-ends, and one of the wheels wanting, whether anything had befallen ? I answered, "there was nothing falling here but snow." "Ah," said he, ingeniously, "it is your chaise, then, that is broken." I admired the sagacity of the man, and begged him to double his pace, with his horse's permission (who was also making a pleasant expression of countenance, as the snow beat on his nose) ; and to be so good as give notice at Chaigny that I was there. He assured me he would tell it to the postmistress herself, she being his cousin ; that she was a very amiable woman, married three years ago to one of the honestest men of the place, nephew to the king's procureur at ——— : in fine, after giving me all the outs and ins of himself, the curate, of his cousin, his cousin's husband, and I know not whom more, he was pleased to give the spurs to his horse, which thereupon gave a grunt, and went on. I forgot to tell you that I had sent the postilion off to Mucreau, which he knew the road to, for he went thither daily, he said, to have a glass ; a thing I could well believe, or even two glasses. The man was but tipsified when he went ; happily, when he returned, which was very late, he was drunk. I walked sentry : several Beaune men passed, all of whom asked me, if anything had befallen ? I answered one of them, that it was an experiment ; that I had been sent from Paris to see whether a chaise would run with one wheel ; mine had come so far, but I was going to write that two wheels were preferable. At this moment my worthy friend struck his shin against the other wheel ; clapped his hand on the hurt place ; swore, as I had near done ; and then said, smiling, "Ah, Monsieur, there is the other wheel !" "The devil there is !" said I, as if astonished. Another, after examining long, with a very capable air, informed me, "*Mau foi, Monsieur ! it is your essi*" (meaning *essieu*, or, axle) "that is broken."



Mirabeau's errand to Provence, in this winter-season, was several-fold. To look after the Mirabeau estates ; to domesticate himself among his people and peers in that region ;—perhaps to choose a wife. Lately, as we saw, the old Marquis could think of none suitable, if it were not the Empress Catherine. But Gabriel has ripened astonishingly since that, under this sunshine of paternal favour,—the first gleam of such weather he has ever had. Short of the Empress, it were very well to marry, the Marquis now thinks, provided your bride had money. A bride, not with money, yet with connexions, expectations, is found ; and by stormy eloquence (Marquis seconding) is carried : woe worth the hour ! Her portrait, by the seconding Marquis himself, is not very captivating : ‘ Marie-Emilie de Covet, only daughter of the Marquis de Marignane, in her eighteenth year then ; she had a ‘very ordinary face, even a vulgar one at the first glance ; ‘brown, nay almost tawny (*mauricaud*) ; fine eyes, fine hair ; ‘teeth not good, but a prettyish continual smile ; figure small, ‘but agreeable, though leaning a little to one side ; showed ‘great sprightliness of mind, ingenuous, adroit, delicate, ‘lively, sportful ; one of the most essentially pretty characters.’ This brown, almost tawny little woman, much of a fool too, Mirabeau gets to wife, on the 22d of June 1772. With her, and with a pension of 3,000 francs from his father-in-law, and one of 6,000 from his own father (say 500*l.* in all), and rich expectancies, he shall sit down, in the bottom of Provence, by his own hired hearth, in the town of Aix, and bless Heaven.

Candour will admit that this young Alexander, just beginning his twenty-fourth year, might grumble a little, seeing only one such world to conquer. However, he had his books, he had his hopes ; health, faculty ; a Universe (whereof even the town of Aix formed part) all rich with fruit and forbidden-fruit round him ; the unspeakable ‘seed-field of Time’ wherein to sow : he said to himself, Go to, I will be wise. And yet human nature is frail. One can judge too, whether the old Marquis, now coming into decided lawsuit with his wife, was of a humour to forgive peccadilloes. The terrible,

hoarsely calm, Rhadamanthine way in which he expresses himself on this matter of the lawsuit to his brother, and enjoins silence from all mortals but him, might affect weak nerves; wherefore, contrary to purpose, we omit it. O just Marquis! In fact, the Requetti household, at this time, can do little for frail human nature; except, perhaps, make it fall faster. The Requetti household is getting scattered; not always led asunder, but driven and hurled asunder: the tornado times for it have begun. One daughter is Madame du Saillant (still living), a judicious sister: another is Madame de Cabris, not so judicious; for, indeed, her husband has lawsuits,—owing to ‘defamatory couplets’ proceeding from him; she gets ‘insulted on the public promenade of Grasse,’ by a certain Baron de Villeneuve-Moans, whom some defamatory couplet had touched upon;—all the parties in the business being fools. Nay, poor woman, she by and by, we find, takes up with preternuptial persons; with a certain Brianson in epaulettes, described candidly, by the *Fils Adoptif*, as ‘a man who’—is not fit to be described.

A young heir-apparent of all the Mirabeaus is required to make some figure; especially in marrying himself. The present young heir-apparent has nothing to make a figure with but bare five-hundred a-year, and very considerable debts. Old Mirabeau is hard as the Mosaic rock, and no wand proves miraculous on him; for *trousseaus*, *cadeaus*, foot-washings, festivities and house-heatings, he does simply not yield one sou. The heir must himself yield them. He does so, and handsomely: but, alas, the five-hundred a-year, and very considerable debts? Quit Aix and dinner-giving; retire to the old Château in the gorge of two valleys! Devised and done. But now, a young Wife used to the delicacies of life, ought she not to have some suite of rooms done-up for her? Upholsterers hammer and furbish; with effect; not without bills. Then the very considerable Jew-debts! Poor Mirabeau sees nothing for it, but to run to the father-in-law with tears in his eyes; and conjure him to make those ‘rich expectations’ in some measure fruitions. Forty-thousand francs; to such length will the father-in-law, moved by these tears, by this

fire-eloquence, table ready-money ; provided old Marquis Mirabeau, who has some provisional reversionary interest in the thing, will grant quittance. Old Marquis Mirabeau, written to in the most impassioned persuasive manner, answers by a letter, of the sort they call *Sealed Letter* (*Lettre de Cachet*), ordering the impassioned Persuasive, under his Majesty's hand and seal, to bundle into Coventry as we should say, into Manosque as the Sealed Letter says !—Farewell, thou old Château, with thy upholstered rooms, on thy sheer rock, by the angry-flowing Durance ; welcome, thou miserable little borough of Manosque, since hither Fate drives us ! In Manosque, too, a man can live, and read ; can write an *Essai sur le Despotisme* (and have it printed in Switzerland, 1774) ; full of fire and rough vigour, and still worth reading.

The *Essay on Despotism*, with so little of the *Ephémérides* and Quesnay in it, could find but a hard critic in the old Marquis ; snuffling-out something (one fancies) about ‘Reflex and reverberance ;’ formulas getting swallowed ; rash hair-brain treating matters that require age and gravity ;—however, let it pass. Unhappily there came other offences. A certain gawk, named Chevalier de Gassaud, accustomed to visit in the house at Manosque, sees good to commence a kind of theoretic flirtation with the little brown Wife, which she theoretically sees good to return. Billet meets billet, glance follows glance, *crescendo allegro* ;—till the Husband opens his lips, volcano-like, with a proposal to kick Chevalier de Gassaud out of doors. Chevalier de Gassaud goes un-kicked, but not without some explosion or *éclat* : there is like to be a duel ; only that Gassaud, knowing what a sword this Riquetti wears, will not fight ; and his father has to plead and beg. Generous Count, kill not my poor son : alas, already this most lamentable explosion itself has broken-off the finest marriage-settlement, and now the family will not hear of him ! The generous Count, so pleaded with, not only flings the duel to the winds, but gallops off, forgetful of the *Lettre de Cachet*, half desperate, to plead with the marriage-family ; to preach with them, and pray, till they have taken poor Gassaud into favour again. Prosperous in this, for nothing can resist such plead-

ing, he may now ride home more leisurely, with the consciousness of a right action for once.

As we hint, this ride of his lies beyond the limits fixed in the royal Sealed Letter ; but no one surely will mind it, no one will report it. A beautiful summer evening : O poor Gabriel, it is the last peaceably prosperous ride thou shalt have for long,—perhaps almost ever in the world ! For lo ! who is this that comes curricling through the level yellow sunlight ; like one of Respectability, keeping his gig ? By Day and Night ! it is that base Baron de Villeneuve-Moans, who insulted Sister Cabris in the promenade of Grasse ! Human nature, without time for reflection, is liable to err. The swift-rolling gig is already in contact with one, the horse rearing against your horse ; and you dismount, almost without knowing. Satisfaction which gentlemen expect, Monsieur ! No ? Do I hear rightly No ? In that case, Monsieur—And this wild Gabriel (*horresco referens* !) clutches the respectable Villeneuve-Moans ; and horsewhips him there, not emblematically only, but practically, on the king's highway : seen of some peasants ! Here is a message for Rumour to blow abroad.

Rumour blows,—to Paris as elsewhere : for answer, on the 26th of June, 1774, there arrives a fresh Sealed Letter of more emphasis ; there arrive with it grim catchpoles and their chaise : the Swallower of Formulas, snatched away from his wife, from his child then dying, from his last shadow of a home, even an exiled home, is trundling towards Marseilles ; towards the Castle of If, which frowns-out among the waters in the roadstead there ! Girt with the blue Mediterranean ; within iron stanchions ; cut-off from pen, paper and friends, and men, except the Cerberus of the place, who is charged to be very sharp with him, there shall he sit : such virtue is in a Sealed Letter ; so has the grim old Marquis ordered it. Our gleam of sunshine, then, is darkening miserably down ? Down, O thou poor Mirabeau, to thick midnight ! Surely Formulas are all-too cruel on thee : thou art getting really into war with Formulas (terriblest of wars) ; and thou, by God's help and the Devil's, wilt make away with them,—in the ter-

riblemest manner! From this hour, we say, thick and thicker darkness settles round poor Gabriel; his life-path growing ever painfuller; alas, growing ever more devious, beset by *ignes fatui*, and lights not of Heaven. Such Alcides' Labours have seldom been allotted to any man.

Check thy hot frenzy, thy hot tears, poor Mirabeau; adjust thyself as it may be; for there is no help. Autumn becomes loud winter, revives into gentle spring: the waves beat round the Castle of If, at the mouth of Marseilles harbour; girdling in the unhappiest man. No, not the unhappiest: poor Gabriel has such a '*fond gaillard*, basis of joy and gaiety;' there is a deep fiery life in him, which no blackness of destiny can quench. The Cerberus of If, M. Dallègre, relents, as all Cerberuses do with him; gives paper, gives sympathy and counsel. Nay letters have already been introduced; 'buttoned in some scoundrel's gaiters,' the old Marquis says! On Sister du Saillant's kind letter there fall 'tears;' nevertheless you do not always weep. You do better; write a brave *Col-d'Argent's* Memoirs (quoted-from above); occupy yourself with projects and efforts. Sometimes, alas, you do worse, though in the other direction,—where Canteen-keepers have pretty wives! A mere peccadillo this of the frail fair *Cantinière* (according to the *Fils Adoptif*); of which too much was made at the time.—Nor are juster consolations wanting; sisters and brothers bidding you be of hope. Our readers have heard Count Mirabeau designated as 'the elder of my lads:' what if we now exhibited the younger for one moment? The Maltese Chevalier de Mirabeau, a rough son of the sea in those days: he also is a sad dog, but has the advantage of not being the elder. He has started from Malta, from a sick-bed, and got hither to Marseilles, in the dead of winter; the link of Nature drawing him, shaggy sea-monster as he is.

'It was a rough wind; none of the boatmen would leave the quay with me: I induced two of them, more by bullyings than by money; for thou knowest I have no money, and am well furnished, thank God, with the gift of speaking or stuttering. I reach the Castle of If: gates closed; and the Lieutenant, as M. Dallègre was not there, tells me quite sweetly that I must return as I came. "Not, if you please, till I



have seen Gabriel." "It is not allowed."—"I will write to him." "Not that either."—"Then I will wait for M. Dallègre." "Just so; but for four-and-twenty hours, not more." Whereupon I take my resolution; I go to La Mouret' (the Canteen-keeper's pretty wife); 'we agree that so soon as the tattoo is beat, I shall see this poor devil. I get to him, in fact; not like a *paladin*, but like a pickpocket or a gallant, which thou wilt; and we unbosom ourselves. They had been afraid that he would heat my head to the temperature of his own: Sister Cabris, they do him little justice; I can assure thee that while he was telling me his story, and when my rage broke out in these words: "Though still weakly, I have two arms, strong enough to break M. Villeneuve-Moans's, or his cowardly persecuting brother's at least," he said to me, "*Mon ami*, thou wilt ruin us both." And, I confess, this consideration alone, perhaps, hindered the execution of a project, which could not have profited, which nothing but the fermentation of a head such as mine could excuse.'

Reader, this tarry young Maltese Chevalier is the Vicomte de Mirabeau, or Younger Mirabeau; whom all men heard of in the Revolution time,—oftenest by the more familiar name of *Mirabeau-Tonneau*, or Barrel Mirabeau, from his bulk, and the quantity of drink he usually held. It is the same Barrel Mirabeau who, in the States-General, broke his sword because the Noblesse gave in, and chivalry was now ended; for in politics he was directly the opposite of his elder brother; and spoke considerably as a public man, making men laugh (for he was a wild surly fellow, with much wit in him and much liquor);—then went indignantly across the Rhine, and drilled Emigrant Regiments: but as he sat one morning in his tent, sour of stomach doubtless and of heart, meditating in Tartarean humour on the turn things took, a certain captain or subaltern demands admittance on business; is refused; again demands, and then again, till the Colonel Viscount Barrel Mirabeau, blazing-up into a mere burning brandy-barrel, clutches his sword, and tumbles-out on this *canaille* of an intruder,—alas, on the *canaille* of an intruder's sword-point (who drew with swift dexterity), and dies, and it is all done with him! That was the fifth act of Barrel Mirabeau's life-tragedy, unlike, and yet like, this first act in the

Castle of If ; and so the curtain fell, the Newspapers calling it 'apoplexy' and 'alarming accident.'

Brother and Sisters, the little brown Wife, the Cerberus of If, all solicit for a penitent unfortunate sinner. The old Marquis's ear is deaf as that of Destiny. Solely by way of variation, not of alleviation, the rather as the If Cerberus too has been bewitched, he has this sinner removed, in May next, after some nine-months space, to the Castle of Joux ; an 'old owl's nest, with a few invalids,' among the Jura Mountains. Instead of melancholy main, let him now try the melancholy granites (still capped with snow at this season), with their mists and owlets ; and on the whole adjust himself as if for permanence or continuance there ; on a pension of 1,200 francs, fifty pounds a-year, since he could not do with five-hundred ! Poor Mirabeau ;—and poor Mirabeau's Wife ? Reader, the foolish little brown woman tires of soliciting : her child being buried, her husband buried alive, and her little brown self being still above ground and under twenty, she takes to recreation, theoretic flirtation ; ceases soliciting, begins successful forgetting. The marriage, cut asunder that day the catchpole chaise drew-up at Manosque, will never come together again, in spite of efforts ; but flow onwards in two separate streams, to lose itself in the frightfullest sand-deserts. Husband and wife never more saw each other with eyes.

Not far from the melancholy Castle of Joux lies the little melancholy borough of Pontarlier ; whither our Prisoner has leave, on his parole, to walk when he chooses. A melancholy little borough : yet in it is a certain Monnier Household ; whereby hangs, and will hang, a tale. Of old M. Monnier, respectable legal President now in his seventy-fifth year, we shall say less than of his wife, Sophie Monnier (once de Ruffey, from Dijon, sprung from legal Presidents there), who is still but short way out of her teens. Yet she has been married, or *seemed* to be married, four years : one of the loveliest sad-heroic women of this or any district of country. What accursed freak of Fate brought January and May together

here once again? Alas, it is a custom there, good reader! Thus the old Naturalist Buffon, who, at the age of sixty-three (what is called 'the Saint-Martin's summer of incipient dotage and new-myrtle garlands,' which visits some men), went ransacking the country for a young wife, had very nearly got this identical Sophie; but did get another, known as Madame de Buffon, well known to Philip Egalité, having turned out ill. Sophie de Ruffey loved wise men, but not at that extremely advanced period of life. However, the question for her is: Does she love a Convent better? Her mother and father are rigidly devout, and rigidly vain and poor: the poor girl, sad-heroic, is probably a kind of freethinker. And now, old President Monnier 'quarrelling with his daughter;' and then coming over to Pontarlier with gold-bags, marriage-settlements, and the prospect of dying soon? It is that same miserable tale, often sung against, often spoken against; very miserable indeed!—But fancy what an effect the fiery eloquence of a Mirabeau produced in this sombre Household: one's young girl-dreams incarnated, most unexpectedly, in this wild-glowing mass of manhood, though rather ugly; old Monnier himself gleaming-up into a kind of vitality to hear him! Or fancy whether a sad-heroic face, glancing on you with a thankfulness like to become glad-heroic, were not——? Mirabeau felt, by known symptoms, that the sweetest, fatallest incantation was stealing over him, which could lead only to the devil, for all parties interested. He wrote to his wife, entreating in the name of Heaven, that she would come to him: thereby might the 'sight of his duties' fortify him; he meanwhile would at least forbear Pontarlier. The wife 'answered by a few icy 'lines, indicating, in a covert way, that she thought me not 'in my wits.' He ceases forbearing Pontarlier; sweeter is it than the owl's nest: he returns thither, with sweeter and ever sweeter welcome; and so!—

Old Monnier saw nothing, or winked hard;—not so our old foolish Commandant of the Castle of Joux. He, though kind to his prisoner formerly, 'had been making some pretensions 'to Sophie himself; he was but forty or five-and-forty years 'older than I; my ugliness was not greater than his; and I

'had the advantage of being an honest man.' Green-eyed Jealousy, in the shape of this old ugly Commandant, warns Monnier by letter; also, on some thin pretext, restricts Mirabeau henceforth to the four walls of Joux. Mirabeau flings back such restriction, in an indignant Letter to this green-eyed Commandant; indignantly steps over into Switzerland, which is but a few miles off;—returns, however, in a day or two (it is dark January 1776), covertly to Pontarlier. There is an explosion, what they call *éclat*. Sophie Monnier, sharply dealt with, resists; avows her love for Gabriel Honoré; asserts her right to love him, her purpose to continue doing it. She is sent home to Dijon; Gabriel Honoré covertly follows her thither.

Explosions: what a continued series of explosions,—through winter, spring, summer! There are tears, devotional exercises, threatenings to commit suicide; there are stolen interviews, perils, proud avowals and lowly concealments. He on his part 'voluntarily constitutes himself prisoner;' and does other haughty, vehement things; some Commandants behaving honourably, and some not: one Commandant (old Marquis Mirabeau of the Château of Bignon) getting ready his thunderbolts in the distance! 'I have been lucky enough 'to obtain Mont Saint-Michel, in Normandy,' says the old Marquis: 'I think that prison good, because there is first the 'Castle itself, then a ring-work all round the mountain; and, 'after that, a pretty long passage among the sands, where you 'need guides, to avoid being drowned in the quicksands.' Yes, it rises there, that Mountain of Saint-Michel, and Mountain of Misery; towering sheer up, like a bleak Pisgah with outlooks only into desolation, sand, salt-water and despair.<sup>1</sup> Fly, thou poor Gabriel Honoré! Thou poor Sophie, return to Pontarlier; for Convent-walls too are cruel!

Gabriel flies; and indeed there fly with him Sister Cabris and her preternuptial epauletted Brianson, who are already in flight for their own behoof: into deep thickets and covered ways, wide over the South-west of France. Marquis Mirabeau, thinking with a fond sorrow of Mont Saint-Michel

<sup>1</sup> See *Mémoires de Madame de Genlis*, iii. 201.

and its quicksands, chooses the two best bloodhounds the Police of Paris has (Inspector Brugnière and another) ; and, unmuzzling them, cries : Hunt !—Man being a venatory creature, and the Chase perennially interesting to him, we have thought it might be good to present certain broken glimpses of this man-hunt through the Southwest of France ; of which, by a singular felicity, some Narrative exists, in the shape of official reports, very ill-spelt and otherwise curious, written down sectionally by the chief slot-hound himself, for transmittal to the chief huntsman eyeing it intently from the distance. It is not every day that there is such game afield as a Gabriel Honoré, such a huntsman tallyhoing in the distance as old Marquis Mirabeau ; or that you have a hound who can, in never so bad spelling, *tell* you what his notions of the business are :

‘On arriving at Dijon, I went to see Madame la Présidente Ruffey, to gather new informations from her. Madame informed me that there was in the town a certain Chevalier de Macon, a half-pay officer, who was the Sieur Mirabeau’s friend, his companion and confidant, and that if any one could get acquainted with *him*’.—‘The Sieur Brugnière went therefore to lodge at this Macon’s inn ; finds means to get acquainted with him, affecting the same tastes, following him to fencing-rooms, billiard-tables and other such places.’—

‘Accordingly, on reaching Geneva, we learn that the Sieur Mirabeau did arrive there on the fifth of June. He left it for Thonon in Savoy ; two women in men’s-clothes came asking for him, and they all went away together, by Chambéry, and thence by Turin. At Thonon we could not learn what road they had taken ; so secret are they, and involve themselves in all manner of detours. After three days of incredible fatigue, we discover the man that had driven them : it is back to Geneva that they are gone ; we hasten hither again, and have good hope of finding them now.’—Hope fallacious as before !

‘However, what helps Brugnière and me a little is this, that the Sieur Mirabeau and his train, though already armed like smugglers, bought yet other pistols, and likewise sabres, even a hunting-knife with a secret pistol for handle ; we learned this at Geneva. They take remote diabolic roads to avoid entering France,’ \* \* \* \* ‘Following on foot the trace of them, it brings us to Lyons, where they seem to have taken the most obscure methods, accompanied with impenetrable cunning, to enter the town : we lost all track of them ; our researches were most painful. At length we have come upon a man named Saint-



Jean, confidential servant of Madame de Cabris.—‘On quitting this, along with Brianson, who I think is a bad subject, M. de Mirabeau signified to Saint-Jean that they were going to Lorgue in Provence, which is Brianson’s country ; that Brianson was then to accompany him as far as Nice, where he would embark for Geneva and pass a month there.’—

‘Following this trace of M. de Mirabeau, who had embarked on the Rhone at Lyons, we came to Avignon : here we find he took post-horses, having sent for them half a league from the town ; he had another pair of pistols bought for him here ; and then, being well hidden in the cabriolet, drove through Avignon, put letters in the post-office ; it was about the dusk of the evening. But now at that time was the chief tumult of the Beaucaire Fair,<sup>1</sup> and this cabriolet was so lost in the crowd that it was impossible for us to track it farther. However, the domestic Saint-Jean’—. \* \* —‘a M. Marsaut, Advocate, an honourable man, who gave us all possible directions.’ ‘He introduced us to this Brianson, with whom we contrived to sup. We gave ourselves out for travellers, Lyons merchants, who were going, the one of us to Geneva and Italy, the other to Geneva only : it was the way to make this Brianson speak.’ \* \* \*

‘When you leave Provence to pass into the Country of Nice, you have to wade across the Var ; a torrent which is almost always dangerous and is often impracticable : it sometimes spreads out to a quarter of a league in breadth, and has an astonishing rapidity at all times : its reputation is greater still ; and travellers who have to cross speak of it with terror. On each bank there are strong men who make a trade of passing travellers across ; going before them and around them, with strong poles, to sound the bottom, which will change several times in a day : they take great pains to increase your fear, even when there is not danger. Those people, by whose means we passed, told us that they had offered to pass a gentleman having the same description as he we seek ; that this gentleman would have nobody, but crossed with some women of the country, who were wading without guide ; that he seemed to dislike being looked at too close : we made the utmost researches there. We found that, at some distance, this person had entered a hedge-tavern for some refreshment ; that he had a gold box with a lady’s portrait in it, and in a word the same description every way ; that he asked if they did not know of any ship at Nice for Italy, and that they told him of one for England. He had crossed the Var, as I had the honour of informing you, Monsieur, above : I have the honour of observing that there is no Police at Nice.’ \* \*

\* \* ‘Found that there had embarked, at Villefranche, which is another little haven near to Nice, a private person unknown, answering still to the same description (except that he wore a red coat, whereas

<sup>1</sup> Napoleon’s *Souper de Beaucaire* !

M. de Mirabeau has been followed hitherto under a green coat, a red-brown one (*mordoré*), and a gray ribbed one); and embarked for England. In spite of this we sent persons into the Heights to get information, who know the secret passages; the Sieur Brugnière mounted a mule accustomed to those horrific and terrifying Mountains, took a guide, and made all possible researches too: in a word, Monsieur, we have done all that the human mind (*l'esprit humain*) can imagine, and this when the heats are so excessive; and we are worn-out with fatigue, and our limbs swoln.'

No: all that the human mind can imagine is ineffectual. On the twenty-third night of August (1776), Sophie de Monnier, in man's clothes, is scaling the Monnier garden-wall at Pontarlier; is crossing the Swiss marches, wrapped in a cloak of darkness, borne on the wings of love and despair. Gabriel Honoré, wrapped in the like cloak, borne on the like vehicle, is gone with her to Holland,—thenceforth a broken man.

'Crime forever lamentable,' ejaculates the *Fils Adoptif*; of which the world has so spoken, and must forever speak! There are, indeed, many things easy to be spoken of it; and also some things not easy to be spoken. Why, for example, thou virtuous *Fils Adoptif*, was that of the Canteen-keeper's wife at If such a peccadillo, and this of the legal President's wife such a crime, lamentable to that late date of 'forever?' The present reviewer fancies them to be the same crime. Again, might not the first grand criminal and sinner in this business be legal President Monnier, the distracted, spleen-stricken, moon-stricken old man;—liable to trial, with non-acquittal or difficult acquittal, at the great Bar of Nature herself? And then the second sinner in it? and the third and the fourth? 'He that is *without* sin among you!'—One thing, therefore, the present reviewer will speak, in the words of old Samuel Johnson: My dear *Fils Adoptif*, my dear brethren of Mankind, 'endeavour to clear your mind of Cant!' It is positively the prime necessity for all men, and all women and children, in these days, who would have their souls live, were it even feebly, and not die of the detestablest asphyxia,—as in carbonic vapour, the more horrible, for breathing of, the more *clean* it looks.

That the *Parlement* of Besançon indicted Mirabeau for *rapt et vol*, abduction and robbery ; that they condemned him ‘in contumacious absence,’ and went the length of beheading a Paper Effigy of him, was perhaps extremely suitable ;—but not to be dwelt on here. Neither do we pry curiously into the garret-life in Holland and Amsterdam ; being straitened for room. The wild man and his beautiful sad-heroic woman lived out their romance of reality, as well as was to be expected. Hot tempers go not always softly together ; neither did the course of true love, either in wedlock or in elopement, ever run smooth. Yet it did run, in this instance, copious, if not smooth ; with quarrel and reconciliation, tears and heart-effusion ; sharp tropical squalls, and also the gorgeous effulgence and exuberance of general tropical weather. It was like a little Paphos islet in the middle of blackness ; the very danger and despair that environed it made the islet blissful ;—even as in virtue of death, life to the fretfullest becomes tolerable, becomes sweet, death being so nigh. At any hour, might not king’s exempt or other dread alguazil knock at our garret establishment, here ‘in the *Kalbestrand*, at Lequesne the tailor’s,’ and dissolve it ? Gabriel toils for Dutch booksellers ; bearing their heavy load ; translating *Watson’s Philip Second* ; doing endless Gibeonite work : earning, however, his gold louis a-day. Sophie sews and scours beside him, with her soft fingers, not grudging it : in hard toils, in trembling joys begirt with terrors, with one terror, that of being parted,—their days roll swiftly on. For eight tropical months !—Ah, at the end of some eight months (14th May 1777) enter the alguazil ! He is in the shape of Brugnière, our old slot-hound of the Southwest ; the swelling of his legs is fallen now ; this time the human mind has been able to manage it. He carries King’s orders, High Mightiness’s sanctions ; sealed parchments. Gabriel Honoré shall be carried this way, Sophie that ; Sophie, like to be a mother, shall behold him no more. Desperation, even in the female character, can go no farther : she will kill herself, that hour, as even the slot-hound believes,—had not the very slot-hound, in mercy, undertaken that they should have some

means of correspondence ; that hope should not utterly be cut away. With embracings and interjections, sobbings that cannot be uttered, they tear themselves asunder, stony Paris now nigh : Mirabeau towards his prison of Vincennes ; Sophie to some milder Convent-parlour relegation, there to await what Fate, very minatory at this time, will see good to bring.

Conceive the giant Mirabeau locked fast, then, in Doubting-castle of Vincennes ; his hot soul surging-up, wildly breaking itself against cold obstruction ; the voice of his despair reverberated on him by dead stone-walls. Fallen in the eyes of the world, the ambitious haughty man ; his fair life-hopes from without all spoiled and become foul ashes : and from within,—what he has done, what he has parted with and *undone* ! Deaf as Destiny is a Rhadamanthine father ; inaccessible even to the attempt at pleading. Heavy doors have slammed-to ; their bolts growling *Woe to thee* ! Great Paris sends eastward its daily multitudinous hum ; in the evening sun thou seest its weathercocks glitter, its old grim towers and fuliginous life-breath all gilded : and thou ?—Neither evening nor morning, nor change of day nor season, brings deliverance. Forgotten of Earth ; not too hopefully remembered of Heaven ! No passionate *Pater-Peccavi* can move an old Marquis ; deaf he as Destiny. Thou must sit there.—For forty-two months, by the great Zodiacal Horologe ! The heir of the Riquettis, sinful, and yet more sinned against, has worn out his wardrobe ; complains that his clothes get looped and windowed, insufficient against the weather. His eyesight is failing ; the family disorder, *nephritis*, afflicts him ; the doctors declare horse-exercise essential to preserve life. Within the walls, then ! answers the old Marquis. Count de Mirabeau ‘rides in the garden of forty paces ; with quick turns, hamperedly, overlooked by donjons and high stone-barriers.

And yet fancy not Mirabeau spent his time in mere wailing and raging. Far from that !—

To whine, put finger i' the eye, and sob,  
Because he had ne'er another tub,

was in no case Mirabeau's method, more than Diogenes's. Other such wild-glowing mass of life, which you might beat with Cyclops' hammers (and, alas, not beat the dross out of), was not in Europe at that time. Call him not the strongest man then living; for light, as we said, and not fire, is the strong thing: yet call him strong too, very strong; and for toughness, tenacity, vivaciousness and a *fond gaillard*, call him toughest of all. Raging passions, ill-governed; reckless tumult from within, merciless oppression from without; ten men might have died of what this Gabriel Honoré did not yet die of. Police-captain Lenoir allowed him, in mercy and according to engagement, to correspond with Sophie; the condition was, that the letters should be seen by Lenoir, and be returned into his keeping. Mirabeau corresponded; in fire and tears, copiously, not Werter-like, but Mirabeau-like. Then he had penitential petitions, *Pater-Peccavis* to write, to get presented and enforced; for which end all manner of friends must be urged: correspondence enough. Besides, he could read, though very limitedly: he could even compose or compile; extracting *not* in the manner of the bee, from the very Bible and Dom Calmet, a '*Biblion Eroticon*,' which can be recommended to no woman or man. The pious *Fils Adoptif* drops a veil over his face at this scandal; and says lamentably that there is nothing to be said. As for the Correspondence with Sophie, it lay in Lenoir's desk, forgotten; but was found there by Manuel, Procureur of the Commune in 1792, when so many desks flew open, and by him given to the world. A book which fair sensibility (rather in a private way) loves to weep over: not this reviewer, to any considerable extent; not at all here, in his present strait for room. Good love-letters of their kind notwithstanding. But if anything can swell farther the tears of fair sensibility over Mirabeau's *Correspondence of Vincennes*, it must be this: the issue it ended in. After a space of years, these two lovers, wrenched asunder in Holland, and allowed to correspond that they might not poison themselves, met again: it was under cloud of night; in Sophie's apartment, in the country; Mirabeau 'disguised as a porter,' had come thither from a considerable distance.



And they flew into each other's arms ; to weep their child dead, their long unspeakable woes ? Not at all. They stood, arms stretched oratorically, calling one another to account for causes of jealousy ; grew always louder, arms set a-kimbo ; and parted quite loud, never to meet more on earth. In September 1789, Mirabeau had risen to be a world's wonder : and Sophie, far from him, had sunk out of the world's sight, respected only in the little town of Gien. On the 9th night of September, Mirabeau might be thundering in the Versailles *Salle des Menus*, to be reported of all Journals on the morrow ; and Sophie, twice disappointed of new marriage, the sad-heroic temper darkened now into perfect black, was reclining, self-tied to her sofa, with a pan of charcoal burning near ; to die as the unhappy die. Said we not, 'the course of true love never did run smooth ?'

However, after two-and-forty months, and negotiations, and more intercessions than in Catholic countries will free a soul out of Purgatory, Mirabeau is once more delivered from the strong place : not into his own home (home, wife and the whole Past are far parted from him) ; not into his father's home ; but forth ;—hurled forth, to seek his fortune Ishmael-like in the wide hunting-field of the world. Consider him, O reader ; thou wilt find him very notable. A disgraced man, not a broken one ; ruined outwardly, not ruined inwardly ; not yet, for there is no ruining of him on that side. Such a buoyancy of radical fire and *fond gaillard* he has ; with his dignity and vanity, levity, solidity, with his virtues and his vices, what a front he shows ! You would say, he bates not a jot, in these sad circumstances, of what he claimed from Fortune, but rather enlarges it : his proud soul, so galled, deformed by manacles and bondage, flings away its prison-gear, bounds forth to the fight again, as if victory, after all, were certain. Post-horses to Pontarlier and the Besançon Parlement ; that that 'sentence by contumacy' be annulled, and the Paper Effigy have its Head stuck on again ! The wild giant, said to be 'absent by contumacy,' sits voluntarily in the Pontarlier Jail ; thunders in pleadings which make Parlementeers quake, and all France listen ; and the Head reunites itself to the

Paper Effigy with apologies. Monnier and the De Ruffeys know who is the most impudent man alive: the world, with astonishment, who is one of the ablest. Even the old Marquis snuffles approval, though with qualification. Tough old man, he has lost his own world-famous Lawsuit and other lawsuits, with ruinous expenses; has seen his fortune and projects fail, and even *lettres de cachet* turn-out not always satisfactory or sanatory: wherefore he summons his children about him; and, really in a very serene way, declares himself invalided, fit only for the chimney-nook now; to sit patching his old mind together again (*à rebouter sa tête, à se recoudre pièce à pièce*): advice and countenance they, the deserving part of them, shall always enjoy; but *lettres de cachet*, or other the like benefit and guidance, not any more. Right so, thou best of old Marquises! There he rests then, like the still evening of a thundery day; thunders no more; but rays-forth many a curiously-tinted light-beam and remark on life; serene to the last. Among Mirabeau's small catalogue of virtues, very small of formulary and conventional virtues, let it not be forgotten that he loved this old father warmly to the end; and forgave his cruelties, or forgot them in kind interpretation of them.

For the Pontarlier Paper Effigy, therefore, it is well: and yet a man lives not comfortably without money. Ah, were one's marriage not disrupted; for the old father-in-law will soon die; those rich expectations were then fruitions! The ablest, not the most shamefaced man in France, is off, next spring (1783), to Aix; stirring Parlement and Heaven and Earth there, to have his wife back. How he worked; with what nobleness and courage (according to the *Fils Adoptif*); giant's work! The sound of him is spread over France and over the world; English travellers, high foreign lordships, turning aside to Aix; and 'multitudes gathered even on the roofs' to hear him, the Court-house being crammed to bursting! Demosthenic fire and pathos; penitent husband calling for forgiveness and restitution:—'*ce n'est qu'un claquedents et un fol,*' rays-forth the old Marquis from the chimney-nook; 'a clatter-teeth and madman!' The world and Parlement thought

not that ; knew not what to think, if not that this was the questionablest able man they had ever heard ; and, alas, still farther,—that his cause was *untenable*. No wife, then ; and no money ! From this second attack on Fortune, Mirabeau returns foiled, and worse than before ; resourceless, for now the old Marquis too again eyes him askance. He must hunt Ishmael-like, as we said. Whatsoever of wit or strength he has within himself will stand true to him ; on that he can count ; unfortunately on almost nothing but that.

Mirabeau's life for the next five years, which creeps troublous, obscure, through several of these Eight Volumes, will probably, in the One right Volume which they hold imprisoned, be delineated briefly. It is the long-drawn practical improvement of the sermon already preached in Rhé, in If, in Joux, in Holland, in Vincennes and elsewhere. A giant man in the flower of his years, in the winter of his prospects, has to see how he will reconcile these two contradictions. With giant energies and talents, with giant virtues even, he, burning to unfold himself, has got put into his hands, for implements and means to do it with, disgrace, contumely, obstruction ; character elevated only as Haman was ; purse full only of debt-summons ; household, home and possessions, as it were, sown with salt ; Ruin's ploughshare furrowing too deeply himself and all that was his. Under these, and not under other conditions, shall this man now live and struggle. Well might he 'weep' long afterwards (though not given to the melting mood), thinking over, with Dumont, how his life had been blasted, by himself, by others ; and was now so defaced and thunder-riven, no glory could make it whole again. Truly, as we often say, a weaker, and yet very strong man, might have died,—by hypochondria, by brandy, or by arsenic : but Mirabeau did not die. The world is not his friend, nor the world's law and formula ? It will be his enemy, then ; his conqueror and master not altogether. There are strong men who can, in case of necessity, make away with formulas (*humer les formules*), and yet find a habitation behind them : these are the very strong ; and Mirabeau was of these. The world's es-

teem having gone quite against him, and most circles of society, with their codes and regulations, pronouncing little but anathema on him, he is nevertheless not lost ; he does not sink to desperation ; not to dishonesty, or pusillanimity, or splenetic aridity. Nowise ! In spite of the world, he is a living strong man there : the world cannot take from him his just consciousness of himself, his warm open-hearted feeling towards others ; there are still limits, on all sides, to which the world and the devil cannot drive him. The giant, we say ! How he stands, like a mountain ; thunder-riven, but broad-based, rooted in the Earth's (in Nature's) own rocks ; and will not tumble prostrate ! So true is it what a moralist has said : ' One could not wish any man to fall into a fault ; yet it is often ' precisely after a fault, or a crime even, that the morality ' which is in a man first unfolds itself, and what of strength he ' as a man possesses, now when all else is gone from him.'

Mirabeau, through these dim years, is seen wandering from place to place ; in France, Germany, Holland, England ; finding no rest for the sole of his foot. It is a life of shifts and expedients, *au jour le jour*. Extravagant in his expenses, thriftless, swimming in a welter of debts and difficulties ; for which he has to provide by fierce industry, by skill in financiership. The man's revenue is his wits ; he has a pen and a head ; and, happily for him, ' is the demon of the impossible.' At no time is he without some blazing project or other, which shall warm and illuminate far and wide ; which too often blazes-out ineffectual ; which in that case he replaces and renews, for his hope is inexhaustible. He writes Pamphlets unweariedly as a steam-engine : on *The Opening of the Scheldt*, and Kaiser Joseph ; on *The Order of Cincinnati*, and Washington ; on *Count Cagliostro*, and the Diamond Necklace. Innumerable are the helpers and journeymen, respectable Muvillons, respectable Dumonts, whom he can set working for him on such matters ; it is a gift he has. He writes Books, in as many as eight volumes, which are properly only a larger kind of Pamphlets. He has polemics with Caron Beaumarchais on the water-company of Paris ; lean Caron shooting sharp arrows into him, which he responds to demoniacally,

'flinging hills with all their woods.' He is intimate with many men ; his 'terrible gift of familiarity,' his joyous courtiership and faculty of pleasing, do not forsake him : but it is a questionable intimacy, granted to the man's talents, in spite of his character : a relation which the proud Riquetti, not the humbler that he is poor and ruined, correctly feels. With still more women is he intimate ; girt with a whole system of intrigues in that sort, wherever he abide ; seldom travelling without a—wife (let us call her) engaged by the year, or during mutual satisfaction. On this large department of Mirabeau's history, what can you say, except that his incontinence was great, enormous, entirely indefensible ? If any one please (which we do not) to be present, with the *Fils Adoptif*, at 'the *autopsie*' and *post-mortem* examination, he will see curious documents on this head ; and to what depths of penalty Nature, in her just self-vindication, can sometimes doom men. The *Fils Adoptif* is very sorry. To the kind called unfortunate-females, it would seem nevertheless, this unfortunate-male had an aversion amounting to complete *nolo-tangere*.

The old Marquis sits apart in the chimney-nook, observant : what this roaming, unresting, rebellious Titan of a Count may ever prove of use for ? If it be not, O Marquis, for the General Overturn *Culbute Générale* ? He is swallowing Formulas ; getting endless acquaintance with the Realities of things and men : in audacity, in recklessness, he will not, it is like, be wanting. The old Marquis rays-out curious observations on life ;—yields no effectual assistance of money.

Ministries change and shift ; but never, in the new deal, does there turn-up a good card for Mirabeau. Necker he does not love, nor is love lost between them. Plausible Calonne hears him Stentor-like denouncing stock-jobbing (*Dénonciation de l'Agiotage*) ; communes with him, corresponds with him ; is glad to get him sent, in some semi-ostensible or spy-diplomatist character, to Berlin ; in any way to have him stopped and quieted. The Great Frederic was still on the scene, though now very near the side-scenes : the wiry thin Drill-sergeant of the World, and the broad burly Mutineer of the World, glanced into one another with amazement ;



the one making entrance, the other making exit. To this Berlin business we owe pamphlets; we owe *Correspondences* ('surreptitiously published'—with consent): we owe (brave Major Mauvillon serving as hodman) the *Monarchie Prussienne*, a Pamphlet in some eight octavo volumes, portions of which are still well worth reading.

Generally, on first making personal acquaintance with Mirabeau as a writer or speaker, one is not a little surprised. Instead of Irish oratory, with tropes and declamatory fervid feeling, such as the rumour one has heard gives prospect of, you are astonished to meet a certain hard angular distinctness, a totally unornamented force and massiveness: clear perspicuity, strong perspicacity, conviction that wishes to convince,—this beyond all things, and instead of all things. You would say the primary character of those utterances, nay of the man himself, is sincerity and insight; strength and the honest use of strength. Which indeed it is O reader! 'Mirabeau's spiritual gift will be found on examination, to be verily an honest and a great one; far the strongest, best practical intellect of that time; entitled to rank among the strong of all times. These books of his ought to be riddled, like this book of the *Fils Adoptif*. There is precious matter in them; too good to lie hidden among shot-rubbish. Hear this man on any subject, you will find him worth considering. He has words in him, rough deliverances; such as men do not forget. As thus: 'I know but three ways of living in this world: by wages for work; by begging; thirdly, by stealing (so named, or not so named).' Again: 'Malebranche saw all things in God; and M. Necker sees all things in Necker!' There are nicknames of Mirabeau's worth whole treatises. 'Grandison-Cromwell Lafayette:' write a volume on the man, as many volumes have been written, and try to say more! It is the best likeness yet drawn of him,—by a flourish and two dots. Of such inexpressible advantage is it that a man have 'an eye, instead of a pair of spectacles merely;' that, seeing through the formulas of things, and even 'making away' with many a formula, he see into the thing itself, and so know it and be master of it!

As the years roll on, and that portentous decade of the Eighties, or 'Era of Hope,' draws towards completion, and it becomes ever more evident to Mirabeau that great things are in the wind, we find his wanderings, as it were, quicken. Suddenly emerging out of Night and Cimmeria, he dashes down on the Paris world, time after time ; flashes into it with that fire-glance of his ; discerns that the time is not yet come ; and then merges back again. Occasionally his pamphlets provoke a fulmination and order of arrest, wherefore he must merge the faster. Nay, your Calonne is good enough to signify it beforehand : On such and such a day I shall order you to be arrested ; pray make speed therefore. When the Notables meet, in the spring of 1787, Mirabeau spreads his pinions, alights on Paris and Versailles ; it seems to him he ought to be secretary of those Notables. No ; friend Dupont de Nemours gets it : the time is not yet come. It is still but the time of 'Crispin-Catiline' d'Espréménil, and other such animal-magnetic persons. Nevertheless, the reverend Talleyrand, judicious Dukes, liberal noble friends not a few, are sure that the time will come. Abide thy time.

Hark ! On the 27th of December 1788, here finally is the long-expected announcing itself : royal Proclamation definitively convoking the States-General for May next ! Need we ask whether Mirabeau bestirs himself now ; whether or not he is off to Provence, to the Assembly of Noblesse there, with all his faculties screwed to the sticking-place ? One strong dead-lift pull, thou Titan, and perhaps thou carriest it ! How Mirabeau wrestled and strove under these auspices ; speaking and contending all day, writing pamphlets, paragraphs, all night ; also suffering much, gathering his wild soul together, motionless under reproaches, under drawn swords even, lest his enemies throw him off his guard ; how he agitates and represses, unerringly dexterous, sleeplessly unwearied, and is a very 'demon of the impossible,' let all readers fancy. With 'a body of Noblesse more ignorant, greedier, more insolent than any I have ever seen,' the Swallower of Formulas was like to have rough work. We must give his celebrated flinging-up of the handful of dust, when they drove him out by overwhelming majority :

‘What have I done that was so criminal? I have wished that my Order were wise enough to give to-day what will infallibly be wrested from it to-morrow; that it should receive the merit and glory of sanctioning the assemblage of the Three Orders, which all Provence loudly demands. This is the crime of your “enemy of peace!” Or rather, I have ventured to believe that the people might be in the right. Ah, doubtless, a patrician soiled with such a thought deserves vengeance! But I am still guiltier than you think; for it is my belief that the people which complains is always in the right; that its indefatigable patience invariably waits the uttermost excesses of oppression, before it can determine on resisting; that it never resists long enough to obtain complete redress; and does not sufficiently know that to strike its enemies into terror and submission, it has only to stand still; that the most innocent as the most invincible of all powers is the power of refusing to do. I believe after this manner: punish the enemy of peace!’

‘But you, ministers of a God of peace, who are ordained to bless and not to curse, and yet have launched your anathema on me, without even the attempt at enlightening me, at reasoning with me! And you, “friends of peace,” who denounce to the people, with all vehemence of hatred, the one defender it has yet found, out of its own ranks;—who, to bring about concord, are filling capital and province with placards calculated to arm the rural districts against the towns, if your deeds did not refute your writings;—who, to prepare ways of conciliation, protest against the royal Regulation for convoking the States-General, because it grants the people as many deputies as both the other orders, and against all that the coming National Assembly shall do, unless its laws secure the triumph of your pretensions, the eternity of your privileges! Disinterested “friends of peace!” I have appealed to your honour, and summon you to state what expressions of mine have offended against either the respect we owe to the royal authority or to the nation’s right? Nobles of Provence, Europe is attentive; weigh well your answer. Men of God, beware; God hears you!’

‘And if you do not answer, but keep silence, shutting yourselves up in the vague declamations you have hurled at me, then allow me to add one word.’

‘In all countries, in all times, aristocrats have implacably persecuted the people’s friends; and if, by some singular combination of fortune, there chanced to arise such a one in their own circle, it was he above all whom they struck at, eager to inspire wider terror by the elevation of their victim. Thus perished the last of the Gracchi by the hands of the patricians; but, being struck with the mortal stab, he flung dust towards Heaven, and called on the Avenging Deities; and from this dust sprang Marius,—Marius not so illustrious for exterminating the Cimbri as for overturning in Rome the tyranny of the Noblesse!’

There goes some foolish story of Mirabeau having now opened a cloth-shop in Marseilles, to ingratiate himself with the Third Estate ; whereat we have often laughed. The image of Mirabeau measuring out drapery to mankind, and deftly snipping at tailors' measures, has something pleasant for the mind. So that, though there is not a shadow of truth in this story, the very lie may justly sustain itself for a while in the character of lie. Far otherwise was the reality there : 'voluntary guard of a hundred men ;' Provence crowding by the ten-thousand round his chariot-wheels ; explosions of rejoicing musketry, heaven-rending acclamation ; 'people paying two louis for a place at the window !' Hunger itself (very considerable in those days) he can pacify by speech. Violent meal-mobs at Marseilles and at Aix, unmanageable by fire-arms and governors, he smoothes-down by the word of his mouth ; the governor 'soliciting him, though unloved. It is as a Roman Triumph, and more. He is chosen deputy for two places ; has to decline Marseilles, and honour Aix. Let his enemies look and wonder, and sigh forgotten by him. For this Mirabeau too the career at last opens.

At last ! Does not the benevolent reader, though never so unambitious, sympathise a little with this poor brother mortal in such a case ? Victory is always joyful ; but to think of such a man, in the hour when, after twelve Hercules' Labours, he does finally triumph ! So long he fought with the many-headed coil of Lernean serpents ; and, panting, wrestled and wrang with it for life or death,—forty long stern years ; and now he has it under his heel ! The mountain-tops are scaled, are scaled ; where the man climbed, on sharp flinty precipices, slippery, abysmal ; in darkness, seen by no kind eye,—amid the brood of dragons ; and the heart, many times, was like to fail within him, in his loneliness, in his extreme need : yet he climbed, and climbed, gluing his footsteps in his blood ; and now, behold, Hyperion-like he has scaled it, and on the summit shakes his glittering shafts of war ! What a scene and new kingdom for him ; all bathed in auroral radiance of Hope ; far-stretching, solemn, joyful : what wild Memnon's music, from the depths of Nature, comes toning through the soul

raised suddenly out of strangling death into victory and life ! The very bystander we think, might weep, with this Mirabeau, tears of joy.

Which, alas, will become tears of sorrow ! For know, O Son of Adam (and Son of Lucifer, with that accursed ambition of thine), that they are all a delusion and piece of demonic necromancy, these same auroral splendours, enchantments and Memnon's tones ! The thing thou as mortal wantest is equilibrium, what is called *rest* or *peace* ; which, God knows, thou wilt never get *so*. Happy they that find it without such searching. But in some twenty-three months more, of blazing solar splendour and conflagration, this Mirabeau will be ashes ; and lie opaque, in the Pantheon of great men (or say, French Pantheon of considerable, or even of considered and small-noisy men),—at rest nowhere, save on the lap of his mother Earth. There are to whom the gods, in their bounty, give glory ; but far oftener is it given in wrath, as a curse and a poison ; disturbing the whole inner health and industry of the man ; leading onward through dizzy staggerings and tarantula jiggings,—towards no saint's shrine. Truly, if Death did not intervene ; or still more happily, if Life and the Public were not a blockhead, and sudden unreasonable oblivion were not to follow that sudden unreasonable glory, and beneficently, though most painfully, damp it down,—one sees not where many a poor glorious man, still more many a poor glorious woman could terminate,—far short of Bedlam.

On the 4th day of May, 1789, Madame de Staël, looking from a window in the main street of Versailles, amid an assembled world, as the Deputies walked in procession from the Church of Nôtre-Dame to that of Saint Louis, to hear High Mass, and be constituted *States-General*, saw this : ‘ Among these Nobles who had been deputed to the Third Estate, above all others the Comte de Mirabeau. The opinion men had of his genius was singularly augmented by the fear entertained of his immorality ; and yet it was this very immorality which straitened the influence his astonishing faculties were to secure him. You could not but look long



‘at this man, when once you had noticed him : his immense ‘black head of hair distinguished him among them all ; you ‘would have said his force depended on it, like that of Samson : his face borrowed new expression from its very ugliness ; his whole person gave you the idea of an irregular ‘power, but a power such as you would figure in a Tribune ‘of the People.’ Mirabeau’s history through the first twenty-three months of the Revolution falls not to be written here, yet it is well worth writing somewhere. The Constituent Assembly, when his name was first read out, received it with murmurs ; not knowing what they murmured at ! This honourable member they were murmuring over was the member of all members ; the august Constituent, without him were no Constituent at all. Very notable, truly, is his procedure in this section of world-history ; by far the notablist single element there : none like to him, or second to him. Once he is seen visibly to have saved, as with his own force, the existence of the Constituent Assembly ; to have turned the whole tide of things : in one of those moments which are cardinal ; decisive for centuries. The Royal Declaration of the *Twenty-third of June* is promulgated : there is military force enough ; there is then the King’s express order to disperse, to meet as separate Third Estate on the morrow. Bastilles and scaffolds may be the penalty of disobeying. Mirabeau disobeys ; lifts his voice to encourage others, all pallid, panic-stricken, to disobey. Supreme Usher De Brézé enters, with the King’s renewed order to depart. “Messieurs,” said De Brézé, “you heard the King’s order?” The Swallower of Formulas bellows-out these words, that have become memorable : “Yes, Monsieur, we heard what the King was advised to say ; and you, who cannot be interpreter of his meaning to the States-General ; you, who have neither vote, nor seat, nor right of speech here, you are not the man to remind us of it. Go, Monsieur, tell those who sent you, that we are here by will of the Nation ; and that nothing but the force of bayonets can drive us hence !” And poor De Brézé vanishes,—back foremost, the *Fils Adoptif* says.

But this, cardinal moment though it be, is perhaps intrin-

sically among his smaller feats. In general, we would say once more with emphasis, He has '*humé toutes les formules*. He goes through the Revolution, like a substance and a force, not like a formula of one. While innumerable barren Sieyeses and Constitution-pedants are building, with such hammering and trowelling, their august Paper Constitution (which endured eleven months), this man looks not at cobwebs and *Social Contracts*, but at things and men ; discerning what is to be done,—proceeding straight to do it. He shivers-out Usher De Brézé, back foremost, when that is the problem. 'Marie Antoinette is charmed with him,' when it comes to that. He is the man of the Revolution, while he lives ; king of it ; and only with life, as we compute, would have quitted his kingship of it. Alone of all these Twelve-hundred, there is in him the faculty of a king. For, indeed, have we not seen how assiduously Destiny had shaped him all along, as with an express eye to the work now in hand? O crabbed old Friend of Men, whilst thou wert bolting this man into Isles of Rhé, Castles of If, and training him so sharply to be *thyself*, not *himself*,—how little knewest thou *what* thou wert doing ! Let us add, that the brave old Marquis lived to see his son's victory over Fate and men, and rejoiced in it ; and rebuked Barrel Mirabeau for controverting such a Brother Gabriel. In the invalid Chimney-nook at Argenteuil, near Paris, he sat ray-ing-out curious observations to the last ; and died three days before the Bastille fell, precisely when the *Culbute Générale* was bursting out.

But finally, the twenty-three allotted months are over. Madame de Staël, on the 4th of May, 1789, saw the Roman Tribune of the People, and Samson with his long black hair : and on the 4th of April, 1791, there is a Funeral Procession extending four miles : king's ministers, senators, national guards, and all Paris,—torchlight, wail of trombones and music, and the tears of men ; mourning of a whole people,—such mourning as no modern people ever saw for one man. This Mirabeau's work then is done. He sleeps with the primeval giants. He has gone over to the majority : *Abiit ad plures*.

In the way of eulogy and dyslogy, and summing-up of character, there may doubtless be a great many things set forth concerning this Mirabeau; as already there has been much discussion and arguing about him, better and worse: which is proper surely; as about all manner of new things, were they much less questionable than this new giant is. The present reviewer, meanwhile, finds it suitabler to restrict himself and his exhausted readers to the three following moral reflections.

Moral reflection *first*: That, in these centuries men are not born demi-gods and perfect characters, but imperfect ones, and mere blamable men; men, namely, environed with such short coming and confusion of their own, and then with such adscititious scandal and misjudgment (got in the work they did), that they resemble less demi-gods than a sort of god-devils,—very imperfect characters indeed. The demi-god arrangement were the one which, at first sight, this reviewer might be inclined to prefer.

Moral reflection *second*, however: That probably men were never born demi-gods in any century, but precisely god-devils as we see; certain of whom do become a kind of demi-gods! How many are the men, not censured, misjudged, calumniated only, but tortured, crucified, hung on gibbets,—not as god-devils even, but as devils proper; who have nevertheless grown to seem respectable, or infinitely respectable! For the thing which was *not* they, which was not anything, has fallen away piecemeal; and become avowedly babble and confused shadow, and no-thing: the thing which was they, remains. Depend on it, Harmodius and Aristogiton, as clear as they now look, had illegal plottings, conclaves at the Jacobins' Church of Athens; and very intemperate things were spoken, and also done. Thus too, Marcus Brutus and the elder Junius, are they not palpable Heroes? Their praise is in all Debating Societies; but didst thou read what the Morning Papers said of those transactions of theirs, the week after? Nay, Old Noll, whose bones were dug-up and hung in chains here at home, as the just emblem of himself and his deserts, the ofial of creation at that time,—has not he too got to be a very respect-

able grim bronze-figure, though it is yet only a century and half since ; of whom England seems proud rather than otherwise ?

Moral reflection *third* and last : That neither thou nor I, good reader, had any hand in the making of this Mirabeau ; —else who knows but we had objected, in *our* wisdom ? But it was the Upper Powers that made him, without once consulting us ; they and not we, so and not otherwise ! To endeavour to understand a little what manner of Mirabeau he, so made, might be : this we, according to opportunity, have done ; and therefore do now, with a lively satisfaction, take farewell of him, and leave him to prosper as he can.











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